E $2.50

DECEMBER 31, 1985

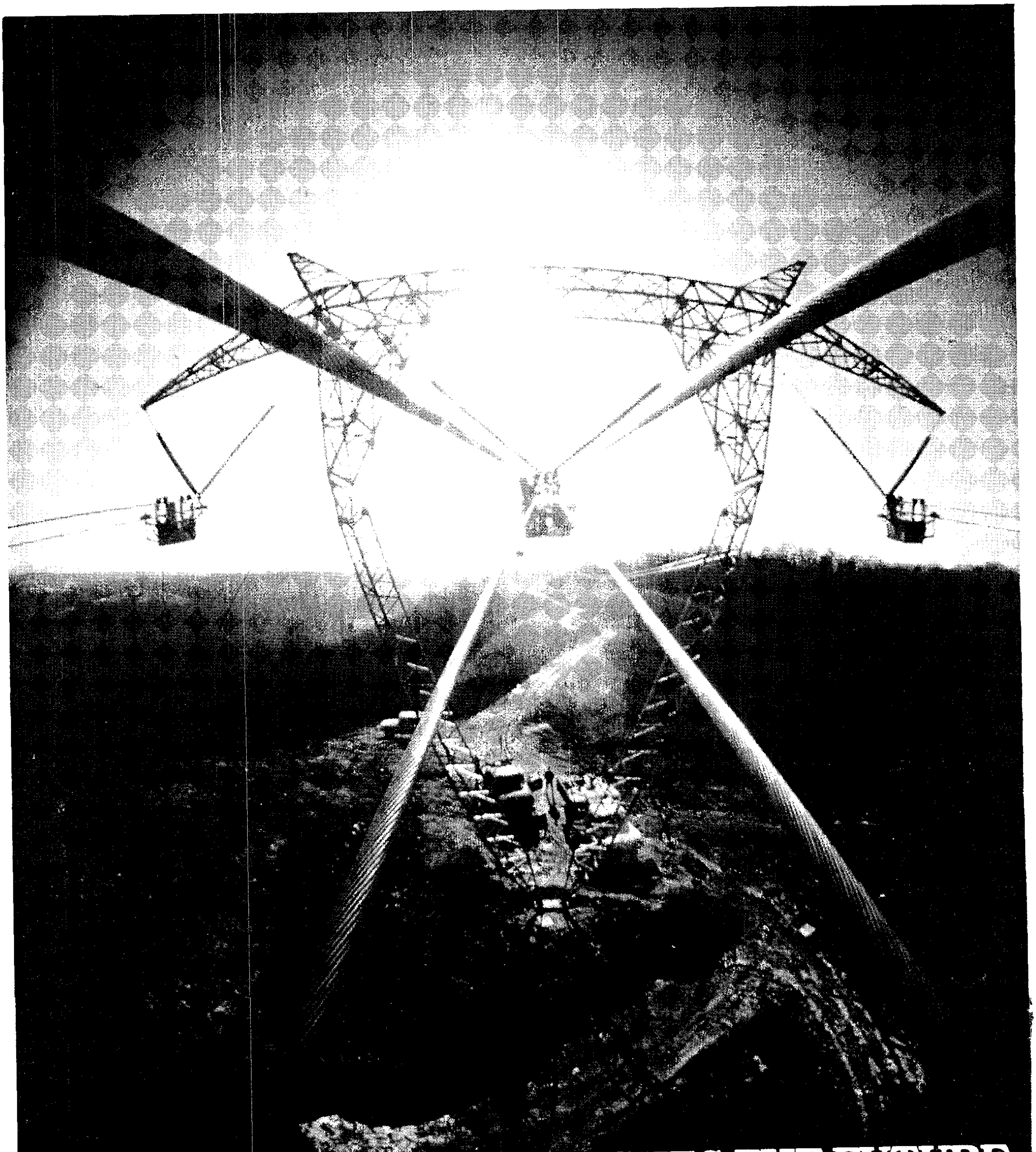
30th
nniversary
ISSUE

NATIONAL REVIEW

MG0710304809 0348525 P 050 G
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

1955 - 1985

TOM BETHELL • WILLIAM H. BRADY JR. • LINDA BRIDGES • RICHARD BROOKHISER • JAMES L. BUCKLEY • PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY • WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. • EUGENE V. CLARK • BRIAN CROZIER • GUY DAVENPORT • W. H. VON DREELE • JAMES FINN • JOHN GILPIN • JEFFREY HART • COLLEEN LAWLOR HARTMAN • CHARLTON HESTON • JACK KEMP • ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN • CLARE BOOTHE LUCE • JAN LUKAS • FORREST McDONALD • JOHN McLAUGHLIN • RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS • MICHAEL NOVAK • KEM PUTNEY • GERALD RANCK • RONALD REAGAN • DAVID REES • WM. F. RICKENBACKER • WILLIAM A. RUSHER • JOSEPH SOBRAN • J. O. TATE • RICHARD VIGILANTE • DICK WELLSTOOD • GEORGE F. WILL • CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.



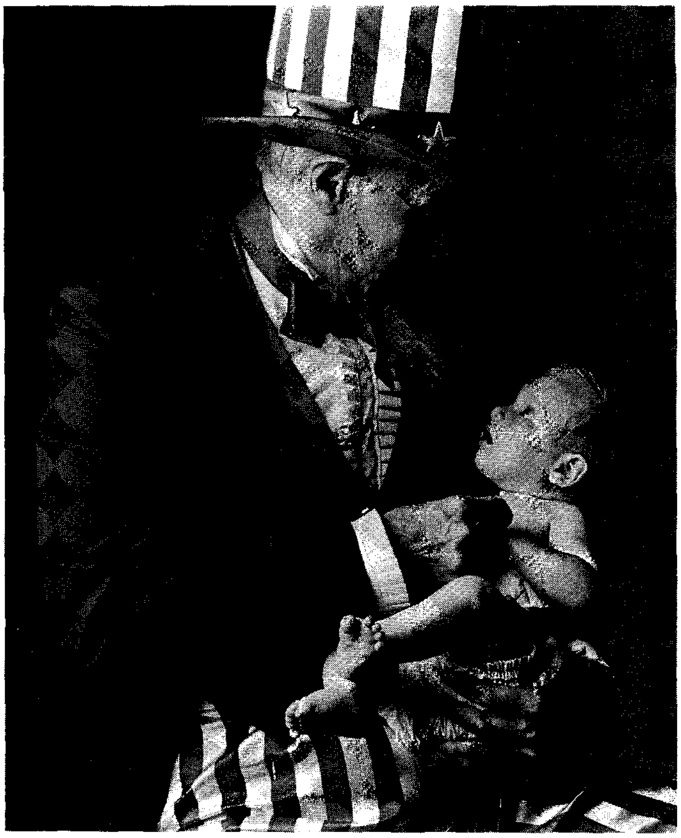
IRBY OUTREACH: IT TOUCHES THE FUTURE.

America needs financially strong electric utilities planning for the future. For over 55 years, the Irby Construction Company has been operating as a merit shop. The company has built distribution systems, substations, and transmission lines now located in 39 states and abroad. Our experience and advanced construction techniques can help your utility save construction money for your stockholders and consumers.

Irby Construction Company
Power Line Contractors · Jackson, Mississippi

For further information
contact W.C. Brewer, Irby Construction Co.,
817 S. State St., Jackson, Mississippi 39205,
(601) 969-1811.

SHE'S GOT HER MOTHER'S EYES, HER FATHER'S NOSE AND HER UNCLE'S DEFICIT.



It's quite a legacy her uncle has handed her. (Her favorite uncle, at that.) Annual federal deficits approaching $200 billion. A current national debt of $1.6 trillion. Potentially, $13 trillion by the year 2000.

When the numbers get this big, they tend to get meaningless. Until you look at it this way. If federal deficits continue at their current rate, it's as if every baby born in 1985 will have a $50,000 debt strapped to its back.

The great debate over deficits, of course, no longer centers on whether or not they should be reduced, but how.

One side favors raising taxes. But whose? 90% of all personal taxable income already comes from tax brackets of $35,000 and below. Does anyone seriously suggest increasing the tax burden of lower and middle income families?

Well then, the argument follows, tax the rich. But, if the federal government took every penny of every dollar over the $75,000 tax bracket that isn't already taxed—not a surcharge, mind you, but took it all—it would only collect enough to run the country for a week. Besides, there's no guarantee that Congress would spend less money if we all gave them more.

The alternative seems clear. Cut spending. But, again, the question is how.

We're W.R. Grace & Co. While our business interests in chemicals, natural resources and consumer services are worldwide, our primary interest is in the future of America's economy. That's where any corporation's best interest lies.

To that end, our chairman headed a presidential commission that identified ways to end abuses in federal spending. It found 2,478 ways. Specific ways.

The President has seen the report. So has Congress. We think you should know what they know. There's a booklet that summarizes it all. For your free copy, write to this address: USA DEBT,

P.O. Box NR,
Ogden, Utah 84409.

Unfortunately, almost 75% of the commission's recommendations won't be implemented unless Congress acts on them. And, sometimes, the words "Congressional action" are mutually exclusive. That's why we all have to take action first.

Read the booklet. If it gets you angry, it's up to you to get things changed. Write to Congress. If you don't think that'll do it, run for Congress.

Our children and grandchildren don't deserve to pay for our mistakes. We should be passing on to them a healthy economy and a high standard of living. That should be their inheritance. That should be their birthright.

GRACE
One step ahead
of a changing world.

W.R. Grace & Co., 1114 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036

DECEMBER 31, 1985
VOL. XXXVII, NO. 25

NATIONAL REVIEW

WILL 63

TATE 68

RICKENBACKER 80

NEUHAUS 82

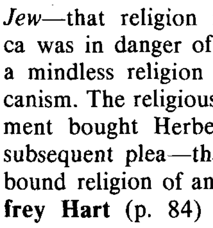
DAVENPORT 89

When NATIONAL REVIEW's first issue appeared, in November 1955, the forces of conservatism in American politics were thought to be quite adequately represented by Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon. The forces of conservatism in American thinking were insignificant. The heights of decadence in American culture, popular and sophisticated, were Little Richard and *Lolita*; the Random House edition of *Ulysses* still carried Morris Ernst's fatuous foreword about the "New Deal in the law of letters." (For that matter, it still does.) The Suez Canal was run by an Anglo-French company, Ethiopia was ruled by the Lion of Judah, Fidel Castro was a scheming refugee, South Vietnam existed. From time to time, American policymakers still talked about rollback. NATIONAL REVIEW, measuring the vectors, announced that its intention was to put itself athwart history's path, yelling "Stop."

BROOKHISER 60

In thirty years, everything has changed, much of it for the worse. But American politics and, to a lesser extent, thought have become a wide-open game; in some respects, even a new conservative monopoly. NATIONAL REVIEW's role in this transformation was central. George Nash's *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*, excerpted in the Twentieth Anniversary Issue, spelled out *NR*'s role in detail, while most politically attuned people are at least aware that *NR* is Ronald Reagan's favorite magazine. This Thirtieth Anniversary Issue looks back on that achievement; it looks back on the in-house doings of the last five years; most important, it looks ahead to the problems and responsibilities of the future.

Nothing—the abstractionist prejudices of intellectuals to the contrary—is inevitable; and perhaps nothing is less inevitable than a magazine. "What do you do here the rest of the week?" Senior Editor Willmoore Kendall once asked airily of the editorial and production staff at drinks after an issue had been put to bed. What they did, as they do every week, was to make sure that his golden thoughts, and those of his colleagues, actually appeared in a form that would be of use to anyone. **Priscilla L. Buckley** has chronicled the staff's-eye history of NATIONAL REVIEW for five anniversary issues; for 29 years, she has been the key member of the staff. She was summoned in 1956 by a cry from her brother Bill: "I have a magazine full of intellectuals," the desperate editor-in-chief told her; "I need a journalist." (Priscilla had eight years of experience with United Press.) She came for a temporary stint of help, which stretched over a quarter-century. This is her last issue as managing editor; fortunately for us, and for the magazine, she will continue to serve as a senior editor. Her sixth in-house report begins on p. 113.


BUCKLEY 113

The back of the book of this issue has been devoted to essays on important writers in NATIONAL REVIEW's past, by editors and contributors of today. I wrote (p. 60) on James Burnham, whose tenure at *NR* I was lucky enough to overlap for a year and a half. **George F. Will** (p. 63) writes of Whittaker Chambers, the underground man turned truth-teller who struggled against the conviction that his efforts had been in vain. Forty years ago, John Dos Passos was on everyone's list of hot American writers; he turned right, and the lists were revised, **J. O. Tate** comments (p. 68). (Incidentally, Dos Passos's foreword to *Up from Liberalism* was one of the best, and surely one of the earliest, definitions of the "new class.") **Wm. F. Rickenbacker** (p. 80) reports that Henry Hazlitt's publishers did not think *Economics in One Lesson* would go to a second printing; it has had about umpteen. Pastor **Richard John Neuhaus** recalls (p. 82) the argument of Will Herberg's seminal *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*—that religion in America was in danger of becoming a mindless religion of Americanism. The religious establishment bought Herberg's argument, but ignored his subsequent plea—that it not erect an equally earth-bound religion of anti-Americanism in its place. **Jeffrey Hart** (p. 84) remembers Willmoore Kendall, and makes a powerful case that Kendall was the most important political philosopher of the postwar period. **Guy Davenport** (p. 89) praises Hugh Kenner, who is very much with us, explaining everything from *The Cantos* to computers. ("The type-

HART 84

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1985. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

30th ANNIVERSARY

writer," T. S. Eliot wrote Conrad Aiken in 1916, "makes for lucidity, but I am not sure it encourages subtlety." What will WordStar make for? Kenner will tell us.) **Forrest McDonald** (p. 92) notes that Russell Kirk—whose *Conservative Mind*, more than any other book, catalyzed serious thinking about American conservatism—has recently changed his mind about Hume and Adam Smith. We should all be so intrepid at age 63—or 33. Articles Editor **Richard Vigilante** (p. 94), the newest member of *NR*'s staff, and Book Editor **Chilton Williamson Jr.** (p. 96) write of the enduring lessons of two men of quite different intellectual temperaments—the pugnacious Frank Meyer and the saturnine Richard Weaver.

These essays are supplemented by four profiles of *NR*'s current columnists—**David Rees** on Brian Crozier (p. 106), **James Finn** on Michael Novak (p. 109), **Tom Bethell** on John McLaughlin (p. 110), and **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** on Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn (p. 104)—the only person, besides Buckley himself, who has filled the same slot at *NR* since Volume I, Number 1. Fifteen years ago, it is interesting to note, Novak was opposing the Vietnam War, McLaughlin was working in the Nixon White House, Crozier (like his mentor, James Burnham) was assailing the Nixon-Kissinger strategy of détente, while Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn was expressing—as he had for 15 years, and more—his doubts about democracy. Their collaboration now is a sign of conservatism's continuing percolation.

BUCKLEY 104

The disagreements are not all in the past. It should be obvious, from reading the essays in the back of the book, what were the differences of opinion among the founding cadre of NATIONAL REVIEW—the position of rights in the American tradition; or of religion, or of the free market. The differences remain among thoughtful conservatives today. Now that American conservatism is in the position of governing, as well as of simply yelling "Stop," these questions take on a new significance. (Why, or in the name of what, should we stop? Where do we propose to go instead?) The conservative political enterprise, Richard Vigilante notes in his essay on Frank Meyer, has become "too large and too busy for philosophical reflection." Without "a clear, simple sense of what holds it together, it will split apart, ruptured by confusion and opportunism."

Joseph Sobran's "Pensées: Notes for the Reactionary of Tomorrow" (p. 23) is a major new attempt to think down to the roots. Some of these insights first appeared a year ago in his article "The Natives Are Restless," which took off from the case of Bernhard Goetz. Then, the stimulus was fresh and the prose lava-hot. Sobran's new essay—virtually a small book—is cool and clear as a martini; comprehensive as the view from a U-2. Examining in turn America's attitudes toward the family, property, religion, politics, the courts, Sobran finds, at one level, a conflict between "natives" and "aliens"—those who are at home in the culture, and those whose unhappiness with it has been transformed into resentment. On a deeper level, he feels that the "native" affirms, not just his own particular culture, but life itself. Richard Weaver, in *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, contrasted the argument from definition—the mode of Abraham Lincoln, which Weaver approved—and the argument from circumstance—the style of Edmund Burke. Sobran, as it were, uncovers the definitions that underlie circumstance—the contours of human nature and human societies to which non-pathological cultures conform. It is an arresting intellectual synthesis, as well as a first-rate piece of sociological reporting.

SOBRAN 23

The election of Ronald Reagan five years ago was the culmination of a generation of conservative activity—the culmination, hardly the fulfillment. When Reagan leaves office three years from now, the policy agenda will still be full. There will still be Departments of Education and Energy, a Social Security system much like the present one. There may still be Communists in Managua and Luanda; there will certainly be enormous and increasing numbers of Soviet armaments aimed at America, Europe, the Middle East, Japan. Abortions will still be as easy to get as dentures.

These are political tasks, which it is one of NATIONAL REVIEW's roles to report on and point out. There will always be political tasks, because man is mischievous, and his works are mutable. It is NATIONAL REVIEW's other role to attend to axioms such as these—whether expressed in the form of debates in Philadelphia, or revelations in Judaea. Conservatives must find the way to speak old truths in a modern world.

We'll let you know how it's going, five years from now—and ten, and fifteen.

—RICHARD BROOKHISER

LETTERS **7** / FOR THE RECORD **11** / THE WEEK **12** / FROM WASHINGTON STRAIGHT **22** / help **102** / THE PARTY **123** / TRANS-O-GRAM **138**

McDONALD 92

VIGILANTE 94

WILLIAMSON 96

REES 106

FINN 109

BETHELL 110

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor Hartman. Cover art by Patrick Fiore. Staff and party photos by Jan Lukas and Helena L. Martemucci.

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Richard Vigilante *(Articles)*
John McLaughlin *(Washington)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts & Manners)

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
Werner J. Dannhauser / W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Michael Novak / Walter Olson
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Catherine M. Shea
Jane Buckley Smith / Stephen C. Weeks
Ione Whitlock

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Colleen Lawlor Hartman *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Sylvia Wolinsky

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
John Chamberlain / Mona Charen
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Kevin Lynch
Forrest McDonald / Charles Burton Marshall
Thomas Molnar / Gerhart Niemeyer
Grover Rees III / Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Selden Rodman
Francis Russell / Michael A. Scully
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Disciplinary Inaction

David Brooks's article, "Forget the Fire, Just Keep Teaching" [Dec. 13], makes *Blackboard Jungle* look like *Romper Room*. It seems that some school administrators think discipline is a dirty word, unless practiced between two consenting adults behind closed doors.

Jean Krumpke
New York, N.Y.

Vicar's Egg

Apparently I laid a vicar's egg ["Reagan and South Africa: The Case for Urgent Understanding," Nov. 1]. "Parts of it are excellent, my dear," the English clergyman told his new wife on tasting her first attempt at a boiled egg. John Lukacs ["Letters," Nov. 29] quite liked the first part of my article but evidently regurgitated the second, although I wrote both.

Perhaps Mr. Lukacs should endure the article again. I suggested the despatch by Ronald Reagan of an envoy to South Africa "to learn the signals and weigh the odds and offer his good-will services *should they be invited*." (My emphasis.) I am not entitled to speak for the South African government, but must report what seemed to be a wide interest in the notion of either a presidential envoy or a presidential commission or both. The purpose would be benevolent (for a change). The process would be fraternal. The style would have to show what South African editor Ian Wyllie described as an "exquisite sensitivity." The product would be consensual and, in a joint progress away from racial discrimination, exemplary to other societies.

I thought all of this was courteous and modest enough, but Mr. Lukacs describes it as "arrogant," implying a global *imperium* too gross for even Bolsheviks to propose, all under the fist of President of the World Ronald Reagan.

I fondly thought the article was all of a piece. How Mr. Lukacs can make such a violent distinction between substantive evidence and emergent suggestion is beyond my reach. Perhaps it would help if I boiled him an egg.

John Hutchinson
Los Angeles, Calif.

Star-Pangled Banter

With respect to Thomas L. Pangle's "Patriotism, American Style" [Nov. 29]: No one better understood the principles of American republicanism than James Madison. Contrary to what Thomas Pangle (or George Will) believes, Madison believed that the American political order does indeed fulfill the high standards set by philosophical wisdom—as no other government before America's had done. Madison proclaimed that the American Republic is "the government for which philosophy has been searching, and humanity been sighing, from the most remote ages." This was because America had solved, to the extent that it could ever be solved, the age-old dilemma of politics: the problem of "placing power and right on the same side."

The religion of republicanism does not imply the abandonment of political philosophy. Rather, it is what makes political philosophy possible in the modern world. The achievement of public reason is contingent upon our faith in and commitment to, not merely our own, but the universal principles and processes of a free and just republican order. And this does indeed call for a new and strikingly different kind of patriotism.

Colleen A. Sheehan
Pomona, Calif.

Lettuce Entertain You

S. L. Varnado has shown that Gorbachev is nothing but a grade-C actor with a ten-second attention span ["He-e-e-ere's Mikhail!" Nov. 29]. The Soviet leader's porcine appearance betrays the fact that he is at heart a true ham. If old splotchdome ever tires of his present role, he can always make it in show business. For more "come and sits," how about *My Mother the Tractor, No Time for Kulaks,* or *Dynasty II: The Gorbys*?

O. P. Howard
Pensacola, Fla.

Sucker Punch

In a Guest Editorial ["The Ignorance among the Bishops," Oct. 18] Jeffrey Hart compared me and several other bishops to the "Bum-of-the-Month" Club of Joe Louis's opponents in the 1940s.

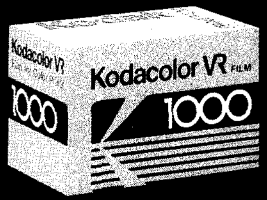
At least the Brown Bomber's "bums" knew they were in a fight; I was hit with a sucker punch before the bell.

As I worked peacefully at my desk one morning, a person identifying himself as Dinesh D'Souza called and asked if I would discuss with him some aspects of the bishops' Pastoral on the Challenge

85 mm, 1/8 sec at f/4.

© Eastman Kodak Company, 1985

By the dawn's early light.



Not quite morning. When dawn is the only thing stirring. Capture those quiet, magic moments on Kodacolor VR 1000 film. Our fastest color print film ever, it delivers fine grain and sharpness even in low light, and allows you to use a smaller lens opening for an extended depth of field. So even without a flash, you can catch the day waking up.

Kodak film. Because time goes by.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY, POLITICS, and the BUSINESS CYCLE

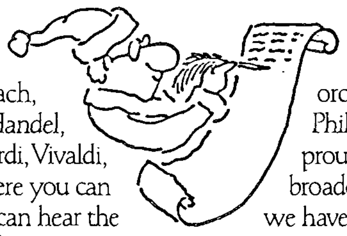
THE CATO INSTITUTE'S
FOURTH ANNUAL MONETARY CONFERENCE
JANUARY 16-17, 1986
THE CAPITAL HILTON • WASHINGTON, DC

More than 25 leading economists and policy analysts will discuss monetary policy, banking deregulation, and the business cycle. Speakers include Axel Leijonhufvud, Gottfried Haberler, Leland Yeager, Manuel Johnson, James Buchanan, Alan Reynolds, Karl Brunner, Allan Meltzer, and Beryl Sprinkel.

Registration is $250 ($100 for non-profit organizations). It includes all speeches, two luncheons, and a reception. For additional information, contact Sandra McCluskey, (202) 546-0200. Make check payable to **Cato Institute, Dept. NA, 224 Second St., SE, Washington, DC 20003.**

CATO
INSTITUTE

Christmas Liszt



The list goes on: Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Handel, Mozart, Strauss, Verdi, Vivaldi, and more. Anywhere you can listen to radio, you can hear the music of the world's great composers. Played by one of the world's great orchestras, the New York Philharmonic. Exxon is proud to bring you these broadcasts each week as we have for the last ten years. Check local listing for day and time in your area.

Exxon/New York Philharmonic
Radio Broadcasts

EXXON

© 1985 Exxon Corporation

of Peace. I'm always accessible to discuss such matters, but it quickly became apparent that Mr. D'Souza wasn't so much interested in a discussion, but had an agenda of his own. He began asking specific questions of fact that few people even in government or the military would be able to answer precisely without checking the facts ("How many troops do we have in Europe?" "What per cent of the budget goes for defense?"). I realized that it was Mr. D'Souza's intent to frame questions so as to cast doubts on the knowledge and background of the bishops, and so I preferred not to estimate or approximate figures, but to refuse to answer until I could check.

In his *Policy Review* article, Mr. D'Souza stated: "Interviews with these bishops suggest that they know little or nothing about the ideas and proposals to which they are putting their signatures and lending their religious authority . . ." As a rookie bishop I was never involved in the bishops' discussions of the Pastoral on Peace, I did not vote on it, and I did not sign it. (As a Catholic and a priest, I was proud of the bishops and support their conclusions.)• Sorry, Mr. D'Souza. You'll just have to set up another Bum.

The Most Rev. Edward J. O'Donnell
Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis
St. Louis, Mo.

Out on the Miranda

Since every pirate is considered to be *hostis humani generis*, an enemy of the human race, those gangsters who hijacked an Italian ship and murdered an American invalid may be seized and punished by any nation ["The Week," Nov. 15]. However, I do not believe they should be extradited to the U.S. from Italy.

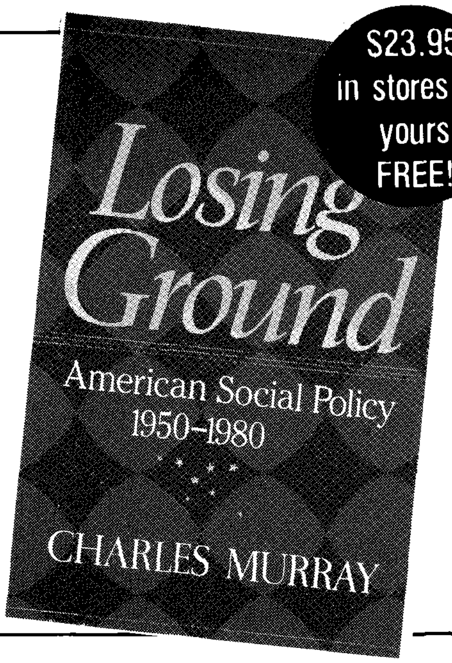
Our ACLU lawyers would then get into the act and obtain the liberation of these criminals on the grounds that they were not read their rights, in accordance with *Miranda* v. *Arizona*, when they were forced to land and were apprehended by American personnel in Sicily.

Arthur Kaplan
Raleigh, N.C.

Oops!

In the editing of my article, "How Jimmy Carter Won the Battle of the Budget" [Nov. 29], two statistical errors occurred. In the four years 1982-85, actual budget figures under Reagan exceeded his targets by $310 billion, not $364 billion. Also, the correct figure concerning the annual operating deficit is, unfortunately, $200 billion, not $20 billion.

M. Stanton Evans
Washington, D.C.



$23.95
in stores —
yours
FREE!

"Murray... has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and the practical claims of the welfare state"

—GEORGE GILDER, *The American Spectator*

This breakthrough book is making conservatives purr and liberals squirm...

"Murray's book, relentlessly logical and well-documented, should convince any serious reader that it must at least be squarely faced.... The heart of the book, the best and most devastating part, is a long compilation of data meant to prove that the poor have done worse as government programs aimed at them have flowered. It is especially uncomfortable reading because the case is made by comparing blacks to whites.... No doubt that racists will love Murray's book. So what? When millions of people are suffering, it seems irresponsible for the left to expend its intellectual energies on these blame-shifting exercises.... his is a vision that coheres, as the left's on this subject doesn't any more.... This is the problem that liberals must address; Murray's book in effect throws down the gauntlet to them. The standard responses (most of which Murray neatly sets up and demolishes) won't do, because they don't offer real hope of a solution."—*New Republic*

"Irrefutable."—John Chamberlain, syndicated column

"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced."—*Business Week*

"Devastating.... Those who already believe welfare is a poverty trap that undermines independence, ambition, and upward mobility will find Charles Murray's new book a powerful and well-documented affirmation of that belief."—*National Review*

"A great book. Others have recently made the same argument. ... But Charles Murray's version ... is particularly convincing. He writes with flair, but his tone is steadfastly nonpartisan; he marshals an immense amount of data ... but never loses the reader in numbers; and he never ventures a conclusion for which he has not laid the most elaborate and convincing groundwork.... By the time Mr. Murray gets around to conclusions, even devotedly non-Reaganite yuppies will be ready to agree.... James Coleman, the University of Chicago sociologist, is quoted on the dust jacket ... as saying 'future discussions of social policy cannot proceed without taking the arguments and evidence of this book into account.' Dust-jacket puffery is notorious, but in this case the compliment is, if anything, restrained. Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions well into the 1980s."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor.... Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does."—*Time*

Important for Christians

Is welfarism the way to help the poor? The National Council of Churches and the Catholic bishops think so. This book leaves them with only their biases.

How to get this myth-shattering volume FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

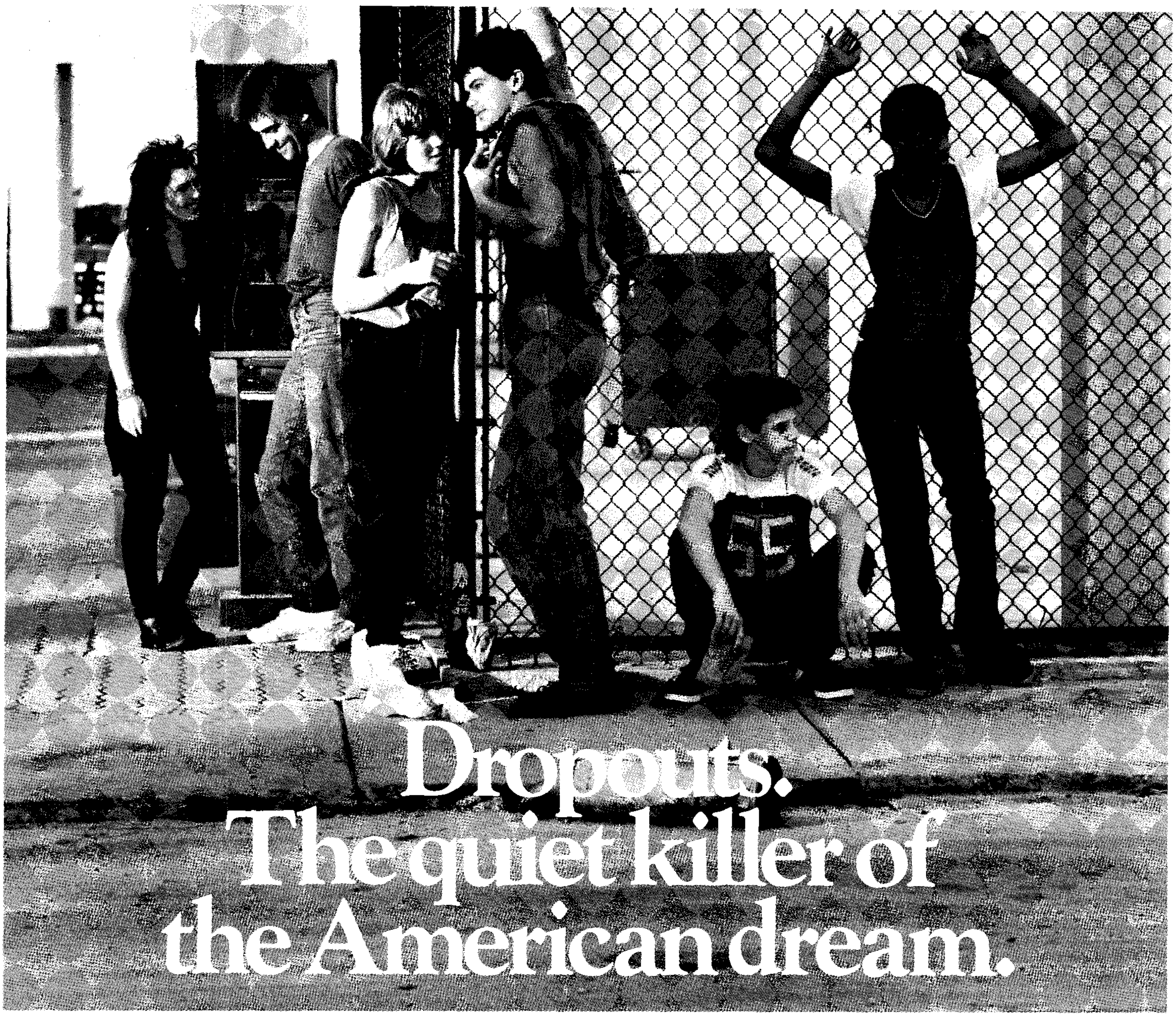
Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, Charles Murray's $23.95 volume, *Losing Ground.* I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-87

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________



Once a dilemma. Now a crisis.

Twenty-seven percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. That's three quarters of a million dropouts each year.

In large cities the dropout rate has climbed above 40%.

In New York City, it's actually over 50%.

The cost to society of the dropout crisis is staggering. More than half of the nation's prison inmates are dropouts — and it costs taxpayers $15,000 a year to house a prisoner in a correctional institution. That total is higher than the cost of a year of education at either Harvard or Yale.

The Business Advisory Commission of the Education Commission of the States recently called on all of society — business, schools, civic organizations, labor, and professional groups — to address the dropout problem. We as a nation cannot let one quarter of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from academic failure. NEA has committed $1.7 million to this effort — one dollar for every NEA member. We will devote $700,000 to this war chest against scholastic failure to Operation Rescue, our new program to combat the dropout and illiteracy syndrome. The remaining $1 million will establish an endowment that will make educational excellence grants available to teachers for years to come. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to match us, dollar for dollar, member for member. Our aim is to begin funding local dropout prevention programs no later than the fall of 1986.

Our goal with Operation Rescue? We want to help cut the dropout rate in half by 1990.

Our goal as an association? In over 128 years, that's never wavered. We stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child.

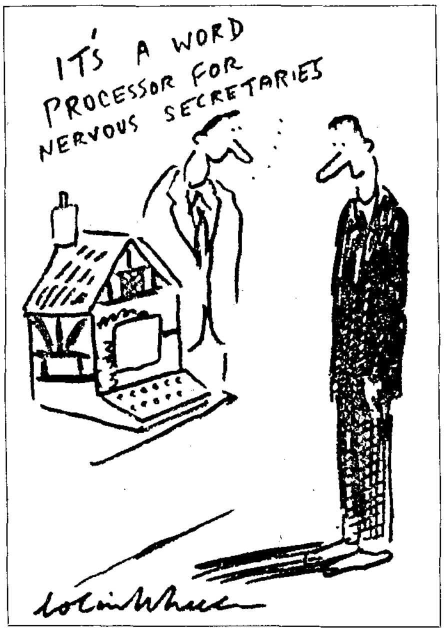
nea
National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

FOR THE RECORD

Biggest bomb of the week, bar none, was Nobel Peace Prize award to Dr. **Yevgeny I. Chazov** (with Dr. **Bernard Lown**, another awardee), co-founder of the International Association of Physicians for the Prevention of Atomic War. *L'Express*, the French newsweekly, reveals that the association is what amounts to a Soviet front: I.e., of the 135,000 members it claims in forty countries, nearly half—sixty thousand—are in the USSR. But who are they? There seems to be no list, no place even to go for a list. Dr. Chazov himself, *L'Express* reports, is not only a member of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, but head of Department Four of the Ministry of Health, which is the department that the KGB controls, the department that handles **Andrei Sakharov** when he needs hospitalization. . . . The Soviets didn't get away with this one. **Jakob Sverdrup**, director of the Norwegian Nobel Institute, admits the institute hadn't known that Chazov had signed a letter attacking Sakharov in 1973. . . . Chancellor **Helmut Kohl** and ten other prominent Western European Christian Democratic leaders urged the Nobel Committee to rescind the award; the U.S. and the West German ambassadors boycotted the award ceremony; while, on the streets outside, a group of Norwegians awarded an "alternative Nobel Prize" to Soviet dissident psychiatrist **Anatoly Koryagin**, serving a seven-year term in a labor camp for refusing to classify 16 dissidents as insane.

President **Reagan**'s approval ratings, upon his return from Geneva, ranged from a low of 65 per cent (CBS/*New York Times*) to a high of 71 per cent (**Harris**; *Los Angeles Times*), a record level for a post-WWII President at this point in a second term. . . . Although GOP strategists are worried about sinking approval ratings in economic matters, overall, party leaders are optimistic. At Republican Governors Association meeting in Wilmington, Delaware, last week, Gov. **Dick Thornburgh** of Pennsylvania predicted the GOP would pick up eight to ten statehouses next year. 1986 is a big year: 27 Democratic governors will face re-election. There are only 16 GOP governors today. . . . However, Republican National Chairman **Frank Fahrenkopf** warned against complacency. Pointing to Virginia, where Democrats made a clean sweep in elections last month, Fahrenkopf said Democratic Party there, under direction of retiring Gov. **Charles Robb**, raced "unfettered to the center," taking it, and throwing the Republicans to the extreme right. "They out-Republicaned us," he said. . . . In the Senate, **Jack Heinz** (Pa.), chairman of Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, points to five vulnerable GOP seats: in Maryland and North Carolina, where incumbents **Charles Mathias** and **John East** are retiring; in Florida, where freshman Sen. **Paula Hawkins** faces tough fight against popular Gov. **Robert Graham**; in South Dakota and Idaho, where the farm vote is pivotal. In South Dakota, however, Sen. **Jim Abdnor** is looking lots better than he was nine months ago against expected Democratic opponent Rep. **Tom Daschle**. Recent polls show Abdnor leading 49 to 44; nine months ago he trailed 39 to 54. In Idaho (**Steve Symms**), it's a toss-up, says Heinz.


IT'S A WORD PROCESSOR FOR NERVOUS SECRETARIES

Wheeler, London Daily Telegraph / Rothco

On the détente front: *Jane's Defense Weekly* reports 1) that the Ayatollah **Khomeini** has given the Soviets access to CIA-built monitoring stations in northern Iran, and 2) that he has turned over to them F-14 Tomcats and F-4 Phantoms for testing. *Jane's* also reports that the new Soviet Su-27 fighter plane has narrowed the technology gap in aircraft. The Su-27, says *Jane's*, has "formidable potential against low-flying aircraft and cruise missiles." . . . The Institute of Strategic Studies in London reports Soviet Union has increased the number of long-range nuclear warheads by 37 per cent in last three years. . . . In Athens, the daily *Vradyni* charges major lapse in security in the hijacking of that Egyptian airliner. According to *Vradyni* eyewitness on plane, the hijackers carried weapons on board with them. No one, writes the witness, changed seats or went to the toilet. The "FASTEN SEATBELTS" sign was still on when the first terrorist got to his feet, yelled, "Everybody freeze!" and pulled two grenades out of his pocket. . . . The Ayatollah doesn't win them all. *Washington Times*'s *Insight* magazine reports Iranian Foreign Affairs official **Hosein Lavasni** recently called in Korean chargé in Teheran to go over list of military hardware Iran is buying from North Korea under terms of secret agreement. It wasn't till later that Lavasni (the late Lavasni?) found he had told all to a very interested *South* Korean diplomat.

Betcha *Pravda*'s review was kinder. In *Wall Street Journal* review of **Mikhail Gorbachev**'s *A Time for Peace*, **Mark Helprin** writes: "If you are interested in the text of the General Secretary's 'Speech at a Dinner in Honor of **Jambyn Batmonh**, General Secretary of the CCMPRP (Central Committee of the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party), chairman of the Presidium of the People's Great Hural of the MPR,' then this is the book for you."

THE WEEK

☐ A newspaper headline sent our way: "Scholars Doubt Gorbachev's Image as Liberal," which, translated, means the scholars doubt Gorbachev *is* a liberal, and we're sure they mean well, but a liberal is exactly what Gorbachev is, in precisely the American sense of the term, by the common consent and acclamation of all who term themselves liberals, especially the press, aren't you listening?, and this is no time for scholarship.

☐ Senator Edward Kennedy voted *for* Gramm-Rudman—"complicating his image," as they say, and crossing his usual political allies in labor and the social-spending constituency—and is in fact, according to the astute Fred Barnes of *The New Republic*, running for President in 1988. In the polls, Kennedy is the only Democrat who is strong against George Bush (he is tied with him). For the nomination, among Democrats and independents, he leads Hart and Cuomo by large margins. But then let's get serious: Kennedy is *always* an "early front-runner," probably owing to name recognition and liberal nostalgia. His views are dated—Sixties views, really, complete with quotas and anti-anti-Communism and big federal spending—and the skeletons are dancing around in their closets just waiting for the parade.

☐ 1) Barring an upheaval as great as the Diplomatic Revolution of the mid-eighteenth century, the United States and Israel are allies: that is to say, Israel guarantees us certain types of intelligence and military access; we guarantee Israel's survival; our main enemy—the Soviet Union—is also Israel's main (though not immediate) enemy. 2) There are, nevertheless, policies on which we differ, mainly having to do with the Middle East: countries we wish to arm that Israel would prefer remained weak; places Israel wishes to occupy that we consider negotiable—that kind of thing. 3) It follows that there must be information about our doings that Israel seeks to possess, but which we seek to withhold (as well as Israeli information that we seek to possess, but which Israel seeks to withhold). Naturally each country goes about its business as it sees fit. 4) If such information flowed to the Soviet Union, there would be cause for rupture, although because of 1), this is unlikely. 5) It appears that Israel, going about its business, suborned for treason an American citizen. 6) We should throw the book at the traitor; demand an apology; ask and get Israel's cooperation in the investigation; and (see 4) not be appalled. 7) Which is being done.

☐ Cuban soldiers now constitute the "backbone of the Sandinista army" according to the State Department. The 2,500 Cuban military "advisors" in Nicaragua have become increasingly active, flying aircraft and engaging in direct combat. Although Cuban and Sandinista officials have denied any direct combat role by the Cuban troops, two Cubans were among the 14 casualties recently when the Nicaraguan Democratic Front shot down a Soviet-built helicopter. To protest the attack, Nicaragua withdrew its ambassador from Washington and claimed it was the CIA that had supplied the rebels with the Soviet-made SA-7 anti-aircraft missile used to shoot down the copter. State has long suspected that Cubans were flying the new MI-8 and MI-24 helicopters supplied by the Soviets last year, because they were being flown "too often and too well" to be piloted by Nicaraguans.

☐ The latest condemnation of human-rights violations echoing in the halls of the United Nations attacks not Israel or South Africa, but Soviet involvement in Afghanistan. A report presented by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights (founded by Eleanor Roosevelt) cited the Soviets and Afghan government troops as perpetrating atrocities intended not merely to destroy opposition, but to break the spirit of the civilian population. The report, written by Austrian

---

The Death Taxes Did It

In Great Britain, where butlers were legion,
  Only 74 man the door,
Do the silver, or summon a servant
  When m'Lady is ready to pour.
As a species, they're nearing extinction,
  Toting luggage with tottering steps,
While the roaches preside in the pantry
  And m'Lord does commercials for Schweppes.

W. H. von Dreele

Let's listen to the voices of reason

Several weeks ago we explained why we believe that free trade—not import quotas or tariffs—will do the most for America's long-term economic welfare. We were arguing against any need for new trade barriers directed against imported petroleum products, but the logic applies equally to all manufactured goods.

Apparently we're not the only ones who favor free trade, as these examples of editorial opinion from around the country show:

The New York Times, on "protection" against gasoline imports: "...gasoline imports pose no threat to American security. The proposed protection for domestic refiners would cost consumers billions and only slow the much-needed rationalization of the industry."

The Journal of Commerce, also on gasoline imports: "While quotas have been known to help U.S. industries in the past, such benefits have almost always been at the consumer's expense....There is reason to believe that gasoline quotas would have a similar effect."

The **Los Angeles Times**: "Protectionism is a formula that only postpones the industrial adjustments essential to survival in a competitive world market....America invites declining economic health when it retreats from world competition behind trade barriers."

Newsday: "...protectionism is ultimately bad policy, pushing up consumer prices, rewarding less efficient producers and inviting countermeasures from abroad."

The **San Francisco Chronicle**: "The Western Nations, including the United States and Japan, should move to create more free trade, not less. New tariffs, imposed in a national panic, are not the way to go, particularly among friendly nations whose economies, like their politics, are closely tied."

Economist Robert J. Samuelson, in a column in **American Banker**: "...protection is often a 'negative sum game': Everyone loses; total trade declines, or restrictions raise prices without providing genuine protection."

The **Chicago Tribune**, on the recently expired voluntary quotas for Japanese cars: "Americans, besides having their choices restricted, have had to pay higher prices for new and used cars than they would have otherwise. Some autoworkers' jobs have been saved, but at an estimated cost per job of $160,000 a year. The chief beneficiaries are the big Japanese automakers, whose profit per car has risen enough to more than cancel out the lost volume."

America does have trade problems. But they largely stem from the strength of the U.S. dollar, which makes American products more costly overseas. It's tempting to look for a quick fix, but protectionism fixes nothing. It only protects the few at the expense of the many...to the detriment of all.

Mobil®

© 1985 Mobil Corporation

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

EVERYBODY ON the Hill wishes John Marlan Poindexter good luck in his new job as the soft-toned, rage-deflecting, hyper-smart, nonpolarizing, steady-as-you-go conservative successor to Bud McFarlane at the National Security Council. But everybody knows, too, that Vice Admiral Poindexter holds a weak hand. There are three ways to be an effective long-term player in the upper echelons of the White House. Number one is a personal relationship with The Principal (lacking in Poindexter). Number two is a record of repeated media wins, with the Washington pressies on your side—i.e., fighting your battles with and by means of the media (lacking in P., who doesn't know the players). Number three is the capability of mobilizing strong personal support from Capitol Hill—getting key senators to come to your aid privately and publicly (also lacking in P., who has few connections in Congress).

So, NSC Advisor Number Four holds a weak hand. To make matters worse, Admiral Poindexter has no leverage whatever on George Shultz, Cap Weinberger, or Bill Casey, whose differences he will be called upon to handle from time to time without getting battered or bloodied himself. All of which leads cynics here to conclude that Poindexter had best use submarine tactics: write placid memos to the President (copy to Don Regan), stay submerged with his engines running slow to avoid detection, and only occasionally raise his periscope above water.

Aid for Latin America has been mostly a partisan issue over the years, but a recent, unheralded Senate vote marks a sea-change and also indicates the extent to which Democrats have become conservative. In early December, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 15 to 1 (freshman Democrat John Kerry of Massachusetts the only dissenter) to send $21 million for "equipment and training services" (i.e., weapons and advisors) to police forces in El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica. "Bipartisan foreign policy on Central America may well be on the way back," predicts Chairman Richard Lugar (R., Ind.), noting that this was the first such vote in 12 years. J. William Fulbright and other mid-Seventies Senate liberals ended U.S. subsidies to Central American police forces, charging them with violations of human rights.

No question that aid of this kind works. Partly owing to U.S. military assistance to El Salvador, guerrillas are on the run in the countryside—so now they are terrorizing the cities, which means that trained police forces, rather than soldiers, are needed. Examples of such violence are the June murders of four U.S. Marines and two American civilians sitting at an outdoor café in San Salvador, the kidnapping of 21 small-town mayors, and the abduction of the daughter of Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte. As a consequence, some of the committee's most outspoken critics of military assistance —Senators Biden (D., Del.), Cranston (D., Calif.), Dodd (D., Conn.), and Mathias (R., Md.)—voted for the police-aid package. "Both sides of the aisle are now helping Central American democracies," says Lugar, who has fought valiantly to restore bipartisanship to U.S. foreign policy.

Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) abstained from voting on the Foreign Relations police-aid package because he thought the committee had capitulated to the Democrats. Helms favored the Administration's $54-million proposal, which —if you believe Helms—died because Ronald Reagan just didn't want it badly enough. The final figure in the House-Senate compromise will probably be lower than the Senate version's, which will certainly disappoint Helms further, but this shift in policy is a breakthrough nonetheless. It's a long road from Hill committee rooms to the Oval Office, but there's a growing bipartisan awareness on the Hill that if the U.S. doesn't fully support democratic forces in Central America, the isthmus itself may fall under totalitarian rule.

Danny Wall, staff director of the Senate Banking Committee and longtime associate of Chairman Jake Garn (R., Utah), may well be the man to beat for the chairmanship of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board whenever Ed Gray finally steps down. Gray's letter of resignation is already written, we hear, but every time he heads out to deliver it, White House aides plant another story in the press about his leaving (they want him out), which ticks Gray off, and so he delays for another sixty days. Anyway, watch for Wall to take over in '86 at FHLBB.

—CATO

---

law professor Felix Ermacora, documented atrocities such as mutilation, torture, rape, booby-trapped children's toys, forced rural evacuation, destruction of crops, and starvation. Even before the report was issued, the General Assembly called for the immediate withdrawal of "foreign" (read: Soviet) troops from Afghanistan by a vote of 122 to 12. This is the first major instance in which the UN has documented human-rights violations committed by the Soviet Union.

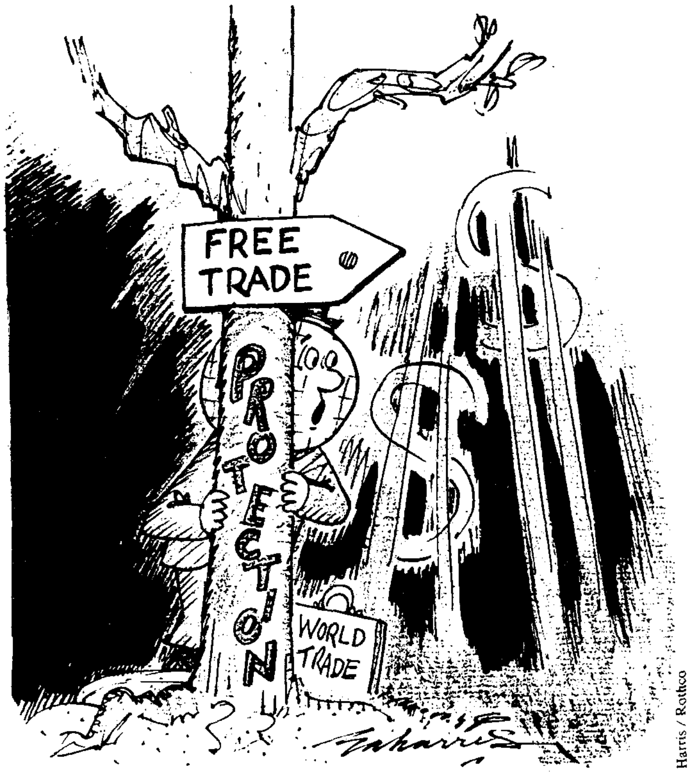
☐ The Vatican's extraordinary synod of bishops was fairly uneventful, which is to say that the liberals, after a daunting ten-month waiting period, were on their best behavior. The bishops served notice that Vatican II was not a mandate for faddism, and called for the compilation of a new catechism to regularize Catholic teaching worldwide. In sum, the synod was a victory for definition and authority, as opposed to the open-ended abuses that have disturbed Catholicism over the last two decades. Even in stressing the dignity of the poor, the synod's final statement eschewed any hint of class warfare and specified that "there is an absence of liberty and of spiritual goods which can be called a form of poverty. This is specially grave when religious liberty is suppressed by force."

☐ The Heritage Foundation is basking in Mikhail Gorbachev's bad reviews of its performance in Geneva. Heritage prepared a briefing book for President Reagan, and Gorbachev did not like it at all, at all. "We did not overlook the 'mandate' given to the U.S. President by the American extreme right-wing forces represented by their ideological headquarters, the Heritage Foundation," he said in a speech to the Supreme Soviet. In Geneva, he accused Heritage and the Hoover Institution of promoting "a design to break down the Soviet economy." The second charge, at least, is patently false. Why waste effort on a redundancy?

☐ Yet once more there is controversy over the Nobel Peace Prize. It transpires that one of this year's recipients, Dr. Yevgeny Chazov, signed a 1973 letter denouncing Andrei Sakharov for "grossly distorting the realities of [Soviet] life." The Norwegians might save themselves a lot of embarrassment if they'd just routinely give the prize every year to the U.S. Secretary of Defense.

☐ FOUND: In the Mayflower Room of the Plaza Hotel on the night of The Party, one gold cufflink (a 1925 penny). Please call *NR*: 212-679-7330.

☐ While you were watching the Summit, the East Germans went right on blowing up buildings along the Berlin Wall, to improve their field of fire should anyone take Soviet rhetoric too seriously.



Harris / Rothco

"What I'm looking for is free trade with built-in protection."

How to Judge The Next Tax Bill

THE HOUSE DEMOCRATS' tax-reform plan was certainly a disappointment—"The Rosty Horror Tax Bill Show," as the Heritage Foundation put it—but Congress will inevitably tinker further with the details, and President Reagan plausibly hopes that something worth while might emerge from a compromise. If it finally passes (as we went to press the House had rejected it), here is what to look for in a Senate-House hybrid, if what you want is economic growth.

Relocated brackets. The House bill adds a fourth bracket at 38 per cent for the affluent, which is annoying and raises little if any revenue. But its key flaw is in pushing the other brackets down, so that the 25 per cent rate for singles kicks in at an income of $12,500 instead of $19,500, and the 35 per cent rate at $30,000 instead of $48,400. This inflicts much higher marginal rates on middle-income taxpayers than does the Reagan plan, rates that are in some cases higher than current ones. Lowering marginal rates is the alpha and omega of supply-side reform, so this must be considered the single most important change to press for in any compromise.

The right kind of corporate relief. The division of the tax burden between individuals and corporations probably makes less difference than either side is willing to admit, but business lobbyists are not unreasonable in complaining that the Rostenkowski bill is punitive. In principle, the worst aspect of that bill is its "minimum-tax" provision, which turns taxation into a nightmare set in a Chinese restaurant (pay one from Column A or one from Column B, whichever is greater). In practice, the worst aspect is its hike in the general corporate rate from Reagan's 33 per cent to 36 per cent, which will forestall many useful transactions. Corporate lobbyists will try to repair the damage in their usual way, not by pushing to lower the general rates but by honeycombing them with exceptions like the misbegotten investment tax credit. And they will ignore or subvert any dividend-relief provisions that might ease the burden of double taxation on stockholders—a type of taxation that generates super-high (because combined) marginal rates. Corporate tax relief is too important to be left to such lobbyists.

No syncopated phase-in. Too clever by half, the House bill tries to raise extra short-term revenue by phasing in the deduction cuts six months before the rate cuts. This is the sort of trick Irving Kristol's mother used to describe as S-S-ST: Smart-Smart-Stupid. Last time the lawmakers tried it, they got a paralytic recession as people delayed their economic activity during the penalty period, then a jack-rabbit start after the tax cuts finally began.

No Senate monkey business. On most ideological issues, you'd rightly expect the Republican Senate to improve on a Democratic House bill. In this case, it's not at all certain. The Senate Finance Committee is not known for its ardent support of lower rates, and

Democrats for Teddy

To take up needlepoint or jacks,
Record the mating grunts of yaks,
Make snow cream on Mount Everest,
Paint bloody sunsets in Key West,
But not (and some get violent),
To run again for President.

W. H. von Dreele

it is filled with friends of particular industries like oil and timber. It is entirely possible that the committee will put its own unfortunate twists into the bill at the cost of raising marginal rates yet higher—which would leave conservatives in the peculiar position of supporting the Rostenkowski side in conference, if they cared to keep the game going at all.

A Foul Affair

Although the fate of Miroslav Medved has long been sealed, there remain some disturbing questions concerning the treatment of the would-be defector. First, there is speculation as to whether the person who was taken off the ship to be interviewed by State Department officials three days later was in fact the same person who jumped off the ship in the first place. Joseph Wyman, the Louisiana jeweler who first encountered Medved, claims that the sailor taken off the *Marshal Konev* for questioning was not the same person he originally saw. There seems to be no U.S. Government official who was present on both occasions. Although Medved spoke only Ukrainian and Polish, the person taken off the ship signed and edited a statement of his intention to return to the Soviet Union that was written in Russian. A Chicago handwriting expert has concluded that the handwriting of the first sailor does not match that of the edited version of the statement. State Department photographs reportedly show two markedly different individuals.

But even if Sailor B was indeed Medved, the interview was inept, to put it mildly. The Air Force psychiatrist examining the sailor concluded that he jumped ship and sought asylum "primarily on an impulsive decision," even though the act was obviously premeditated. The doctor reported that Medved showed "no evidence suggestive of any ongoing significant organic mental disorder, including substance-induced intoxication." However, a Soviet doctor admitted administering Seduczine and Amonizine to the sailor, and an intercepted phone call indicated that a Soviet embassy official ordered that Medved be drugged. The two drugs are tranquilizers that have very strong effects while leaving the patient apparently unimpaired. Urine or blood tests would have shown the presence of those substances, but neither test was administered. The wounds on the sailor's left arm were quite severe, the arm bandaged from the base of the fingers to the armpit. None of the doctors present examined the wounds to determine whether they were self-inflicted or the result of torture.

Although the two Border Patrol officers who first returned Medved to the ship have borne most of the blame for this tragic fiasco, they certainly are not the only ones responsible. Senator Gordon Humphrey (R., N.H.), along with 52 co-sponsors, has introduced a resolution to establish a panel to investigate the handling of Medved and other would-be defectors. Perhaps they will find out who promoted Peress.

Self-Serving Reform

Check your wallet: Reform is in the air again. The Senate is toying with a bill to limit spending by political-action committees.

The PACs themselves are of course the result of the last great spasm of campaign-spending reform, which has turned out—unexpectedly, and contrary to the intentions of its champions—to be a great boon to Republicans and conservatives, who have learned to play the new angles like Willie Mosconi. So, naturally, it's time for new restrictions.

The difference is that this time there are plenty of Republicans who want "reform." The explanation is probably that there are now plenty of Republican incumbents, and campaign-spending restrictions, by their nature, serve the interests of those currently in office. Incumbency is the greatest advantage any candidate can have; money is the greatest equalizer any challenger can have. So the incumbents want to neutralize the equalizer.

What makes the threatened reform especially worrisome is that it seems to be getting harder and harder to unseat officeholders. Earlier this year T. R. Reid wrote in the *Washington Post*: "As late as the 81st Congress, which convened in 1949, there were 160 freshman members—just over 30 per cent. In the 99th Congress, 9.4 per cent are freshmen."

If Congress doesn't like the results of the current restrictions, it should repeal those restrictions, not heap on new ones. The test of its dedication to real reform will be whether it opens the way to new talent or takes devious measures to maximize its incumbency.

Realism in Geneva

Whatever else may be said about the Geneva Summit, it was plainly the most realistic of the 13 U.S.-Soviet Summit meetings held since World War II. President Reagan went to Geneva with no

GUEST EDITORIAL

An English Primer

EVERY FIELD has its own special words and expressions which others find hard to understand. Politics is no exception. For those who have difficulty understanding the strange way words are used by politicians and the media, here is a glossary translating political rhetoric into plain English:

Crisis: Any situation you want to change.
Bilingual: Unable to speak English.
Equal opportunity: Preferential treatment.
Non-judgmental: Blaming society.
Compassion: The use of tax money to buy votes.
Insensitivity: Objection to the use of tax money to buy votes.
Simplistic: An argument you disagree with but can't answer.
Rehabilitation: Magic words said before releasing criminals.
Demonstration: A riot by people you agree with.
Mob violence: A riot by people you disagree with.
A matter of principle: A political controversy involving the convictions of liberals.
An emotional issue: A political controversy involving the convictions of conservatives.
Funding: Money from the government.
Commitment: More money from the government.
Docudrama: A work of fiction about famous people.
Autobiography: A work of fiction about yourself.
Federal budget: A work of fiction about government spending.
People's Republic: A place where you do what you are told or get shot.
National liberation movements: Organizations trying to create People's Republics.
Stereotypes: Behavior patterns you don't want to think about.
Reaganomics: Media explanation of downturns in the economy.
Robust economy: Media explanation of upturns in the economy.
Constitutional interpretation: Judges reading their own political views into the Constitution.
Politicizing the courts: Criticizing judges for reading their own political views into the Constitution.
A proud people: Chauvinists you like.
Bigots: Chauvinists you don't like.
Antiwar movement: Disarmament advocates who know the idea won't fly under its own name.
Private greed: Making money selling people what they want.
Public service: Gaining power to make people do what you want them to.
Innovation: Something new.
New innovation: Something new by someone who doesn't understand English.
Competency: Competence, as described by the incompetent.
Moderate Arabs: Mythical beings to whom State Department officials make sacrificial offerings.
Special-interest lobby: Politically organized conservatives.
Public-interest group: Politically organized liberals.
Accountability: Holding teachers, public officials, and private business responsible for their misdeeds.
Chilling effect: Holding journalists responsible for their misdeeds.

—THOMAS SOWELL

---

illusions about what summitry could accomplish. He gave away nothing vital, and he shrugged off Gorbachev's implied threat to torpedo the whole affair if concessions on SDI were not made. The Russians, not used to having their temper tantrums ignored, seemed to have left the Summit a bit shaken. Reagan had succeeded in demonstrating to the whole world his willingness to seek peace, without giving up real security to make the point. A first in Summit history.

The actual agreements signed were fairly modest, as befits a realistic Summit. There was an agreement on expanded cultural and educational exchanges (more Soviet spies, but also more Soviet defectors); an agreement on opening consulates in Kiev and New York (more Soviet spies, but a chance for the U.S. to test the waters of Ukrainian nationalism); and assorted "understandings" on common objectives in the areas of arms control, nuclear nonproliferation, and chemical weapons (all verbal Trojan horses for future Soviet negotiating ploys). Then there was that poignant agreement on "Northern Pacific air safety," cast by the media as a Soviet concession. Why it should be a concession for the Soviets to agree not to shoot down civilian airliners is beyond us, but we recommend that travelers from Seoul to Tokyo pray the Soviets will not violate this one.

All in all, the Summit was a tactical success for the President. Whether it was also a strategic success is more doubtful. While Gorbachev did not persuade Reagan to swallow his SDI bait, he did manage to walk away from Geneva with most of the post-Afghanistan sanctions lifted from his country. That alone was a significant achievement for the Kremlin. These were the sanctions that were not supposed to be removed so long as Soviet troops were still in Afghanistan. The last we checked they had not yet pulled out. The one consolation is that the entire Bolshoi Ballet might defect on its first post-Afghanistan visit to New York City.

Reagan's Iran

DON'T MISS "The New Khmer Rouge," by Ross H. Munro, in the December issue of *Commentary*, the most outstanding investigative journalism on the situation in the Philippines we have yet seen. Munro, who has covered the Philippines for *Time* magazine since 1978, paints a grim and frightening portrait of the New People's Army, the fast-growing Communist guerrilla movement seeking to overthrow the Marcos government. The NPA, according to Munro, is conducting a reign of terror in the Philippine countryside reminiscent of the kindly methods of Pol Pot in Cambodia. Whole villages are terrorized into submission; alleged "informers" are murdered without a second thought; the torture of innocents, in the most sadistic manner, is routine.

Munro does not hold the Marcos government or the Philippine army guiltless, but he notes that their misdeeds are widely publicized, while the far more gruesome terrorism of the NPA is being overlooked, both in the Philippines and abroad. This is because of the lethal silence imposed on villages under NPA control, the difficulty of reporting on events in the remote countryside of the archipelago, and a tendency of the international media to downplay the wrongdoings of anyone opposing Marcos.

Munro describes a Philippine society largely indifferent to the prospect of a guerrilla takeover. In many circles the guerrillas are idolized as heroes; news of their crimes is ignored or passed off as government propaganda. If Munro's analysis is correct, an NPA takeover in the Philippines could mean another bloodbath rivaling the unspeakable horrors inflicted on Cambodia by the Khmer Rouge. One wonders if Phnom Penh was as innocently oblivious to the fate that awaited it as Manila now seems to be.

The United States cannot be indifferent to the fate of fifty million people, particularly not a people for whose independence American soldiers, not so long ago, paid the ultimate price. But altruism aside, the United States has two vital strategic reasons for not wanting the island nation to fall to a Communist insurgency: Clark Air Force Base and Subic Bay Naval Station. The loss of these bases would do immense damage to U.S. interests in the Pacific. While we could partially make up for their loss by building new bases in Guam (at a price tag of several billion dollars), the U.S. position in the Pacific would be seriously weakened.

To top all this bad news off, Munro and other journalists now report that Moscow is making concerted efforts to develop close ties with the NPA, which seems quite willing to abandon its Maoist loyalties. The Philippines are taking shape as the crisis of the decade.

The Tax-Reform Bill

Some things, as Mary Shelley wrote,
Wake up to grab one at the throat
And would, in retrospect, have been
Less bother had they been done in;
So if you'll slug the orderly,
I'll start unplugging each I.V.,
Then, since embalming would be dumb,
Dial up the crematorium.

W. H. VON DREELE

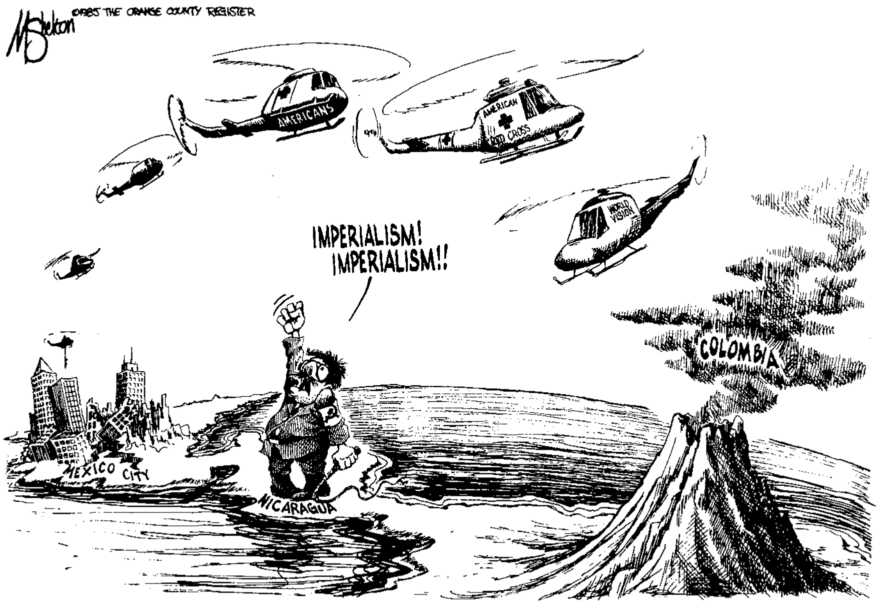
Robert Graves, RIP

SEVERAL YEARS ago, an *NR* senior editor was teaching a course in the literature arising out of World War I. He knew that Robert Graves, then in his eighties, had lived on Majorca for years, and he asked a colleague whether it might not be a fine idea to fly Graves over to talk about the war, poetry, and so forth.

The answer, alas, was no. Though Graves was of sound enough body, age had eaten away at his mind. He spent his Majorca days in his garden, contentedly, but he could not remember his writing, and in fact he could not remember World War I.

The shock of the Western Front produced major poetry in many who were not major poets, and afterward many of them produced little of interest. Siegfried Sassoon and Edmund Blunden, for example, wrote impressively about the war, but not much poetry that mattered later on. It is unlikely that Wilfred Owen or Isaac Rosenberg, who were killed in France, would have found a suitable subject in the 1920s. Rupert Brooke, on the other hand, who died of blood poisoning on the way to Gallipoli, was already an established poet in 1914, with impressive technical equipment and a wide range of poetic interests. His loss was major.

Robert Graves emerged as a "war poet," and a good one. Here is a typical short poem called "The Last Post," written in June 1916:



Distributed by King Features Syndicate

The bugler sent a call of high romance—
"Lights out! Lights out!" to the deserted square:
On the thin brazen notes he threw a prayer,
"God, if it's this *for me next time in France . . .*
O spare the phantom bugle as I lie
Dead in the gas and smoke and roar of guns,
Dead in a row with the other broken ones,
Lying so stiff and still under the sky,
Jolly young Fusiliers, too good to die."
The music ceased, and the red sunset flare
Was blood about his head as he stood there.

But Graves's extraordinarily restless intelligence expanded far beyond war's emotions. Indeed, with ironic distance, he said good-bye to the war as well as to much else in his classic memoir, *Good-bye to All That* (1929), the opening sentences of which spoof the conventions of nineteenth-century autobiography: "As proof of my readiness to accept autobiographical convention, let me record at once my two earliest memories. The first is being loyally held up at a window to watch a procession of decorated carriages and wagons for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 . . . The second is gazing upward with a sort of despondent terror at a cupboard in the nursery, which stood accidentally open, filled to the ceiling with octavo volumes of Shakespeare." Good-bye to all that.

Graves joined the army in 1914, in order to avoid going to Oxford, and after the war he became extraordinarily and eccentrically learned, as well as, many think, a great poet. A succession of novels, beginning with *I, Claudius* in 1934, won him wide readership and made use of his erudition. An autodidact and archetypal British individualist, he developed quirky theories and supported them learnedly. He thought that Christ had lived through the Crucifixion. He reinterpreted the Greek myths as an allegory of the prehistoric struggle in which a "White Goddess" and a matriarchal order were overthrown by the forces of patriarchy. No professional anthropologists agreed with Graves's theories about this, but, like Yeats's theories of history, supposedly dictated by his wife while in a trance, they provided a mythical framework for much powerful poetry, including some of the best love poetry of the twentieth century.

During the 1950s, Graves's verse became an important literary influence, a more traditional alternative to the modernist verse of Eliot, Pound, and Stevens, and gave writing room to such poets as Randall Jarrell and Philip Larkin.

As professor of poetry at Oxford from 1961 to 1966, Graves was a favorite with the undergraduates, and indeed became something of a legend. "Mr. Graves is immensely valuable," a Magdalen College undergraduate remarked to a visitor in 1966. "In fact, he is infallible. Every one of his judgments is wrong. You can count on it, and move on from there."

Twenty years after the Great War, and on the threshold of another and long-expected one, Graves had the poet's awareness of the effects of time. In "Recalling War" he wrote:

Entrance and exit wounds are silvered clean,
The track aches only when the rain reminds . . .
What, then, was war? No mere discord of flags
But an infection of the common sky.

He died at ninety and is buried on Majorca. —JH

Holmes Alexander, RIP

HOLMES ALEXANDER is dead at 79, the dean of the modern generation of conservative columnists. His column began in 1947, back in the days of George Sokolsky, David Lawrence, and Westbrook Pegler. He was a kindly man, capable, however, of tough-as-steel critical severity. He was copiously productive, interested in everything—including his own experiences as a steeplechase jockey while at Princeton and, later, at Cambridge in England. He wrote books on American history, novels, and much we do not know, as he was a ghostwriter for who knows how many politicians suddenly become eloquent. A few days before he died, he reviewed the new collection by the author of this notice (scooping *NR*) (!). His review included a passage: "You get the idea from Bill that some folks are doing the world a favor when they depart this life." That certainly does not include our old friend and occasional contributor Holmes Alexander. —WFB

NATIONAL REVIEW'S 30th

Westin Hotels
The Plaza

THE MENU

Smoked salmon (with or without red caviar, depending on the Gate) plus iced vodka

Chicken pot pie à la Pat (Buckley) and Mr. Alexander (The Plaza)

A very nice white Burgundy,
The Plaza's House White

A very nice red Burgundy,
The Plaza's House Red

An irresistible chocolate dessert

Coffee

Remy Martin & Schramsberg are pleased to present
RMS California Alambic Brandy

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Hon. Clare Boothe Luce

Mr. William H. Brady Jr.

The Hon. James L. Buckley*

Cordially invite you to a party, celebrating

The 30th Anniversary

of

NATIONAL REVIEW

*The Hon. Barry Goldwater, who gave his name as the public-official Friend of National Review, has been summoned to Europe for a meeting of NATO counselors. Judge-designate James L. Buckley takes Senator Goldwater's place. Seating arrangements are to a significant extent governed by security arrangements.

THE PROGRAM

CHARLTON HESTON
Master of ceremonies

DICK WELLSTOOD
Three jazz pieces

GERALD RANCK
One each, Bach, Handel, Scarlatti

THE HONORABLE JACK KEMP

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

JEFFREY HART

JOSEPH SOBRAN

RICHARD BROOKHISER

GEORGE F. WILL

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

MONSIGNOR EUGENE V. CLARK

As if presiding over his flock, Rob Sennott (center), Advertising Director of NR, *manifestly content with the advertising in this issue. Can you spot Russell Kirk? Richard Grenier? Arnold Beichman? John Chancellor? Francis Russell? If so, deed your eyes to the Smithsonian*

Robert Novak telling Patrick Buchanan what's going to happen in 1988. In New Hampshire, Dole will knock out Baker. In California, Jerry Brown will knock out Teddy. Shelley Buchanan looks on

Jack Kemp, flanked by Pat Buckley, Nancy Kissinger. He is reacting to speaker George Will's definition of an oxymoron: "Jack Kemp Deficit Reduction Plan"

From the left, Tom Wolfe, Mona Charen, Lawry Chickering, Carol Buckley, Tom Selleck, Irving Kristol, Mrs. Wilfrid Sheed. Subject: Who will Magnum PI next?

The Sainted Judge-Designate James Buckley opining with George Will. Barely visible, Mrs. Van Galbraith, assorted other Buckleys (Ann, Christopher, Priscilla)

El Presidente, *Priscilla Buckley, Monsignor Clark's head, Suzanne Garment. They are listening to a riveting solemnity, author unknown*

—Come to our party! (Turn to page 123.)→

STAR WARS & POLITICS

WEAPONS SYSTEMS usually don't affect elections much. Ronald Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) will be an exception, if you believe Hill insiders of both parties. Unlike most weapons systems, the Space Shield (which is how the White House now designates Star Wars) originated in the White House rather than the military-industrial complex. Despite the scoffing of the media, the President kept talking it up, hoping to attract liberals to the idea, thus far only semi-successfully. This alternative to nuclear weaponry has polarized both Houses of Congress, but in a way that will probably be a political plus for those candidates in 1986 who support SDI.

Even though nobody, including the world's most knowledgeable weapons experts, knows precisely how the Space Shield will work, that doesn't hinder support. One GOP senator on the Armed Services Committee asks: "How can anyone oppose a system that protects 90 to 99 per cent of the country from a nuclear attack?"

The Space Shield is popular for another reason: It is a sigh-of-relief alternative to MAD—mutual assured destruction. "MAD is unpalatable," says Jim Courter (R., N.J.), a member of the House Armed Services Committee. "We need a new direction. SDI is it. Keeping MAD weapons as the principal source of defense assumes that individuals and states will act rationally." Living by deterrence alone is unsafe, says Courter, and Americans like innovation and new technology. "People have an innate sense that deterrence through revenge is not the way to go," says a Democratic member of the House Armed Services Committee, "so anyone who supports Star Wars can use it to great advantage in a campaign."

Yet the Space Shield has its foes. House Armed Services Committee Chairman Les Aspin (D., Wisc.) and his supporters don't want to re-orient defense research programs, principally for money reasons. "Star Wars research is an imprudent use of taxpayers' dollars," lectures an Aspin aide. "By continuing it, we're essentially throwing money into a bottomless pit." Instead, the Aspin contingent would implement the Midgetman missile system, in which nuclear warheads—offensive ones—are transported over the nation's highways from one site to the next.

But Midgetman is far from trouble-free. "Such a system is fine in a totalitarian society," says a Democratic Armed Services senior staffer, "but in a democracy, can you imagine passing a flat-bed truck carrying nuclear missiles while driving down the freeway?" In addition, he says, the string is starting to run out on offensive-missile building. With bloated federal deficits, mounting fear of MAD, and Gramm-Rudman-Hollings legislation stipulating across-the-board cuts in spending, including defense, there's no alternative but to shift gears.

PRESIDENT REAGAN, shrewd pol, foresaw this some time ago. His unabashed and continuing support of SDI has kept it alive and advanced its cause. This year, the Administration requested $3.7 billion for SDI research. The House appropriated $2.5 billion, and the Senate is expected to allocate about $3 billion. Whatever the final figures, Hill defense experts believe that this funding, in combination with the funding that has already been restored for the B-1 (which, unlike the B-52, can penetrate Soviet air defenses), will be enough to flesh out the President's strategic-modernization program.

"As long as the President remains popular," declares a GOP member of the House Armed Services Committee, "and as long as there is general distrust of the Soviets, SDI will be a vote-getter for us, even in the most remote parts of the country." The same congressman, however, points to a possible minefield that Mr. Reagan created upon his return from the Geneva Summit. In his address to Congress, the President suggested that the U.S. "permit Soviet experts to see first hand that SDI does not involve offensive weapons." The President is convinced that the Space Shield is a defensive system and so the Soviets should have no fear of it, but his optimism amounts to a giveaway of billions of dollars' worth of technology to a government that has been uniformly untrustworthy. With "open laboratories," moreover, the Soviets would have all the data they need to contrive a convincing agitprop case for an offensive capability for the Space Shield. At some future date, the incumbent President will probably need to work himself out of this tactical conundrum, while President emeritus Ronald Reagan puts a new addition on Rancho del Cielo.

In the South and West, voters are likely to give high marks to any candidate on the President's side of SDI—at least so long as the economy continues to grow.

The acid test of SDI's power as a political weapon is its fulcrum effect in having brought the Russians to the negotiating table this year and Gorbachev to Summit I, at both of which the Soviets' prime intent was to neutralize SDI. Summit I in turn called for Summits II and III, in 1986 and 1987—all of which will retard the onset of lame-duckery. As a political bonus, Summit I was a spectacular win for the Republicans; there was no sell-out by Mr. Reagan. If Ronald Reagan maneuvers as adroitly in the upcoming Summits, he could help the GOP preserve its Senate majority next year and lay the groundwork for a Republican House in 1992. Not bad for the Space Shield, an unproven system of military defense but also, it appears, a not inconsiderable weapon of political offense. ☐

PENSÉES:

Notes for the Reactionary Of Tomorrow

JOSEPH SOBRAN

A dozen years ago, while lecturing in Michigan, I was told of a bright graduate student, a political dissenter who had risked some damage to his academic career (Joe Sobran was studying for an advanced degree in English literature). And it happened that the most recent specimen of his controversial life was a defense of the invitation extended to me, done in the form of an exchange of letters with a professor who had railed at the invitation's having been issued. I began somewhat dutifully to read the letters and found myself, once again, excited: I say once again, because the discovery of an entirely unknown writer with singular powers happens infrequently. Joe Sobran left Michigan and came to NATIONAL REVIEW.

A couple of years ago he published a collection of work done for the Human Life Review. *It was reviewed by Hugh Kenner, who said then what needs now to be said again, in introducing the remarkable pages that follow. "Joe Sobran," Professor Kenner wrote, "has a rare, a nearly Johnsonian, capacity for thought. Other columnists [yes, by now Sobran is also a syndicated columnist] market some of them a knack for language, some of them a robust personality, some of them a viewpoint congenial to many thousands. What Sobran has to offer is a mind in exemplary action."*

A thought to bear in mind, in reading his pensées *(our title, not his: but just the right title, though it is a pity, since Joe hates them so, that we had to use an out-of-town word to title so American a stylist). Sobran has a mind that reaches for the diction of which maxims are made. "Reading Sobran"—Kenner went on—"you're not aware of attitudes. You're aware of analytic process. Nor is it the analyst's cleverness that enthralls, but something of which reality itself proves capable: unfolding, luminescing, disclosing interconnectedness all the while a patient mind is tracing its contours." A patient mind is not to be confused with a dispassionate mind. Although the* pensées *are everywhere reticulated, one with another, with the skill of the most refined technician, they are never bloodless. The author presents his notes "for the reactionary of tomorrow" because he is fired by the lure of, well, the permanent things.*

Much thought has been given to the broad political themes he addresses here. Nowhere more penetratingly. Sobran's pensées *are justifiably presented as an appeal for a fresh understanding of the great issues at stake.*

—WFB

I. PROLOGUE

The conservative is defined less by any political doctrine than by a certain attitude toward the world, summed up in the word appreciation

Most political discussion nowadays moves in ruts the discussants don't even seem to be aware of. They talk about rights, freedom, the Constitution, foreign policy, the budget, all sorts of disparate things they never seem to get in focus.

It may help if we step back from politics a bit.

The main political line of division in the United States is between people we call liberals and people we call conservatives. The debate between them has been described in various ways; I would like to offer one of my own, based not so much on theory as on personal introspection.

At certain moments I find myself enjoying life in a certain way. I may be alone, or with friends, or with my family, or even among strangers. Beautiful weather always helps; the more trees, the better. Early morning or evening is the best time. Maybe someone says something funny. And while everyone laughs, there is a sort of feeling that surges up under the laughter, like a wave rocking a rowboat, that tells you that this is the way life should be.

Moments like that don't come every day, aren't predictable, and can't very well be charted. But the main response they inspire is something like gratitude: after all, one can't exactly deserve them. One can only be prepared for them. But they do come.

This may seem a thousand miles from politics, and such moments rarely have anything to do with politics. But that is just the point. Samuel Johnson says:

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

But the same is true of all that human hearts enjoy. Laws and kings can't produce our happiest hours, though in our time they do more to prevent them than formerly.

"To be happy at home," Johnson also remarks, "is the end of all human endeavor." That is a good starting-point for politics, just because it is outside politics. I often get the feeling that what is wrong with political discussion in general is that it is dominated by narrow malcontents who take their bearings not from images of health and happiness but from statistical suffering. They always seem to want to "eliminate" something—poverty, racism, war—instead of settling for fostering other sorts of things it is beyond their power actually to produce.

Man doesn't really create anything. We don't sit godlike above the world, omniscient and omnipotent. We find ourselves created, placed somehow in the midst of things that were here before us, related to them in particular ways. If we can't delight in our situation, we are off on the wrong foot.

More and more I find myself thinking that a conservative is someone who regards this world with a basic affection, and wants to appreciate it as it is before he goes on to the always necessary work of making some rearrangements. Richard Weaver says we have no right to reform the world unless we cherish some aspects of it; and that is the attitude of many of the best conservative thinkers. Burke says that a constitution ought to be the subject of enjoyment rather than altercation. (I wish the American Civil Liberties Union would take his words to heart.)

I find a certain music in conservative writing that I never find in that of liberals. Michael Oakeshott speaks of "affection," "attachment," "familiarity," "happiness"; and my point is not the inane one that these are very nice things, but that Oakeshott thinks of them as considerations pertinent to political thinking. He knows what normal life is, what normal activities are, and his first thought is that politics should not disturb them.

Chesterton (who hated the conservatism of his own day) has good remarks in this vein. "It is futile to discuss reform," he says, "without reference to form." He complains of "the modern and morbid habit of always sacrificing the normal to the abnormal," and he criticizes socialism on the ground that "it is rather shocking that we have to treat a normal nation as something exceptional, like a house on fire or a shipwreck."

"He who is unaware of his ignorance," writes Richard Whately, "will only be misled by his knowledge." And that is the trouble with the liberal, the socialist, the Communist, and a dozen other species of political cranks who have achieved respectability in our time: they disregard so much of what is constant and latent in life. They fail to notice; they fail to appreciate.

We can paraphrase Chesterton's remark about reforming without reference to form by saying it is futile to criticize without first appreciating. The conservative is bewildered by the comprehensive dissatisfaction of people who are always headlong about "reform" (as they conceive it) or are even eager to "build a new society." What, exactly, is

wrong with society as it is already? This isn't just a defiant rhetorical question; it needs an answer. We don't have the power to change everything, and it may not be such a bright idea to try; there are plenty of things that deserve the effort (and it *is* an effort) of preserving, and the undistinguishing mania for "change" doesn't do them justice—isn't even *concerned* with doing them justice. What we really ought to ask the liberal, before we even begin addressing his agenda, is this: In what kind of society would he be a conservative?

For some reason, we have allowed the malcontent to assume moral prestige. We praise as "ideals" what are nothing more than fantasies—a world of perpetual peace, brotherhood, justice, or any other will-o'-the-wisp that has lured men toward the Gulag.

The malcontent can be spotted in his little habits of speech: He calls language and nationality "barriers" when the conservative, more appreciatively, recognizes them as cohesives that make social life possible. He damns as "apathy" an ordinary indifference to politics that may really be a healthy contentment. He praises as "compassion" what the conservative earthily sees as a program of collectivization. He may even assert as "rights" what tradition has regarded as wrongs.

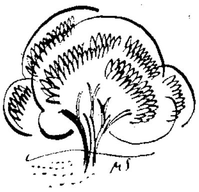
"We must build out of existing materials," says Burke. Oakeshott laments that "the politics of repair" has been supplanted by "the politics of destruction and creation." It is typical of malcontent (or "utopian") politics to destroy what it has failed to appreciate while falsely promising to create. Communism, the ideal type of this style of politics, has destroyed the cultural life of Russia, which flourished even under the czars. The energies of radical regimes are pretty much consumed in stifling the energies of their subjects; they try to impose their fantasies by force and terror, and their real achievement is to be found not in their population centers but at their borders, which are armed to kill anyone who tries to flee. Communism can claim the distinction of driving people by the millions to want to escape the homeland of all their ancestors.

Nothing is easier than to imagine some notionally "ideal" state. But we give too much credit to this debased kind of imagination, which is so ruthless when it takes itself seriously. To appreciate, on the other hand, is to imagine the real, to discover use, value, beauty, order, purpose in what already exists; and this is the kind of imagination most appropriate to creatures, who shouldn't confuse themselves with the Creator.

The highest form of appreciation is worship. I don't insist that there is a correlation between formal religion and conservatism. But there is an attitude prior to any creed, which may make a healthy-minded unbeliever regretful that he has nobody to thank for all the goodness and beauty in his life that he has done nothing to deserve. One might almost say that the crucial thing about a man is not whether he believes in God, but how he imagines God: as infinitely good and adorable, or merely as an authoritarian obstacle to human desire? The opposite of piety is not unbelief, but crassness.

Even more modest forms of appreciation take some humility. The inventor who finds a way to make soap from peanuts has more genuine imagination than the revolutionary with a bayonet, because he has cultivated the faculty of imagining the hidden potentiality of the real. This is much harder than imagining the unreal, which may be why there are so many more utopians than inventors. The utopian wants to fly by disregarding gravity instead of understanding it.

The point of all this is not just to censure the malcontent for failing to come to terms with this world. I am arguing for an appreciation of the role of appreciation. In our lives we don't really spend much time or gain much profit by doing the kind of abstract thinking that usually passes for intellection nowadays. Most of the time we are evaluating the concrete alternatives available to us—buying and selling, choosing careers, wooing and wedding, groping for the right word, convicting or acquitting, finding homes, that sort of thing. None of these is a utopian activity. (Neither, by the way, is voting.)



We are forever exercising our powers of imagination on the real and the given, in other words, not on the purely hypothetical. Our energies go into actual decisions, which express the evaluations we are in a position to express with our wills. We take it for granted, but we need to remind ourselves that this is what life is all about for most normal people. Everyone has the capacity to make choices of various kinds, always within limits. The freedom that matters is the freedom to exercise such choices, though they are beneath the notice of so many of our theorists.

Under regimes dominated by the dream of "building a new society," the state makes all the evaluations. It leaves very little room for the common exercise of the kind of appraising imagination the normal man and woman are endowed with. Everything is frozen at a certain level, no higher than the imaginations of the ruling mediocrities, who see no need of development in philosophy, art, or science (except applied science, as applied to techniques of war and conquest). A state that is willing to usurp the faculties of those it rules, by refusing to let them work, think, and discover freely, has already proved itself barbarous, even if it doesn't go on (as of course it will) to resort to concentration camps and mass executions.

In a healthy political system—a free and civilized one—the individual has scope for a wide range of acts of practical appreciation. The system is designed—not *a priori*, but by experience—to enable him to live this way; the individual is not only a fact but also a social institution, and the society profits by the little evaluative acts of every member. The law exists to make its members free, in the way people should be free, as opposed to both the bogus freedom imagined by anarchism and the slavery Communism calls freedom. That is why Burke specifies: "I speak of civil social man, and no other"—not man in a "state of nature" or a false "fraternity" or "comradeship," but simply man under law.

Most of the world is a mystery. Consciousness is a little clearing in a vast forest; every individual has his own special relation to the area of mystery, his own little discoveries to impart. Discovery is by definition unpredictable, and it is absurd for the state to foreclose the process of learning. There are moods when we are too exhausted to imagine that there is still more to be learned; an ideology is a system of ideas that wants to end the explorations we are constantly making at the margin of consciousness, and to declare all the mysteries solved. This is like the congressman who introduced a bill a century ago to close the U.S. Patent Office, on the ground that every possible invention had already been invented.

In talking of mystery this way, I don't at all intend to sound mystical. It is a very practical matter. The world is inexpressibly complex. Every individual is a mystery to every other, so much so that communication is difficult and fleeting. Moreover, the past is a mystery too: very little of it can be permanently possessed. We have various devices—words, rituals, records, commemorations, laws—to supply continuity as forgetfulness and death keep dissolving our ties with what has existed before.

There is no question of "resisting change." The only question is what can and should be salvaged from "devouring time." Conservation is a labor, not indolence, and it takes discrimination to identify and save a few strands of tradition in the incessant flow of mutability.

In fact conservation is so hard that it could never be achieved by sheer conscious effort. Most of it has to be done by habit, as when we speak in such a way as to make ourselves understood by others without their having to consult a dictionary, and thereby give a little permanence to the kind of tradition that is a language.

Habits of conservation depend heavily on our affection for the way of life we are born to, which always includes far more than we can ever be simultaneously conscious of at a given moment. We speak our language and observe our laws by habit. It would be too much of a strain to have to learn a new language or a new set of laws every day. Habit allows a multitude of things to remain implicit; it lets us deal with ordinary situations without fully understanding them. It allows us to trust our milieu.

Only a madman, one might think, would dare to speak of changing the entire milieu—"building a new society"—or even to speak as if such a thing were possible. And yet this is the current political idiom. It is seriously out of touch with a set of traditions whose good effects it takes too much for granted; it fails to appreciate them, as it fails to appreciate the human situation.

A political and legal system has to be based on the moral habits of its citizens, if it is concerned with anything more than power. To say that "that government is best which governs least" is not to yearn for anarchy: it is to say that those laws are best that don't require a huge apparatus of surveillance and enforcement. The foolishness of Prohibition was that it pitted the law against deep-rooted ways of life. Socialism makes the same mistake on an even larger scale. As Burke puts it, "I cannot conceive how any man can have brought himself to that pitch of presumption, to consider his country as nothing but *carte blanche*, upon which he may scribble whatever he pleases."

The conservative isn't embarrassed by the particularity of his traditions; he loves it. He neither shares nor understands the liberal's passion for taking positive measures to cut the present off from the past, as by erasing traces of Christianity in the law. It is Christianity, after all, that has formed our ideas of law. To accept this fact is no more to "establish religion" than writing the laws in English is to "discriminate against" people who don't speak English. Christianity is the basis of our moral idiom. Anyone who doubts this should try to imagine imposing the U.S. Constitution on a Moslem or Hindu country. Rooting Christianity out of our political tradition is like rooting words derived from Latin out of our dictionaries. It remains embedded even when it isn't noticed. There is no real point in trying to take it out or, for that matter, to put more of it in.

A tradition incorporates so many implicit things that Joseph de Maistre rightly speaks of the "profound idiocy" of supposing that "nations may be constituted *with ink*." And yet the liberal is constantly trying to do approximately this, by manufacturing new laws, new "rights," repealing old ones, meanwhile, with equal facility. He regards the past (as in "the dead hand of the past") with contempt and shame; naturally, it inspires no affection in him, and he finds little to admire in it. He reserves his affection for kindred spirits, especially socialists, who are busy abroad imposing new schemes and cutting their own nations' ties to the past. ("I have seen the future, and it works.")

For the modern liberal, who is essentially a man of the Left, the immediate has apocalyptic urgency. He is an active member of the Cause-of-the-Month Club, forever prescribing drastic action to prevent the world from being blown up, overpopulated, poisoned, oppressed, or exploited. He thinks a government that maintains law and order—a big job at any time—is "doing nothing"; because to his mind a steady and quiet activity is nothing more than inactivity. Though he speaks the language of environmental preservation well enough, he never pauses to imagine the "environmental impact" of his own policies on a social ecology that is, after all, no less real because he disregards it.

In short, he is always sacrificing the normal (he is barely aware of it, or sneers at it as "bourgeois") to the abnormal. Life, to him, is a series of crises, inseparable from politics. He is too concerned about our "rights" to bother about our health—rather as if a man dying of cirrhosis were to toast the repeal of Prohibition. If he ever has moments of well-being outside of politics, he has no vocabulary in which to talk about them.

But unfortunately, his vocabulary is pretty much the current vocabulary of politics, and when conservatives try to debate on his terms, their philosophy tends to appear as the mirror-image of his ideology. A few years ago the two camps were debating over the putative distinction between "totalitarian" and "authoritarian" systems. Liberals treated this as a quibble, a distinction without a difference. The debate sounded abstract and technical, as if egregious incidents of torture were simply "human-rights violations."

The distinction was valid, all right: and in fact liberals have consistently observed it in practice themselves, by preferring the totalitarian to the authoritarian, the Soviet Union and Cuba to South Africa and Chile. But conservatives failed to make the more serious and central point that the real difference between the authoritarian and the totalitarian is the difference between the bearable and the unbearable.

The story is told by those armed borders: people are free to leave Chile, because no great number want to leave; and blacks actually migrate *into* South Africa. This is not to defend the political institutions of these nations; but it is to point out that those institutions, good or bad, won't play so overbearing a role in the lives of their subjects as to make normal people desperate.

The very existence of censorship in authoritarian systems is a sign that all is not lost. The liberal can only damn censorship in a moralistic way; it doesn't occur to him that art, literature, and journalism can only be censored when they are already being independently produced. The kind of censorship exercised by regimes intent only on preserving a monopoly at the level of politics is different in kind from Communism's attempt to commandeer all the cultural energies of a nation, and to decree what *shall* be produced. It wasn't until 1978, for example, that Handel's *Messiah* had its first public performance in the Soviet Union—and even then it was accompanied by a libretto that glossed its theme as an allegory of the proletariat's struggle for liberation.

"Men can always be blind to a thing, so long as it is big enough," says Chesterton. One of the things most men are currently blind to is the total politicization of man. This development doesn't strike the liberal as particularly sinister; if he notices it at all, he thinks of it as a good thing. After all, he is a thoroughly politicized man; and isn't all of life essentially political anyway? Isn't it up to us to decide what sort of society we are going to build, what sort of laws and morals and distribution of wealth we are going to have?

The liberal has no specific objection to totalitarianism for the simple reason that he is already operating on totalitarian premises. He may be less headlong and bloodthirsty than the Communist, but he has as little regard for the past, as little sense that there may be anything in the tradition he inherits that deserves the effort of appreciation or surpasses his understanding. He judges everything in terms of a few ready-made political categories, which are expressed in a monotonous cant of "equality," "discrimination," "freedom of expression," and the like. He never thinks of these as possibly inadequate to his situation, because he never thinks of himself as working in partnership with the past, let alone as the junior partner in the relationship. Patience and humility aren't the marks of the malcontent. He is too busy making war on poverty to think of making his peace with prosperity: if the real economy doesn't spread wealth as quickly and evenly as he would like, he blames it and tries to remake it, taking no responsibility, however, for the adverse results of his efforts.

The chief objection to liberal moralism, in fact, is that it is immoral. This is equally true of all ideologies that dispense with realities they can't include in their visions. The economy, they think, has failed; the family has failed; the church has failed; the whole world has failed. But their visions have never failed, no matter what their cost in waste of human lives and possibilities. The dream itself is sovereign; to reject it is to be guilty of refusing to aspire; to embrace it is to lay claim to a moral blank check. As Burke said of the French revolutionaries: "In the manifest failure of their abilities, they take credit for their intentions."

But the conservative knows that the dream itself is guilty. It springs from a failure to appreciate the real, and to give thanks.

II. THE RULE OF LAW

Law is not so much willed as discovered in our informal moral habits. The conservative has no ambition to use law to remake the world

APPRECIATING and conserving are constant activities, because nobody can completely avoid valuing and giving continuity to something, even if it is Communism. The real question is what to conserve.

Political conservatism is focused on the rule of law. This may seem obvious and uncontroversial to the point of banality, since everyone thinks of himself as in favor of the rule of law as a matter of course.

But the rule of law is a highly specific thing, not always rightly understood and already seriously corrupted. Some of its worst enemies are legislators. To understand why it is in danger, we have to be rather precise about what it is.

The secular way of life of the West is summed up in the term civility. Civility means more than "being nice"; it stands for a particular kind of relationship among people that differs from other relationships that co-exist with it (kinship, friendship, partnership in business) as well as relationships that are incompatible with it (slavery, fealty to a lord, socialist "comradeship").

Civility is the relationship among citizens in a republic. It corresponds to the condition we call "freedom," which is not just an absence of restraint or coercion, but the security of living under commonly recognized rules of conduct. Not all these rules are enforced by the state; legal institutions of civility depend on the ethical substratum and collapse when it is absent. And in fact the colloquial sense of civility as good manners is relevant to its political meaning: citizens typically deal with each other by consent, and they have to say "please" and "thank you" to each other.

The hermit in the desert may be "free" in the trivial sense of being able to do as he likes without interference—without interference, because without society. But civility represents the kind of freedom we can enjoy "sociably": I speak of civil social man, and no other.

The civil condition is natural to man. It is not a dream, but something we can actually realize, and do in fact partially realize all the time. It is anything but utopian, even though its perfect realization, like all forms of perfection, is elusive.

Friedrich A. Hayek observes that we are by nature rule-observing creatures: we even observe rules we can't formulate. People sitting in a restaurant relaxing jovially may be effortlessly keeping all sorts of rules their attention isn't even directed to: taking turns speaking, keeping the noise down, giving each other the benefit of the doubt, suppressing unflattering observations about each other, and so forth. If all rules had to be followed by a conscious effort or enforced with maximum vigilance, social life would be impossible. A big influx of outsiders who aren't initiated into the local rules can cause a great deal of disturbance for just this reason.

If civility is natural, why is civil society as we think of it so rare? I said before that civility is seldom totally absent, even if it is seldom perfect. But most social and legal orders have some form of stratification—of race, caste, religion, or whatever—that causes members of one group to feel that they don't owe members of other groups the kind of ethical consideration they owe their own. Groups may even "secede" from the civil condition, or participate in it fraudulently: the Mafia perdures because its members keep their own rules among themselves, even as they violate the rules of the polity. Or an otherwise civil society may exclude some people from normal membership, as we used to do with black people. But any group owes its cohesion to commonly accepted rules. What is distinctive about the modern West is its moral ambition to include every competent individual in civic membership. Liberty in the ancient world, after all, was a special status; hardly anyone imagined it as potentially universal, let alone as a "natural right."

Harry V. Jaffa points out that the generation of the Founding Fathers used the words "free" and "equal" as synonyms. They didn't think there was any "tension" between the two things, but, on the contrary, thought that the two things were really one. Men were free in being equal, and equal in being free—free, as Locke had put it, from being subject to the arbitrary will of anyone else, monarch or slaveowner. Slavery was an anomaly that was bound to cause trouble if it wasn't eliminated.

The "inflated legislation" of our own time, as Bruno Leoni and others have called it, has helped obscure our understanding of the character of law. Aristotle says that ideally there should be few laws, seldom changed.

This is so for several reasons. One is that those laws are best that require least enforcement—laws that are rooted in the moral habits of the citizens, and enjoy the citizens' respect for their permanence. This kind of respect shouldn't be presumed upon or frittered away by the imposition of a multitude of trivial laws. A law passed yesterday isn't likely to command the same assent as a law that has existed for centuries.

Another is that it is a general function of rules, tacit or explicit, to make social life predictable. If the law itself is unpredictable, it loses its appropriate character. Even a law that is imperfect, abstractly considered, may, as long as it isn't actually baneful, gain authority with time, simply because people take it into account and base their private arrangements on it, like owls nesting in an old barn that just happens to be there. "Familiarity," as Oakeshott says, "is a supreme virtue in a rule." Reformers who don't bear this in mind may do more harm than good, and their "improvements" may turn out to be destructive.

Moreover, as thinkers in the natural-law tradition saw before Hayek, positive law should have the quality of seeming to be discovered or elicited from tacit moral understandings commonly shared, rather than imposed by an effort of will. The very nature of civil equality makes it wrong for one part of the community to use legislation as the instrument of its own special interests; to do that is to make the rest of the community to some degree subject to the arbitrary will of those who control the legislature—a circumstance the Framers of the Constitution were anxious to avoid, though the techniques of factional politics have outwitted their careful arrangements over the years.

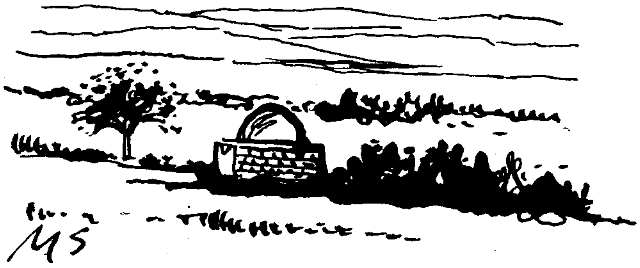
It is important to grasp the difference between laws and commands. Laws are impersonal rules, general, disinterested, usually negative in form ("Thou shalt not kill"). As Oakeshott says, they don't specify what substantive actions we are to perform, but merely attach "adverbial conditions" to whatever courses of action we may happen to choose. Commands, on the other hand, are positive expressions of will. They leave no alternatives. ("And the king said, Bring me a sword.") Laws are "observed," commands are "obeyed." To live under the rule of law is to be a citizen; to live under commandment is to be a subject or even a slave.

The distinction isn't absolute, but it is real enough. One of the major corruptions of the rule of law is that so many current acts of the state are commands masquerading as laws. Especially by its abuse of the taxing power, American government at all levels forces some people to serve the purposes of others. Taxation has become, more and more openly, a method of confiscation. Even the old sense of the word "tax" has been lost. It used to mean a fee collected from everyone to pay for the operation of a government that was partial to none (indeed, a federal appeals court briefly invalidated the Social Security system on the grounds that money taken from some citizens to be given to others was not, properly speaking, a tax). Now it refers simply to all the revenue collected by the state, without limit, including the growing portion that is not used by the state itself but turned over to powerful private interests.

Frédéric Bastiat offered a simple rule of thumb by which we can tell whether the power of the state is being abused: the use of public means to do what it would be plainly criminal to do by private means. If the state taxes Peter to give benefits to Paul, then it is robbing Peter on Paul's behalf. This sort of state action is so normalized by now that we routinely speak, for example, of "increases in Social Security benefits" as if there were no moral principle at stake. And most legislators have no idea that they are engaged in activities inimical to the rule of law. Neither do most of their victims.

When people bother to justify this sort of state action, they often do so on grounds of "compassion" or "protecting the weak," or they say that such action is legitimate simply because it is achieved through "democratic process." Later I will say more about what this use of the word "compassion" implies, though at this point I will say only that it is pretty plainly fraudulent to anyone who reflects on it. As for "protecting the weak" and "democratic process," this much can be said right now:

Legislators are rather obviously representing politically powerful interests when they provide money taken in taxes to large numbers of people. Those people might be individually weak, but at the ballot box they are stronger than those who are outnumbered or unorganized. This much is plain.



Moreover, the rule of law by its nature protects the weak. "Strong" and "weak" are relative terms: a heavyweight champion may be weak vis-à-vis a dwarf with a pistol. And as Anthony Flew wittily puts it, even in a nominally egalitarian society of the socialist stamp, the "equalizees" are far from equal to the "equalizers."

The genuine rule of law treats people alike, impartially. That is all the protection the weak, however defined, can rightly ask. Majority rule can easily degenerate, as it has done, into another form of the rule of the strong.

One major source of confusion is simple incomprehension of the nature of law. People who fail to distinguish rules and commands in principle will fail to distinguish them in practice. And some people, like Lenin, who are capable of the distinction nevertheless take the cynical view that laws are merely commands masquerading as rules: the real question is who is going to do what to whom. This view can be found as far back as Plato, who puts into the mouths of Thrasymachus and Gorgias the assertion that justice is nothing but the interest of the strong.

On this view, the existing rules of society have been made by the strong, for the strong, and are inherently "exploitative" of the weak. It follows that if the weak are to be protected, it must be not by maintaining the rules but by making exceptions to them. The fluidity of "the weak" muddles the situation, but this has not stopped liberalism from making zigzagging demands of the law. In 1964, for example, it sought, and got, a federal "civil-rights" law that seemed to have the neutral character of real law, and was understood to mandate "color-blind" behavior; then it turned around and demanded that the law be applied in color-conscious ways, implying that the very color-blind application it had formerly promised would be, in essence, "discriminatory." So this law, which was impartial in form, was turned into a device for racial privilege, and citizens who had supported the law because it offered to protect the weak were now told that if it were applied the way they had been assured it would be applied, it would favor the strong!

The argument that confiscation or other factionally favoritist legislation can be sanctified by "democratic process" is one more bit of confusion. Democracy is a principle of succession. It is based on the reasonable notion that the people have the right to choose or at least somehow consent to, their officers of government. This can prevent tyranny by stripping the state of immunity from the discontent of the ruled.

But democracy can't make right what is inherently wrong, and it can't authorize the government to do more than government may properly do. A principle of succession has nothing to say about the nature of the office whose succession is at stake. It ensures an orderly transfer of authority; it can't expand the authority beyond the rational limits of the rule of law itself.

If rights are "unalienable," then no government, whatever its popularity, may abridge them. A people has no right to choose Communism, for example, even by unanimous vote. Even if it had the absurd right to abolish its own rights, it would have no right to abolish the rights of its descendants.

In any case, no majority has ever wanted everything to be decided by majority rule. Democracy is good to the extent that it helps secure personal liberty; the end of political liberty is private liberty, as Johnson says.

There is a kind of democracy that is designed to achieve liberty, and it is the kind of republican government envisioned by the Framers. They were specifically concerned not to let the 51 per cent push the 49 per cent around. They provided filtering devices in the hope that factional interests would cancel each other out, even in the event that "republican virtue"—civic-mindedness—failed to check them. But their main hope was that republican virtue would usually prevail, and that no majority would try to make life miserable for the minority.

It is generally forgotten that modern democracy had its origins in revulsion against arbitrary government, and that the ideal of majoritarian government was to provide a rule of law approximating, as closely as possible, unanimous consent. Consensus is not always possible, but it is something to aim for, and some scholars argue that even Rousseau's "general will" envisioned the state not as a vehicle of popular passion but, on the contrary, as an institution that would be restricted by consensus. But this ideal has been trampled by the habits of special-interest politics. The "new meaning of legislation," says Leoni, corresponds "not to a 'common' will, that is, a will that may be presumed as existent in all citizens, but to the expression of the particular will of certain individuals and groups who were lucky enough to have a contingent majority of legislators on their side at a given moment. . . . [Legislation] has come to resemble more and more a sort of *Diktat* that the winning majorities in the legislative assemblies impose upon the minorities, often with the result of overturning long-established individual expectations and creating completely unprecedented ones." Furthermore, he continues, "legislation may have and actually has in many cases today a negative effect on the very efficacy of the rules and on the homogeneity of the feelings and convictions *already prevailing* in a given society." Instead of promoting stability, as genuine law does, interest-bound legislation undermines it.

This is of extreme importance, because the one thing the state can never establish by decree is stability, or continuity. It can only continue it. And by the same token, the state, whose main instrument is coercion, can't arbitrarily assign value to things. People value things for their own reasons; that is what it means to be valued. And one of the main considerations in the value of things is their security and permanence, which the state can interrupt in a moment but can only guarantee over the long run. Our chief warrant for thinking a thing will last is that it, or things like it, have already lasted. In the same way that crime devalues property, the prospect of confiscation or heavy taxation devalues any wealth in view. A too-active state can reduce the value of things very quickly; but the short-term political profits of activism are irresistible to many politicians. The democratic plague of inflation—devalued money—is the most vivid example.

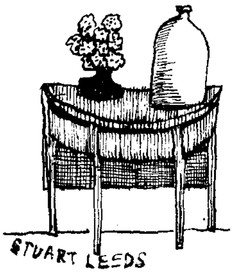
The rule of law essentially regularizes a pre-existing "manner of living" (Oakeshott's phrase). Harry Truman's complaint about the "do-nothing Congress" was the complaint of a boor who had little grasp of his own heritage and assumed that the state should be, as C. S. Lewis puts it, "incessantly engaged in legislation." Maintenance, I repeat, is a demanding activity, and the state that maintains a traditional order against all the forces of decay is not "doing nothing." It is doing plenty. It is doing nearly all we can or should ask.

We are indebted to Oakeshott for another important distinction. It is a distinction that has occurred to relatively few people, and yet our traditional political conduct presupposes it: what he calls the difference in kind between "civil" association and "enterprise" association.

Enterprise association is easier to understand because it is closer to activities we are directly aware of. It comes about whenever people unite to achieve a shared purpose: salvation, gain, victory, charity. But enterprise association is generally regulated by some form of civil association, which comes about when people of diverse purposes manage to agree on the framework of procedural rules that will govern the pursuit of their goals. A baseball team is an enterprise association; the American League is more nearly a civil association. The difference also corresponds to the difference between a law firm and a bar association. One might think that an underworld gang would be the pure form of enterprise association, and yet Lucky Luciano introduced an element of civil association into the business when he abolished the chaos of warring autocracies that had prevailed among the old "Mustache Petes" and instituted a new, federal structure, in which territories were recognized, open warfare was reduced, and a nine-man commission replaced the old "boss of bosses." By bringing more non-Sicilians into the mobs, Luciano even made organized crime *ouvert aux talents*. And by making crime more civilized, he facilitated the success of its enterprises.

Oakeshott, Hayek, Raymond Aron, and Bertrand de Jouvenel all adopt a similar terminology for two types of state: the state that is devoted to some enterprise—conquest, redistribution, economic growth—is a *teleocracy*; the state that confines itself to maintaining the rule of law is a *nomocracy.* (Hayek also speaks of such states as, respectively, "end-governed" and "rule-governed.") Under teleocracy, laws become commands, instrumental to the achievement of the state's substantive purpose. Under nomocracy, the state has no overarching purpose of its own; its concern is with the pure character of the rule of law; its citizens are united in civil association.

The United States is obviously an uneasy mixture of the two types; it began as a nomocracy, but has taken on more and more features of teleocracy. The Soviet Union is pretty close to pure teleocracy. And when it was fashionable to talk of the two systems as "converging," Aron raised the pertinent question why the West, as it moved toward teleocracy, should suppose that this would somehow induce the Soviets to move toward nomocracy. He predicted exactly what subsequently happened: the Soviet Union remained a system designed to achieve its substantive goals. Our confusion has not abated lately: even a conservative commentator, George Will, says enthusiastically that government should give citizens the sense that they are united in "a great common enterprise."



Civility is a kind of relation that recognizes the moral priority of more intimate relations. We don't owe fellow citizens the same sort of obligations we owe family, friends, co-religionists. Civic relations respect this order of duties and affections, as when a wife is excused from testifying against her husband. But in teleocratic regimes, everything may be collapsed into political membership, and children may be ordered to inform on their parents, or taken away from parents who subvert their loyalty to the state, as by teaching them religion. (In the Soviet Union, the regime has even fostered a cult in honor of Pavel Morozov, a boy who reported his father to the secret police during Stalin's purges and was killed by furious relatives.) Most teleocracies are not that ruthless, and they usually leave a residue of personal loyalties untouched; but when, in principle, the purposes of the state are imposed as the governing purposes of all, such enormities are at least possible.

But Will is right on target when he speaks of "the primacy of private life." That is what the rule of law is all about. If, as Johnson says, to be happy at home is the end of all human endeavor, then political health consists in a legal system governed by the modest recognition that this may be so.

Unfortunately, liberalism has made teleocratic assumptions the *lingua franca* of American politics. We speak of "war on poverty," for example, and though most people may be troubled by dumb reservations about such grandiose ambitions, they don't know how to talk back. Civility is a subtle refinement. By their very nature, civil relations are not the primary relations in anyone's life, and most people have no idea of how even to begin resisting political demands that would absorb those relations into a radically different kind of social order. For civil man, politics is generally a distinctly part-time matter. For the political fanatic, politics is everything.

Civility is natural in that even a band of Gypsies who live by theft and fraud need to have some rules of conduct among themselves. But in the West civility has been developed as a principle for cultural reasons: Christianity made a basic distinction between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's, and even secularization has been advanced on Christian principles, which show up, for example, in the distinction between the public and the private, where the private is recognized as having a certain inviolability.

The development of civility in this specific form has been going on for a long time now, and John Murray Cuddihy points out that for certain "latecomers to modernity," accustomed to more intimate cultural surroundings with few sophisticated differentiations, the impersonality of civil life can become "the ordeal of civility." Such people tend to favor a politics that promises more immediate emotional rewards than mere civility can offer: warmth, brotherhood, compassion, the solace of a political leadership that "cares about the little man." And people in this state of mind can only experience civility as coldness, inhumanity, alienation.

During the Depression, Franklin Roosevelt managed to convert feelings of this sort into a new political coalition, in which immigrant groups were prominent, though it also included plenty of cultural natives whose faith in the rule of law, as represented by Coolidge and Hoover, had suffered a shock. It used to be said that Roosevelt "ended" the Depression; then, more plausibly, that he "led us through" the Depression. The truth is probably that he somewhat prolonged it. But it didn't matter to his admirers: what he really offered was the image of a loving autocrat who would dispense with the rule of law, if necessary, to help "the little man," a disposition he conveyed, in cozy terms, through his "Fireside Chats." He was actually one of the great demagogues of the Thirties; and he dealt American constitutional government a blow from which it may never fully recover.

As the indispensable Oakeshott reminds us, a rule doesn't initiate action. The rule of law can't supply motive power; it can only give its support to the normal energies that already exist in people. It may help maintain the value of things, but it is not a source of value in itself.

No mere system of law, therefore, can be a substitute for the affections and desires and imaginations of real people, and the project of "building a new society" is a worse than idle one. Governing, says Oakeshott, is a specific and limited activity, easily corrupted when combined with any other: "The conjunction of dreaming and ruling generates tyranny." People who dream of what government could do are generally people who fail to appreciate what it does.

III. NATIVE ALIENS

Radicalism is born of disaffection with the world God made. This attitude is widely thought to be desirable

Not long ago I asked a liberal friend why liberals were picketing the South African embassy in Washington, but not the Soviet embassy. I took for granted (though maybe I shouldn't have) that he agreed that South Africa is a far more civilized place.

He explained with the usual explanation: that we can have more impact on our friends than on our enemies. I thought this argument completely overlooked the disproportionate moral passion the liberal brings to his never-ending South African protest, a passion so absent from his attitude toward the Soviet Union.

Something strange has happened to liberalism—or at any rate to the word "liberalism." In 1952 Sidney Hook, then a leading liberal, argued that to be liberal was to be *by definition* anti-Communist as well as anti-fascist, since both Communism and fascism crushed the personal and political freedoms liberalism held dear.

But today to speak of "liberal anti-Communism" is to utter not a redundancy but something like a contradiction in terms. To be anti-Communist is to be identified at once as a "right-winger." Liberalism doesn't identify itself as "left-wing," but it is at least in close alignment with the Left—notably in its constant hostility to anti-Communism.

Later I will say more about the actual content of contemporary liberalism. For now I will make only an observation about its spirit.

At one time liberalism seemed almost identical with devotion to limited government and the rule of law. If the liberal argued for the rights of Communists and Negroes, it was because he saw these as test cases in which the rights of everyone were at stake. He wanted those who were widely hated or despised to have the same protections as everyone else.

This is no longer the case. Liberalism has come to stand for an obsession with the abnormal for its own sake—the minority, the dissident, the outsider, the deviant, and so on. One detects an actual preference for the Soviet Union in clashes between Soviet and American interests—and not because the Soviet Union is idealized, but because America is to be attacked on any pretext. The old liberal universalism has decayed into a generic anti-patriotism whose targets include just about anything traditionally central in the West: religion, family, country. The liberal finds something to say on behalf of Communism, abortion, homosexuality, pornography, or anything else irritating to a healthy sense of morality, as if the enlightened position could always be found at the opposite pole from normal instinct.

Liberalism made a powerful case for the Negro's civil rights by appealing to a widely shared sense of justice, and it convinced the nation that the black man was being wrongly held in an abnormal condition. It argued for him *qua* human being whose race ought not to be held against him—particularly by government. It made segregation seem perverse.

Now it is liberalism that seems perverse. It is governed by a strange spite against what used to be regarded, even by liberals, as common sense and common morality.

Most people have a general affection for their homes and traditions. Their attachments can go too far, and sometimes do. The liberal seems to regard not only the excesses but the affections themselves with contempt.

The era of liberal ascendancy has given us a large vocabulary of censorious terms for these local attachments and their excesses: superpatriotism, jingoism, chauvinism, McCarthyism, prejudice, bigotry, ethnocentrism, xenophobia, nativism, racism, anti-Semitism—even sexism and homophobia have been added, to damn traditional sexual customs and attitudes.

What is striking is the lack of any term to condemn or even acknowledge hostilities in the other direction—the hostility of minorities for majorities, outsiders for insiders, aliens for natives, deviants for normal people. And yet these hatreds are moral and social realities too. In fact they are natural, and they are probably stronger, subjectively, than their opposites, for the simple reason that the marginal member of society has to be preoccupied with his situation in a way the ordinary member doesn't have to, just as the dwarf is bound to think about height more than the six-footer. The majority who enjoy a more or less normal position in society may be unconscious of and insensitive to the minority, while the minority are likely to feel envy and a chafing sense of inferiority.

In one respect the problems of minorities are probably exaggerated: most of their members have never personally suffered the assorted insults and injuries their "spokesmen" are forever talking about. People who dwell on Auschwitz and the lynch mob without having come within a thousand miles of either are really expressing outrage at what they think of as their low social status, rather than pointing to any relevant material suffering. They want the majority to feel guilt for wrongs neither party committed or endured, and they want the majority to feel also that it has to make some form of compensation. This style of moral blackmail becomes ridiculous in feminists who insist that the condition of women in the West can be summed up as one of "oppression"; it reaches a parodic extreme in homosexuals who claim what John Murray Cuddihy calls "accredited victim status" because their habits have suffered disapproval since the Great Flood.

What is at issue in these matters is not a set of facts but a way of looking at the facts. Most of the time Americans deal with each other civilly, and their antagonisms and rival interests form a small part of the whole picture. But liberalism insists on highlighting points of difference and treating moments of conflict as the essence of the relation between groups whose identities hardly enter into the ordinary transactions between their members.

Put another way, liberalism cultivates alienation. It does so because it has become a form of alienation. It has a heavy investment in estrangement. It is primarily interested in emergencies and social pathologies, and it makes policy prescriptions on the basis of abnormal situations, with no concern for the possible impact on the normal. It finds disease everywhere, without offering a useful image of health. And its remedies aggravate real diseases: redistribution, "gay rights," abortion on demand, appeasement—none of these policies has kept its promises, but liberalism was never really interested in the results.

There are two possible basic attitudes toward social reality. One of these, as I say, has many names, but I will call it, for convenience, Nativism: a prejudice in favor of the native, the normal, and so forth, reaching an extreme in lynchings and pogroms. Its most ghastly form was German National Socialism.

The other attitude I am forced, for lack of a better word—or any word at all—to call Alienism: a prejudice in favor of the alien, the marginal, the dispossessed, the eccentric, reaching an extreme in the attempt to "build a new society" by destroying the basic institutions of the native. The most terrible fulfillment of this principle is Communism.

It would be natural to assume that Nativism would be more destructive, because native forces would seem to be better situated in most cases to destroy the alien than alien forces to destroy the native. But for some reason history hasn't worked out that way. What is plain, at any rate, is that Alienism is far from a marginal force. It offers malcontents of all sorts an ideology or *gnosis* that enables them to interpret normal life maliciously as a crude though somewhat disguised struggle between oppressors and victims. If the oppression isn't obvious, that is because the oppressors are so cunning and their victims so totally subjugated that even their perceptual powers are in thrall. Acquiring the liberating *gnosis* is called "consciousness-raising." The process enables the initiate to strip off the mask of oppressive structures and see capitalism as exploitation, freedom as "repressive tolerance," and prosperity as "invisible poverty."

Liberalism and Marxism are variant forms of Alienism; so are feminism and "gay liberation," for that matter. Liberalism does all it can to accommodate its sister ideologies without overtly endorsing them; and it is bound to insist that the real peril to humanity is always some form of Nativism. This accounts for its obsession with the Nazi period, its endless search for old Nazis, its wild alarm over the most eccentric expression of neo-Nazism, and above all its attempts to link its enemies with Nazism. The liberal campaign against South Africa—whose racial caste system is far milder than the tribal caste systems of states like Burundi—is a symbolic effort to nominate a clear and present successor to Nazism, and the scale of material evil and suffering created by apartheid has nothing to do with its status in liberal demonology.

We don't have to choose between Nativism and Alienism. A healthy native is not an all-out Nativist, but rather has a code of hospitality and gallantry that takes into account the position of the alien; and the reasonable marginal member of society is not bound to be a fanatical Alienist, even though there are those who would like to inflame his resentments. Both perspectives have their stories to tell. Both can be accommodated by civility and the rule of law, without privileges for either, although it is a mark of the surprising power of Alienism that its favored minorities do, in spite of majority sentiment, enjoy privileges based on race.

There is no militant Nativism to speak of in America; but there is militant Alienism, and it has power not only in the law but in the current culture propagated by the media and the academy. The very fact that Alienism was nameless until I came along, while there were a dozen words, all invidious, for Nativist attitudes, shows how thoroughly entrenched the Alienist perspective is.

The very meaning of Alienism's vocabulary has changed in keeping with the success of its aggression against traditional America. At one time

"McCarthyism" referred to the smearing of putatively innocent liberals as Communists; but recently the identification of Communists *as* Communists has earned them the title of "victims of McCarthyism." "Racism" used to refer to conscious discrimination against blacks by whites who would probably have agreed that the term fit them; now it is used to intimidate opposition to racial quotas and busing by libeling people who still hold what used to be the liberal position, namely, that the state should be color-blind.

Shakespeare was well acquainted with alienation; several of his major characters are social malcontents. But he takes a different view from that of the liberal culture: he depicts them less as victims than as troublemakers. As always, he allows his characters their eloquent say; but Richard III, Shylock, Iago, and Edmund, for all the provocation of being hunchbacked, Jewish, passed over for promotion, and illegitimate, remain villains. Their societies are required to deal sternly with them. Their self-rationalizations cut no ice when the chips are down, and they know it. Whatever just resentments are generated by their social situations, they are expected to behave themselves. Coriolanus is both more magnificent and more monstrous than these other malcontents; when he is finally cut down, his tragedy lies in his having created the situation in which he is doomed, although he too has been wronged.

Its moral reflexes conditioned by liberalism, America today is incapable of such objectivity about evildoers bearing credentials as victims. All of us have had our consciousness raised, willy-nilly. Serious moral criticism of ethnic and sexual subcultures is pretty much taboo, despite unpleasant facts that stare us in the face. Even criminals (though not white-collar—i.e., white—criminals) have had their vogue as victims.

Alienism will settle for nothing less than the complete inversion of the normal perspective. Jean-François Revel catches the theme in an arresting remark: "Democratic civilization is the first in history to blame itself because another power is working to destroy it." The native in the West has accepted the Alienist critique with remarkable passivity; his morale is at an all-time low. He regards it as his duty to tolerate, without even voicing an objection, people who want to destroy his way of life, prey on his children, and desecrate everything he used to hold sacred.

Alienism even had a hit TV show of its own, ***All in the Family***, whose message was that the native American (so to speak—Alienism has awarded even this title to a pet minority) is a bigot and buffoon. Archie Bunker was provided with a live-in moral monitor in the form of a liberal son-in-law, of "ethnic" derivation, who corrected his grammatical and political solecisms (Archie used double negatives and voted for Nixon and Reagan).

Ronald Reagan himself committed what was in Alienist terms the ultimate solecism by describing the Soviet Union as an "evil empire" and "the focus of evil in the modern world." He had, in a word, affronted the great embodiment of Alienism on this earth. The Soviet Union is not an evil to liberals; it is an embarrassment. Far more terrible in sheer scale than Nazi Germany ever was, it can't be allowed to become the focus of the kind of direct moral attention Reagan gave it. It is a "reality" that "we have to learn to live with," but its stupendous crimes are consigned by liberalism to unreality, and all liberal protest against South Africa and the like is a concerted distraction from history's supreme moral horror, liberalism's near relation in Moscow, which can neither be acknowledged nor completely disowned.

Nativism is the belligerent moral self-assertion of the native; Alienism is the subversive insistence that all's wrong with the world. It can be illuminating to compare them, but they are not exactly parallel: Alienism is more subtle. It can use more discretion in deciding where to strike.

One of its principal targets is "capitalism," a blanket term for a free economy. Just because it is impracticable to attack all economic transactions at once, liberalism issues a general condemnation of "inequality" while homing in on vulnerable points. By calling the overall distribution of wealth unjust, it authorizes itself to call for state intervention anywhere, without bothering to specify the final distribution it would like to see. Private transactions embody "greed"; state programs of redistribution to liberal client-groups represent "compassion." In good gnostic fashion, liberalism damns the entire material world; but it redeems selected parts through piecemeal collectivization.

Like any political machine, liberalism passes its booty out among favored dependents, in the guise of succoring victims. Its moral pretensions have been so successful, its claims of idealism so unchallenged, that nobody thinks to call the liberal machinery a system of greed and corruption. The *gnosis* comprehensively denies that anyone in a free economic system can ever "earn" or "deserve" his income; to legitimate success in the free market would be to accept the normal, in violation of every Alienist principle—not to mention interest. Liberalism prefers to establish a tacit standard that no capitalist could possibly reach.

One of liberalism's most successful strategies has been to establish a standing presumption of guilt against the native: his motives are always in question, his racism and bigotry "just beneath the surface." But the native is forbidden to play this game: if he suggests that certain Alienist forces aren't on the up-and-up, he "thinks there's a Communist under every bed." His bad faith can be inferred from "patterns of discrimination"; he has to make a "good-faith effort" to cleanse himself before Alienist arbiters of good faith.

One of the best studies of Alienist ideology and techniques is Kenneth Minogue's book *Alien Powers*. It is typical of ideology, according to Minogue, to interpret the whole world under the aspect of power, and every concrete situation in terms of oppressors and victims. A key strategy is to assume a monopoly of both insight and honesty; by this means the ideologue puts himself in the position of privileged accuser, always judging, never judged. The structure of ideological thought is heads, I win; tails, you lose.

The native American has fallen for this con game. He accepts the most malicious construction of his own words and acts, while extending a courteous benefit of the doubt to his enemies. The motives of the Alienist are never called in question; the native lets the Alienist take his wallet, and doesn't even count the change. He grumbles a little every April 15, but he never makes a connection between liberal ideology, government spending, and his own tax rates. Least of all does he suspect how he is hated by these people whom he is constantly trying to assure of his good intentions. He takes for granted his assigned role as perennial defendant.

Liberalism has succeeded brilliantly in controlling the perspective from which public discussion is conducted. It speaks piously of "the extremes of Left and Right"—i.e., of Communism and Nazism, Alienism and Nativism—while in fact it equates these two extremes only for the tactical purpose of helping one of them: it conceals its own alignment with the "Left," while assigning its conservative critics to the "Right."

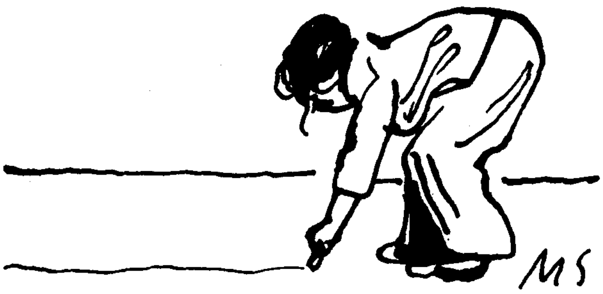
In the same conversation with my liberal friend that I referred to at the beginning of this chapter, he remarked on how "right-wing" my views were.

"I agree with James Madison," I said. "Is that 'right-wing'?"

"I suppose if Madison were alive today and held the same views he did then," he replied, "we'd call him right-wing."

I suppose "we" would—we liberals, at any rate. I pointed out that the assumption that one has a duty to move "leftward" with history might be a left-wing assumption.

The weary image of left and right wings (if you can even call it an image) conveys very little, and indirectly expresses the perspective of the "Left" itself. What, after all, is the common denominator of constitutional conservatism, libertarianism, fascism, monarchism, and for that matter Shiite Islam, that they should all be lumped together as "right-wing"? Left to themselves, in a world without Alienism, they would have bitter differences. All they really have in common is that they oppose the "Left." But that is enough. We speak of right and left wings because it serves the purposes of the Left that we should do so.



IV. THE SOCIALIST PHENOMENON

Whatever its current guise or label, socialism—the political expression of Alienism—has a characteristic shape

Socialism is the pure expression of Alienism. It rejects in principle the entire current and traditional form of society and insists on total transformation. In order to accomplish this, it must replace consent with unlimited state power.

There are those who espouse "democratic" socialism, but they are either fools or time-servers. They refuse to acknowledge or admit that socialism, a system of total coercion, is incompatible in principle with civility.

To say no more than this is to be harsh. Humanly speaking, there is a naïve and excusable form of socialism, a notional socialism that occurs to everyone in certain moods, as when the blinded Gloucester in *King Lear* prays that the gods will punish the rich to teach them compassion for the poor:

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

But for some people such a sentiment is the beginning of a political career.

At one time it was plausible to think that socialism could be instituted with just and happy results. The young George Orwell predicted: "The rate of mechanical progress will be much more rapid once socialism is established." But that was in the Thirties. Today socialism must be fired by different motives.

The best of these motives is a weariness with the world as it is, a world of contention in which there is both surplus and need. One does not have to be utopian to lament this state of affairs; but the error that propels men toward socialism is to blame it all on the forces of production.

The naïve mind sees capitalism as anarchy, "unbridled competition," in which desire distorts the pattern of distribution. It reasons that the earth is abundant enough to provide for everyone, but that the price system prevents the equal satisfaction of universally felt needs. Supply follows demand. Control demand, and supply will reach its proper recipients.

What this view overlooks is that a price system itself is a way of taming desire. Desire exists in any case; it can be satisfied by rape and pillage, or even stimulated by the opportunity of rape and pillage. The rule of law forces desire to find satisfaction in compromise and consent.

A price system is one mechanism of consent. As Tom Bethell has put it, a price is the point of agreement between buyer and seller. Eliminate such mechanisms, and desire will take other forms than monetary offers. A warrior society or a band of Gypsies may find its own modes of satisfaction, but neither encourages production.

The naïve socialist imagines an abstract humanity in which all desires are more or less identical, and people produce more or less steadily, without such varying motives as the striving for status, revenge, worship, diverse forms of lust, envy—all the things that make this world so messy. The socialist is obsessed with only one motive, greed, which in any case he misconceives and thinks can be both blamed for what ails us and controlled by imposing a certain kind of order. He fails to see that these random motives are here to stay; furthermore, he fails to see that socialist systems actually give some of the worst motives new scope.

In the Soviet Union, for instance, the lust for power is united with greed in the ruling class, which enjoys privilege along with wealth despite its "comradeship" with the workers whose production it appropriates for its own purposes. The naïve socialist has given little attention, much less indignation, to this kind of exploitation, though the Soviet laborer is a virtual slave, forced to accept the wage set by the state (far lower than the Western laborer's wage) and forbidden to strike or to emigrate.

The moral prestige of socialism is such that we are still being warned about the excesses of capitalism, even after the extermination of tens of millions of people under socialist regimes. It makes no difference that socialism's actual record is terribly bloody; socialism is forever judged by its promises and supposed possibilities, while capitalism is judged by its worst cases. It makes no difference, either, that immigration to America peaked during the period when capitalism was freest, its "robber barons" politically powerful and sometimes criminal, or that socialism not only attracts no immigrants but has to hold its native populations captive. Capitalism still has to justify itself before the socialist conscience.

The historical record makes a joke of dictionary definitions of socialism as "government control of the means of production." The reality is much more comprehensive than that: it extends even to state control of the means of reproduction. China has lately been revealed to suffer not only mandatory contraception, but forced late-term abortion.

True, socialism begins with a command economy. But it doesn't stop there. It doesn't, because it can't. Socialism is by nature anti-civil. A price system is civil, because a price is a compromise between two free agents who are each other's equals. A command system is uncivil, because whoever commands is imposing his will on the one he commands, and it makes no difference if the strong party calls the weak party "comrade." Under socialism, some enjoy the position of socialist planners; the rest are stuck with the unenviable role of New Socialist Man.

Not all socialist theorists are fanciful; Robert Heilbroner, for one, has been unusually frank in facing up to what is entailed in the very idea of socialism. Like most of his fellow believers, he envisions (writing in 1969) "a wholly new kind of society, free of invidious striving and built on motives of cooperation and confraternity." So much for the end; his candor appears in his identification of the necessary means.

Heilbroner is well aware that socialism's real enemy is the whole way of life of the people it would transform, and he accordingly devotes several lines to discussing "non-economic measures" necessary for hoisting a backward people into the wholly new kind of society:

> For the objectives of economic development do not lie, like a military citadel, exposed to the thrust of a single daring campaign. On the contrary, the development assault [*mot juste!*] is better likened to a long grueling march through a hostile hinterland. The real resistance to development comes not from the old regimes, which can be quickly overcome, but from the masses of the population who must be wrenched from their established ways, pushed, prodded, cajoled, or threatened into heroic efforts, and then systematically denied an increase in well-being so that capital can be amassed for future growth. This painful reorientation of a whole culture, judging by past experience, will be difficult or impossible to attain without measures of severity; and when we add the need to maintain a fervor of participation long beyond the first flush of spontaneous enthusiasm, the necessity for stringent limitations on political opposition and for forcible means of assuring economic cooperation seems virtually unavoidable.
>
> . . . Some nations, unfortunate in their resource endowment or in their political connections with the industrialized nations, may be forced to undergo a more or less thorough-going totalitarian transition. . . .
>
> In general, however, when we seek to project the problems of socialism in the underdeveloped areas, we cannot sidestep the probability that intellectual stiflement, political repression, and enforced social conformity will figure prominently among them.

It sounds like a forecast—or prescription—of what was to happen in Cambodia in 1975. But Heilbroner leaves no doubt, at the end of his grim cost-accounting, that the dream is worth all the blood:

> For taking socialism seriously means more than acknowledging its difficulties as a political movement. It means understanding as well that socialism is the expression of a collective hope for mankind, its idealization of what it conceives itself to be capable of. When the fires [*sic*] of socialism no longer burn, it will mean that mankind has extinguished that hope and abandoned that ideal.

Here we have a rare case of a socialist who really lays his cards on the table, explicit in his contempt for both the physical suffering and the cultural loss imposed by the pursuit of the new society. This doesn't require much comment, but we may note that it is typical of the ideologue to treat socialism

STUART LEEDS

as a universal aspiration of "mankind," and all the habits, customs, beliefs, and desires that obstruct this putative aspiration as so much dross. Endowed with universalism, the socialist dream acquires its right to imperialism. If it takes purges and forced marches, purges and forced marches there will be.

The history of modern socialism illustrates Burke's dictum that "criminal means, once tolerated, are soon preferred." And yet the thing has somehow kept its moral credentials as the political model of "idealism." We still give its proponents credit for good intentions, instead of condemning their blind arrogance and greed for power over others. We apologize on behalf of human nature for its failure to live "up" to the socialist ideal, instead of condemning socialism for the violence it inflicts on human nature.

We even allow socialists to get off the hook by disowning the actual results of socialism. We let them say that the more grisly results are "excesses" (always to be distinguished from an essence that somehow is never realized) or that socialism has been "betrayed" when it has only been remorselessly applied.

Various forms of socialism took root in Europe between the wars; to this day the European democracies have powerful socialist parties. But America's socialist parties have never won more than a tiny part of the national vote. This might lead one to think that the socialist plague has missed us. Unfortunately, it hasn't.

True, nominal socialist parties have stayed weak. But this means no more than that the socialist label lacks popular appeal, not that the socialist impulse doesn't exist here. That impulse has merely been forced to adopt disguises and indirect means.

The ideological form of socialism in America has been liberalism; its political vehicle has been the Democratic Party. Unlike what we might call the "wholesale" (revolutionary or at least programmatic) forms of socialism, liberalism is a "retail" form: it brings us socialism piecemeal, dividing politics into discrete "issues" and choosing the collectivist option at every turn.

Modern liberalism is careful not to embrace socialism *in toto*, but it has no way of drawing the line against total collectivization, and doesn't want to. It condemns as "ideological" any principled opposition to socialism, admires socialist experiments abroad, and treats anti-Communism rather than Communism as the major threat to peace. In any conflict between socialist and anti-socialist forces, liberalism blames the latter if it can plausibly do so. By now its behavior has shown itself so reliable that Europeans matter-of-factly explain to each other that when Americans say "liberal" they mean what Europeans mean by the word "socialist"; this is said not as an accusation, but as a simple translation.

"Liberalism" used to mean devotion to certain procedural freedoms, so that it was a feat of semantic perversity to take it for the cause of coercive collectivism. Even most liberals don't fully realize what they have done. They prefer to think of themselves as engaged in the expansion of personal freedoms. They therefore use a rhetoric of procedure—civil rights, civil liberties, sexual freedom, freedom of choice, economic democracy—to mask a substantive agenda. They insist that their social-engineering programs are "pragmatic" (no matter how the programs fail or backfire) and deny any overall drift. But under it all, the contours of socialism can be seen.

How? In his book *The Socialist Phenomenon*, Igor Shafarevich points out that "socialism" is only the modern word for a perennially recurrent power formation. Socialist regimes have appeared in ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, in the Catharite communities of the Middle Ages, in South America under both the Incas and the Jesuits, in Europe after the Reformation, and of course during the last two centuries. They have had a set of common structural features: a concentration of power in the name of equality, the annihilation of individualism, community of wives (also called free love), and the abolition of private property.

Socialism consistently attacks three basic social institutions that, by offering independent bases of action, loyalty, and authority, impede the state's monopoly of power: private property, the family, and religion. Marxism attacks these things directly: it confiscates property, breaks up families, and persecutes worshippers. (It may be forced to come to terms with all three in order to avoid collapse, but in its early phase it tries to abolish them, and it accepts them later only as dependencies—smaller subdivisions—of the state.) Liberalism avoids the direct attack; it prefers to subvert property, family, and religion more gradually, undermining their definitions rather than attempting open violence.

The socialist oversoul that governs today's liberalism may be discerned in the work of that most typical of liberal organizations, the American Civil Liberties Union. For all its rhetoric of resistance to state encroachment, the ACLU hasn't opposed collectivization in the slightest. Members of its national board, in fact, have been Communists, and the ACLU was founded for the principal purpose of advancing the cause of Communists and socialists. Its founder, Roger Baldwin, once averred that "Communism is the goal." He said that the Soviet Union had no need of a civil-liberties organization, since the workers already ruled.

The ACLU eventually began to keep its distance from Communism—Baldwin repented of his pro-Soviet days—but it has always opposed the state as conceived by the Left: the state as servant of capitalist interests. For this reason the ACLU has regularly been on the side of unions, tenants, protestors, and the like against the claims of private property. It has been on the side of sexual deviants, children, and feminism against the privileged status of the family. It has been on the side of unbelievers and deviants against religion and private religious institutions.

All this is not to say that the ACLU is always wrong; only that the structure of its passions betrays its conception as a socialist enterprise. One of the few occasions when it has taken the side of parental authority was its sponsorship of the parents of Walter Polovchak, who wanted to take their unwilling son back to the Soviet Union. And of course many of its clients have been Communists. It has tried to demonstrate an evenhanded concern for free speech by defending Nazis and Ku Klux Klansmen too, but its strategic goal has always been to promote agitation and subversion; besides, no Nazi or Klan member has ever sat on its national board.

In good liberal fashion, the ACLU tries to present itself as conservative: it affects to be "defending our constitutional rights." But its concern for these rights has been purposefully uneven. Though it wants to "expand" certain rights—the "freedom of expression" of pornographers, for instance—it has shown no desire to expand the right to keep and bear arms, or even to defend it against gun-control laws. Nor is it interested in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments as bulwarks against federal expansion. On the other hand, it vigorously supported the Equal Rights Amendment, though the ERA was of course never ratified: proving that the ACLU is not simply engaged in preserving the Constitution as it already exists, but is bent on filling selected provisions of the Constitution with socialist substance, regardless of the original meaning of those provisions.

And in a broader sense, it is obvious that the ACLU and liberalism in general are not concerned with preserving the actual way of life the Constitution shelters. We may recall Burke's words about those sympathizers of the French Revolution who behaved "as if our Constitution were rather to be a subject of altercation than enjoyment." These are restless people, people not always aware of their own motives, not explicitly aiming at a socialist outcome, but deeply alienated from the normal social affections of Americans and feeling that a compulsion to change old arrangements is in itself a moral virtue.

Such people find it hard to enjoy or appreciate normal social life; they see it all as a perpetual and spreading emergency, in which, if an apocalypse is not immediately looming, we are at least faced with crucial test-cases of our devotion to freedom. If some misfit or malcontent—Communist, homosexual, radical feminist—is not accommodated by law, all our freedoms are endangered. The day-to-day freedoms everyone (including misfits) exercises constantly count for next to nothing. These people take no satisfaction in an overall prosperity: the existence of pockets of poverty, though the poverty is only relative, makes the general wealth a "scandal."

Not only are these people restless; they will allow the majority no repose. We must never congratulate ourselves on what we have already achieved and inherited; if our common possessions have any value at all, they are currently threatened by a Republican Administration, a Moral Majority, or some similar fascist menace. The witchhunt and the Inquisition (though never the Gulag) are always imminent.

The titles of liberal books tell the story by their tone: *The Fate of the Earth*, *The Closing Circle*, *The Population Bomb*, *Our Endangered Rights*, *Friendly Fascism*, *The Second Civil War*. And though the sentimental fashion is for apocalypse, the threat never comes from the socialist tyrannies that rule half the earth; the preferred enemy, as James Burnham has put it, is always to the right. The white race is the cancer of history; the entire male sex is a conspiracy against women; Ronald Reagan has launched a new class war; Nestlé's is killing babies, and Jerry Falwell would deprive us of the right to kill babies.

Liberalism has been in a state of hysteria for two decades, not only because this is its mood but also because it can't imagine a state of equilibrium. It tends constantly toward socialism without even being able to idealize socialism. It is obsessed with process without having a clear vision of nature, of normality. Lacking such a vision, it can't appreciate the good that is right under its nose.

Shafarevich thinks that socialism is driven by a "death wish"—a secret desire for the annihilation of humanity. This may or may not be so, but we have no need of that hypothesis. We can say for certain that what distinguishes the liberal is an incapacity for pleasure in the ordinary rhythms of life. It is hard to imagine a liberal taking enjoyment in the introspection that sustains a Montaigne, aloof from the agitations of politics, fashion, and competition, willing to be eccentric in solitude and to find amusement in the pageant of human follies.

The liberal may not wish for death, but it is hard for the conservative to understand why he is so anxious for the preservation of a life that liberal rhetoric suggests is always precarious and never fulfilled. Is there never to be a moment for harvest and thanksgiving, for idleness or celebration? Apparently not. Although liberals are intelligent people, by and large, even what we call "intellectuals," they have a remarkable penchant for causes and slogans in which their individuality is submerged, and whatever powers of expression they may have seem to be sacrificed in a positive aspiration to cliché—as if they feel their ready-made phrases gain authority by repetition. Not only do they form "the herd of independent minds": they are always in stampede, marching, petitioning, chanting. They are accused of elitism, but they are happiest when they feel themselves part of a surging mass.

In fact one important and malign development in American culture is that the scholar (who lives the life of the mind in relative seclusion from events) has been displaced by the intellectual (who tries to conscript scholarship for mass movements). The intellectual is wrongly seen as living in an "ivory tower"; he is in the streets, an "activist." The problem is not that the liberal intellectual is critical of America—self-criticism is necessary even to conservation—but that he criticizes by the wrong criteria. He blames America not for departing from her traditions, but for adhering to them. He measures her against the false ideals of socialism, less because he is a conscious socialist than because he doesn't know how to criticize socialist criteria themselves. They are all he has.

The Jews are a highly self-critical people, but they judge themselves by a centripetal standard: Are we acting loyally? The liberal American, on the other hand, demands of his country not an intensification of loyalty but an attenuation of it. He sneers at the notion of patriotism, demands tolerance for subversives, and wants local attachments to be dissolved in the waters of a generalized concern for "humanity." American history for him is largely a record of his country's sins—against blacks, Indians, dissenters. At times it seems that his only identity is a negative one of shame. He is, as I say, alienated —a sort of native alien.

V. THE 'LIBERAL' STRATEGY

Unlike rawer forms of socialism, liberalism uses indirect methods. But its first goal is to concentrate wealth in the hands of the state

SOCIALISM IS usually discussed in terms of its alleged ideals—"social justice" and the like—and most conservative rebuttal has taken the form of showing that it doesn't "work": that is, that the alleged ideals of socialism aren't realized under socialism. This is true enough, but it is relevant to note that the enthusiasts of socialism have never felt so disappointed as to abandon the dream. For the socialist ruling class, socialism works very well.

Stuart Leeds

Nothing is more obviously characteristic of the socialist impulse than the desire to redistribute wealth. But the end—"social justice"—is less important than the means—the power to control an entire economy.

In its raw, wholesale form, socialism confiscates outright. Land is seized, major landowners are shot, farming is collectivized under state supervision. The produce is taken by the state, which unilaterally sets farmworkers' wages at a considerable profit to itself. Since there are no competing employers to bid for the workers' services, the workers have no choice but to accept what they are given. This is, of course, enslavement.

Trotsky appreciated this practical advantage of socialism. When the state is the sole employer, he remarked, disobedience means death by slow starvation. And the Soviet Union actually starved about seven million Ukrainian farmers during the early Thirties in order to implement what Stalin blandly called his "collective-farm policy" against recalcitrant elements.

Those who seek power have a natural interest in creating dependency on themselves. Where limited government and the rule of law prevail, politicians can do this only to a limited extent, through appointments and a certain amount of patronage. In this regard, socialism has opened new vistas: where the state can command a whole economy, it can make millions dependent on it for life itself. It is in this sense that socialism "works," and the socialist ruler isn't necessarily inconvenienced by the scarcity the system causes: the more desperate the people, the more they are at his mercy. Why should he want them to enjoy leisure and independent means? In such circumstances rebellions have been hatched.

Liberalism—retail socialism—doesn't seek the direct confiscation of property; although it furtively admires such policies abroad, it knows they would make bitter enemies and create organized opposition in America. It prefers incremental measures: progressive taxation, redistributive programs of a piecemeal sort, regulations on the use of private property, inheritance taxes. It resents being identified as socialist, and pretends its assorted measures are "pragmatic," ideologically unrelated to one another. It proceeds gradually, masking the principle involved even as it is consistently guided by principle: at every step it moves toward socialism, and furiously attacks any proposal to rescind its progress.

Liberalism is tactful. Its modus operandi is to anaesthetize its victims. It rarely seizes property that is already physically possessed; it prefers to intercept wealth at the transmission points, through such devices as withholding taxes, so that the owner's loss is regularized and made painless. It makes good use of inflation: in combination with the graduated tax system, inflation drives the entire population into higher tax brackets without the necessity of a sudden tax increase, "bracket creep" being liberalism's version of the Invisible Hand; and since inflation makes it hard for people to save for retirement, the elderly are made more and more dependent on Social Security, which can be adjusted upward to keep pace with inflation by the inflaters themselves. The whole system is just a little too complicated for everyone to comprehend at once, and those who penetrate the fraud, after all, are only a minority of the electorate.

Any politician who is rash enough to challenge the dependency programs can be put back in his place by a spate of fearful demagogy calculated to terrify and enrage dependent voters. He will be accused of "lacking compassion." If he tries to represent the interests of taxpayers against these programs (which, if the Tenth Amendment and the *Federalist Papers* are any guide, are unconstitutional at the federal level), he will be accused of representing "greed" and "favoring the rich." Liberalism, of course, professes to speak for "the poor," even though, given a choice between the poor themselves and a program whose real effect is to hurt the poor, it will choose the program.

"The poor" are to liberalism roughly what "the proletariat" is to Communism—a formalistic device for legitimating the assumption of power. What matters, for practical liberals, is not that (for example) the black illegitimacy rate has nearly tripled since the dawn of the Great Society; it is that a huge new class of beneficiaries has been engendered—beneficiaries who vote, and who feel entitled to money that must be taken from others. It is too seldom pointed out that a voter is a public official, and that the use of proffered entitlements to win votes amounts to bribery. For this reason John Stuart Mill pronounced it axiomatic that those who get relief from the state should be disfranchised. But such a proposal would now be called inhuman, which helps account for the gargantuan increase in the size and scope of federal spending. Corrupt politicians make headlines; but no honest politician dares to refer to the problem of corrupt voters, who use the state as an instrument of gain.

And nobody identifies this sort of gain with "greed." To hear liberalism talk (largely uncontradicted by conservatism), greed is exclusively a vice of private people operating in an economy of free exchange. "Compassion" is identified with redistribution by the state. Greed, in short, means capitalism, and compassion means socialism.

Conservatives have adopted various economic and pragmatic strategies for coping with redistributionism. One of the most publicized has been the "supply-side" approach, which argues that the way to maximize revenues is to reduce tax rates to a certain optimum level. High tax rates can be self-defeating even from the tax collector's point of view. True enough. But the supply-siders made the mistake of thinking they were dealing with economists rather than ideologues. They were arguing that the goose, given a little more latitude, would lay more golden eggs. But the liberals didn't want the golden eggs; they wanted the goose. It was not a matter of utility but of principle—perverse principle, but principle all the same. Conservatives have to stop being shy about arguing from the opposite principle.

Consider the implications of the word "compassion." As used by liberalism, it implies that we owe a duty of sympathy, payable in cash through the liberal regime, to total strangers, a duty, in other words, to be discharged through acquiescence in redistributionism. The simplest reply is that the world doesn't work that way, and it is morally presumptuous to censure nature for that fact. Even kindhearted people take no satisfaction in beholding the portion of their paychecks that has been taken in taxes, regardless of whether they can infer that some of the money has gone to aid the poor. As far as they are concerned, the money is simply gone, they know not where, and the effort expended in earning it was wasted. A sense of futility ensues—the futility of all action divorced from knowable consequence and purpose. How can they feel compassion for others they can neither know nor see? Who can possibly feel satisfaction when looking at the withheld portion of a gutted paycheck?

There are natural limits to our sympathies, limits liberalism can only condemn, never respect. And there is no reason to credit its attitude with "idealism." A robin that took worms to every nest in the forest would not be an ideal robin; it would only be an odd bird. And liberals are odd birds. They insist, in effect, that we should be ashamed of ourselves for being unable to feel pity for strangers who, as far as we are concerned, are strictly hypothetical. We don't even have any assurance that the wealth we lose in taxes is serving its alleged purposes. We are expected to trust politicians (who themselves are not to be confused with Mother Teresa of Calcutta) to act more compassionately than we ourselves would in the normal course of life.

People will not exert themselves for the redistributionist state, and not because they are selfish, but because they are rational. To act is to be purposeful; when a man doesn't even know what purpose his action has served, he can hardly be said to have acted at all; his effort has been rendered meaningless to him. He is, as the Marxists would say, alienated.

It would be inadequate to say that redistribution reduces profits; it deprives human action of the tangible results that make it even intelligible. Working for money is already a somewhat abstract form of activity; working for money that will be spent by strangers on other strangers means that the worker literally doesn't know what he is doing.

Any system that disposes of wealth this way is, to begin with, demoralizing to its members. It routinely asks of people an altruism that is not so much heroic as simply unnatural, and it is idle to seek morality in a system whose roots are in fantasy. But positing a fantasy as a norm is a useful device of mystification, and liberalism has gained and consolidated power by alternately imposing new political obligations and releasing people from traditional family obligations, by this means approaching a total politicization of both society and personal identity.

And for liberalism there is no stopping point. As a species of socialism, it can't draw a firm line against socialism; it can only go on improvising new occasions and excuses for increasing the power of the state. As a form of Alienism, it keeps finding or inventing new exceptions to undermine rules: and it has kept a rich and overfed nation (whose supermarket checkout counters have racks of tabloids full of Miracle Diets) gearing its politics to poverty and hunger. When all else fails, liberal ideologues speak of "invisible" poverty and "hidden" hunger, in a sort of reverse on the Emperor's New Clothes. Michael Harrington, the great consciousness-raiser in this department, urges us to ignore mere statistics (that is, facts) and "perceive passionately." We have been taught that we must tax Peter to feed Paul, even a supposititious Paul; it is hard not to feel that the liberal regards feeding Paul as a mere excuse for taxing Peter. He is not solving problems (they always seem to be worse after he has favored them with his attentions) but creating an ideal order of his own, at whatever cost to reality.

Nor has liberalism acknowledged any limitation on the taxing power. The good Lord asks only 10 per cent, lacking as He does liberalism's ambition. Now, the taxing power is a serious power, since prison terms await tax evaders. Yet the daily press brings stories of the frivolous use of tax moneys, in reports of federally financed research on the love life of goldfish and the like, reports that amuse us, but that also intimate the anarchy of modern government. Anarchy, as Chesterton reminds us, consists not in doing something irregular, but in being unable to stop. And liberalism has no desire to stop.

Mill remarks that progressive taxation is "a mild form of robbery"; Friedrich Hayek points out that it "provides for no limitation" and recommends as a reform that the top tax rate apply to the majority of citizens, so that they will not be tempted to hurt others more than they are willing to be hurt themselves. "I voted for Mitterrand because he promised to make the rich pay," a middle-class French woman lamented to a reporter a few years ago. "Now the government tells us that *we* are the rich!"

George Will insists that we are "undertaxed," an opinion shared only by our elected representatives. To say that is not so much to err as to misstate the issue. The question is not how much the state should tax us, but for what purposes; which is another way of raising the fundamental question of what government is for. Governing, says Oakeshott, is "a specific and limited activity." When the powers of the Federal Government were specific and limited—"few and defined," as James Madison put it—taxes were low. They were held down not so much quantitatively as constitutionally, even, so to speak, philosophically. When the power of government is unfocused and unlimited, its power of taxing will be correspondingly great.

Promiscuous taxation has turned us into a nation of defendants. Not only property rights but the right of privacy and the presumption of innocence have been casualties of the limitless state and its taxing power. Every adult citizen must give a full annual account of his finances to the government, with the burden of proof resting on him if any questions are raised.

This state of affairs ought to enrage us, but doesn't. It evokes no protest from leftist "civil libertarians" who see threats to our precious liberties in public-school prayer. We take for granted the materialist premises of the liberal regime so thoroughly that, although the idea of a religious inquisition horrifies us, the actuality of an economic inquisition, armed to extort highly personal information from us, is second nature. It may be that our horror of the Spanish Inquisition is due less to our love of liberty than to the simple fact that we have become an irreligious people. We accept the huge and frightening apparatus of economic surveillance and enforcement much as most Spaniards no doubt accepted their Inquisition, that is, as an unpleasant institution that is nonetheless entailed in a whole way of life. We acknowledge its *right* to do these things to us.

And yet we don't—not completely. The

redistributive regime is at odds with our moral habits, even with our nature, which is why so much menace and power have to be mobilized against us. Tax evasion has become as common as drinking under Prohibition; one survey found that three of every four people questioned would not turn in a tax cheat. And tax shelters—some permitted by the IRS, others more or less capriciously disallowed—have proliferated.

The person who seeks a tax shelter has nothing to be ashamed of. The money, if honestly acquired, is his. He instinctively tries to protect it from absorption in the federal bog, where it would lose its identity, its rationale, and would be channeled to heaven knows what purposes.

The money, in other words, was his *property*; it was "proper" to him. The Framers of the Constitution were emphatically partial not only to property rights, but to the right of acquiring property. One of the great political and legal battles of the eighteenth century concerned the freeing of property from the constraints of primogeniture and entailment, which had limited the rights of disposition and exchange; "property rights" had truly been, to some extent, rights of property rather than of men. Our "commercial republic," as it was called, was to honor and protect "different and unequal faculties of acquiring property"—in a word, opportunity.

Property rights are hard to justify or even to explain to those who begin with a utopian disposition, because property is always concrete, here and now, irregular and unequal, even incommensurable. It can't be equated with its market value. Every human being needs to possess something, to have a little area of sovereignty over the material world, in order both to express his will and to guarantee his independence. The power of disposing of matter will belong to someone, and ownership is society's acknowledgment of a continuing right of that power in a given individual. If it is not settled by law and convention, it will be settled by force. Stalin virtually owned the entire Soviet Union—and everyone in it—because there were no property rights. Property is, among other things, a base for freedom; when it goes, freedom perishes.

Socialist rhetoric has done wonders to obscure the nature and positive value of property rights; it implies that these rights, because they are unequal in their effect, are mere expressions of raw power. But in fact they are safeguards against such power. Like all genuine laws and rights, they protect the weak against the strong. They proclaim that what a man owns can't be taken from him without his consent; they prevent the chaos of what Burke calls "a general scramble" for physical possession. It is not the property of the rich and powerful that needs protecting, but the property of the poor, and the right of the poor to acquire property.

Socialism begins its course with an envious campaign against the rich, but it ends, of course, in universal subjugation. The opportunity of acquisition, on the other hand, is conducive to social peace; and Tocqueville ascribed the domestic tranquillity of America to the circumstance that property ownership was nearly universal. Everyone had something to enjoy, something to appreciate, something to lose. Burke defended the English system as an essentially happy one, because "it leaves acquisition free, but it secures what it acquires."

Most of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* is a polemic against revolutionary "confiscation" and a vindication of "the security of property." Conservatives should pay close attention to the form of his argument. Though he was a fervent champion of the free market (Adam Smith said he found he had nothing to teach Burke, so closely did they agree), his emphasis is always on the *right* to property, the *security* of property, as the basis of free and civilized society, and as the first target of tyranny's attacks. From that right and that security prosperity flows naturally. But our first consideration is the lawful security of property itself, not the maximizing of wealth. The free market derives from private property. It is impossible without it. Calvin Coolidge said sagely: "The prime element in the value of any property is the knowledge that its peaceful enjoyment will be publicly defended." In maintaining property rights, therefore, the state is not "doing nothing." It is doing all it can do for liberty and prosperity alike.

The settled rule of law is therefore like a high credit rating for a whole society. The project of "building a new society" is vain in part because, although the state can destroy suddenly, permanence takes a little more time. The business of innovating, so widely assumed to be a glorious political adventure, is usually a great vice. But in our time innovation has become a sort of venerable custom. Burke and Madison alike would have been shocked at the levity with which modern governments inflate their currencies; sober men of their time rightly recognized inflation as an outright crime, the moral and virtual equivalent of private counterfeiting.

So committed was Burke to property rights and economic freedom that he denounced as immoral government measures to relieve a famine. To his mind this was not callousness but strict political morality. If we disagree, we can at least appreciate from experience the readiness with which departures from principle turn into permanent habits. When the state becomes absorbed in activities not proper to governing, it neglects its essential functions. The crime rate in America—a far worse problem for the poor than hunger—bears witness to that.

It is true, as liberalism says (a little too often), that there are limits to property rights. But what liberalism really means, as its own practice testifies, is that there are no limits to the *violation* of property rights. There is always some excuse—safety, civil rights, poverty—for a new spending program, a new regulation. We have ceased regarding departures from the norm as abnormal. We have nearly forgotten what the norm is.

Redistribution can only consume wealth and dry up its springs. New wealth is created by imaginative men who have the freedom to acquire and use property, and the insight to appreciate the latent value of natural objects. It is the economic imagination—which is entirely beyond the calculations of economists—that turns natural objects into natural resources. It was Henry Ford who created the oil wealth of Arabia. It was Silicon Valley that saw a world in a grain of sand.

The free market is an arena of constant, daily little acts of appreciation, in which people surrender bits of their property in exchange for things they value more. To the socialist mind, this is mere chaos, a riot of maldistribution calling for a firm correcting hand. To the buyers and sellers, it is an ocean of opportunity to fashion their own worlds, domestic empires each with its unique kind of order. It is a riot of happy sacrifices.

There is no reason to idealize the market, but there is every reason to appreciate it. The socialist can't appreciate it, because he can't appreciate appreciation. But the order of the market, with all its irregularity and unpredictability, is better than any order he can envision. He denounces the profit motive, while he thinks of his own power motive as an innocent and even noble thing. In order to prosper as a capitalist, you have to please people. In order to prosper as a socialist, you have to threaten them. That distinction is worth appreciating too.

The market, in other words, is civil: men meet there as free equals. The socialist tells them they are unfree and unequal; he points a gun at them and tells them they are now his equals. And for some reason the wretches are ungrateful.

But the market, even more than the voting booth, is an institution of consent. Nobody has to accept another's price. There, as Kenneth Minogue puts it, conflict is turned into competition under rules of conduct. And this is what socialism finally fails to appreciate. It can only interpret orderly competition as "disguised" conflict or coercion, not as an essentially different thing. It blames the very system that tames desire for inflaming desire. It fails to see that desire is unquenchable; it fails to comprehend its own desires and the conflict it reintroduces into what was civilized life. It seeks to protect by coercing, never dreaming that it is the very thing civilized men need protection from.

VI. SEX, ETC.

There is a political telos in the sexual revolution: the state is to supplant family ties. Sexual freedom is accompanied by limitless political obligation

THE SOCIALIST VISION of a social order in which all share with all—driven by what Robert Heilbroner calls "new motives of cooperation and confraternity"—is sheer sentimentalism. But the socialist's conception of the alternative—a society of unfettered greed and selfishness—is sheer cynicism. It is perfectly normal for people to share, to take satisfaction in generosity, but they don't do so impersonally, anonymously, through the medium of the state. A man may give a million dollars to a specific child or charity, but he won't leave a single dollar in the street as a gesture of benevolence to the next person who happens to come along. Such undifferentiated bounty is not in our nature, because we are rational creatures (more or less) who like to know what we are doing.

Love makes the world go round, all right, but the love in question is not a boundless love of all mankind—which may be an ideal, of sorts, but is pretty useless as a social norm. In the long run the most reliable kind of love is family affection. This is neither altruistic nor selfish and therefore eludes the socialist's false dichotomy. A man regards his children as extensions of himself. It is hardly selfish of him to work long hours to provide for them, enduring hardships that would strike a carefree bachelor as an absurd waste of short life. On the other hand, the father's sacrifice is not what we regard as philanthropy, because we understand that he has a certain emotional investment in his children. This common and intermediate kind of love makes up the fabric of society.

Since the Sixties America has learned in the dear school of experience what it would not submit to learn from tradition: that the breakdown of the family means social disorder. We were told incessantly that "poverty causes crime," even as crime rates soared along with general prosperity and special anti-poverty measures. A more telling correlation occurred between crime and illegitimacy, as fatherless young men terrorized the cities.

George Gilder points out that young single men, who make up only 13 per cent of the population, commit 90 per cent of the violent crime. An even more disproportionate number of these men have grown up with their fathers absent. We shouldn't need careful statistical studies to confirm the intuition that children need parents to give them love and to initiate them into the traditions of the human race; anyone who has warm memories of his own parents will shudder with pity for those who miss the primal affections of childhood —surely a worse deprivation than mere relative poverty.

And yet the Alienist disposition is so preoccupied with the hard case that it will sacrifice the family in order to succor the orphan. It is as if the existence of families somehow constitutes an injustice to those who don't have them. Families create what socialism calls "privileges" and "accidents of birth," and result in what socialism sees as "gross inequities." Socialism (including liberalism) is always "correcting for" the family, finding fault with the family, monitoring the family for pathologies (wife beating, child abuse, incest) that can be invoked to warrant state intervention. Children must be accorded "rights" against their own parents, and education must be reformed, on what Chesterton calls "the principle that a parent is more likely to be cruel than anyone else." Sweden has even passed a law against parental cruelty that defines spanking and harsh words as "child abuse," punishable by the state.

In a natural reaction against this, conservatives are prone to glorify the family, as if they had never heard of Agamemnon or King Lear. The truth, as C. S. Lewis reminds us, is that since Adam fell every human institution has had a fatal tendency to go bad. Lewis points to the "savage anti-domestic literature," typified by Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, that arose in reply to the Victorian sentimentalization of the family.

But the real fault is not in the family itself. It lies in human pride, egotism, sloth, blindness, and all the other defects that can pervert our most intimate affections and make the home a hell even where there is nothing to provoke the attentions of Swedish social workers. We fail in love all the time. Real love, which has been aptly defined as "practical concern," takes patience, perseverance, imagination, restraint, and simple good manners.

The point is not that the family is perfect but that there is no substitute for it. If parents fail in the domestic virtues, if children choose to misbehave, there is not much anyone can do. No social program could have saved King Lear.

The modern state, in trying to disregard, improve, or supersede the family, has done far more harm than good. Family violence in our time is almost a joke compared with the violence inflicted by the state. And part of the harm done by the state lies in its attempts to "liberate" people from family ties, while increasing its own demands on them.

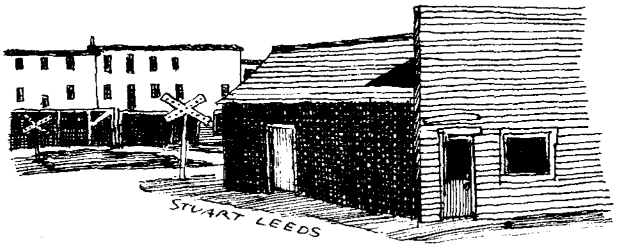
Santayana remarked that the only thing the modern liberal wants to liberate man from is the marriage contract. And it is true that the liberal passion for sexual freedom seems an anomaly, set against the liberal's general penchant for augmenting state power at every turn. But Igor Shafarevich has explained the apparent anomaly as an essential feature of "the socialist phenomenon."

Traditional sexual morality, Shafarevich says, makes the family a locus of loyalty and authority. Sexual freedom breaks down the sacred bonds of kinship and deprives sex of its sacramental character. It profanes. It reduces us to interchangeable units in a mass, and destroys the intricate social structure of particular ties that impedes state power. Every socialist movement has included a campaign for what is variously called sexual freedom, free love, or community of wives. Once in power, of course, a socialist regime may be prudish and puritanical, but this is only because it wants to regulate the populace's breeding habits and control its general behavior, not because it wants to restore the autonomy of the family. The Soviet regime has conducted an erratic population policy: legalizing, banning, and then again legalizing abortion; promoting birth control, then encouraging even illegitimate births. There is no real inconsistency in these fluctuations: the very phrase "population policy" means that the birth rate has become a subject of state concern—one more production standard to be set by the authorities.

Liberalism may be faintly embarrassed by certain twists in such Communist policies, but it is essentially at home with the whole idea of a "population policy." It looks on the statist approach to reproduction as "progressive," though it dares to be fully explicit about this only where "backward" nations are concerned. In domestic discussion, the liberal plays down the prospect of state supervision and stresses personal "choice"—in premarital sex, homosexuality, birth control, divorce, and abortion. But he isn't really indifferent to the choices people actually make. More or less consciously, he is aware that he is promoting some forms of behavior at the expense of others.

Liberals profess, for example, to be "pro-choice" in the matter of abortion, and they resent being described as "pro-abortion." But when it transpired that Communist China has been imposing not only mandatory birth control but forced late-term abortion, liberal objections were curiously muted. Some openly justified the Chinese policy on the grounds that China has a serious overpopulation problem. (The state, it was assumed, should have the prerogative of deciding when a country is "overpopulated" and of prescribing remedies. So much for "choice.") A group of liberal congressmen even had an amicable lunch with visiting administrators of the Chinese population-control program.

Again and again we find proof in liberal behavior that "liberalism" is not what it pretends to be. It



pretends to be concerned with procedural freedoms; but its concern nearly always turns out to mask a substantive agenda, the actual substance of which is socialist. This is the key to all the notorious "double standards" of liberal behavior. Free speech is demanded for the subversive of the Left—not, the liberal assures us, because he favors the Left, but because all points of view should be heard. But (as conservatives in such liberal strongholds as the academy and the mass media have discovered) the liberal will often take active measures to prevent "reactionary" views from being heard. Behind every double standard lurks an unacknowledged single standard: promoting socialism.

Consider another apparent contradiction of liberal behavior. The liberal argues for state-subsidized abortion on the grounds that a woman who can't afford to exercise her "right" to abortion is effectively denied that right. But when conservatives (and those maverick liberals who actually mean what they say) propose a system of educational vouchers that would enable poor parents to choose schools for their children, the liberal community abandons the logic it adopts for abortion. It condemns private education as a "privilege" (while helping to keep it so) or a subterfuge for racism. What emerges from this contradiction is the inference that liberals don't regard parental choice in education as a serious right.

A further inference is that liberals don't regard education itself as a parental prerogative. They want public schools to have a monopoly (some of them openly advocate the abolition of private schools), and they want those schools to be rigorously secularized, with religion strictly excluded. What about parents who regard religion as central to education? The liberals' answer is contained in their stony silence on this question.

The secularized public school, ironically, now enjoys the status of an established church. Everyone has to support it. If a dissenter prefers a different school system, he must pay for that himself, and his doing so in no way diminishes his obligation to support the established system. He can expect no sympathy from the keepers of the establishment—only thinly veiled hostility.

It is instructive to notice when the liberal resorts to the rhetoric of "choice" and when he abruptly drops it. There is a consistency behind his inconsistency. His alleged neutrality about substance tactically serves a body of very positive commitments.

Not that all liberals are fully conscious of a hostility to the family. Far from it. But liberalism inexorably chips away at any preferred status for the family. Its method is not to abolish but to neglect and "redefine." It will say that our traditional concept of the family is "outmoded" and "unrealistic." It will "broaden" the concept to include, for example, households of homosexuals—again, professing to be "value-free" when affirming the right of homosexuals to adopt children. (How can you be neutral about "values" when announcing a "right"?)

The combination of graduated tax rates, inflation, and redistributive programs has had a punitive effect on the family, reducing the personal exemption to a fraction of its original value (roughly one-fifth of what it was worth in 1948). This has made large families prohibitively expensive for many people; the number of working mothers has tripled since World War II. The liberal regime has never said, in so many words, that it opposes large families; but does anyone suppose that it is merely "neutral" about them? Is it anxious to ensure them "equal opportunity" with small families, or childless couples, or even homosexual couples?

It is interesting to note that New York City was recently found to be subsidizing a special private school for homosexual youths. City officials insisted that the subsidy in no way implied approval. The same officials would insist that even a slight subsidy to a private religious school would fatally compromise the state's neutrality in religion. The total pattern of liberal concerns tells its own story over the head, so to speak, of all liberalism's ad hoc justifications of its particular policies.

More and more parents see the public schools as threats to their children's safety, well-being, and even educational needs. Liberalism's response has been to tighten its own grip. It accuses parents of "failing" in sex education, for example, and assumes that this constitutes a mandate for the schools to do the job. It may be, of course, that parents also fail in religious education, but here again liberalism switches its logic according to the issue at hand. Parents whose children are economically trapped in the public schools are denied any right to control the curriculum: their attempts to exercise even a veto power over materials selected by teachers is denounced as "censorship." The minds of the young must be kept under the liberal monopoly, no matter how egregiously the public schools themselves may be thought to fail.

Liberalism has of course had a serious impact on the general culture beyond the schools. The catch-phrase "freedom of expression" has been broadened to cover even the crudest pornography. What began as a campaign for "privacy"—consenting adults, plain brown wrappers, and all that—has become an open overthrow of traditional public morality. It is practically impossible to shield children from raw filth. What used to be called fornication is now a standard feature of popular entertainment, even on prime-time television. The degrees of explicitness vary; the denigration of chastity is nearly complete, however, even where the bodies remain clothed. Americans stand helpless as the cultural pimps go to work on their children.

And once again liberals take refuge in clichés of "choice" and "freedom" that are in flagrant contrast to their usual preference for government control. The liberal who is ordinarily hostile to commercialism and suspicious of the manipulative wiles of advertisers becomes an advocate of utter laissez-faire where the stimulation of sexual appetites is at stake.

What is sad, and horrible, is the crassness of it. At one time the liberal held at least the aesthetic high ground. It was the censor, with his narrow anxieties, who seemed crass, ready to ban from the local library any book that dealt frankly with serious subjects. But it is no longer the banning of *Ulysses* that is in question. No genuinely artistic purpose is served by 99 per cent of the sexual themes of popular entertainment; no Renaissance has come of the baring of breasts in public. It is as if, as the old taboos have fallen, new taboos have taken their place—taboos on the spiritual. Popular culture has adopted a general smirk. If the movies were really candid, they would show people praying, marrying, and having children as well as fornicating; the fornication might at least occasionally result in pregnancy, disease, and the heartache and shame that more than occasionally accompany such inveterate behavior in real life.

Have liberals had any regrets or second thoughts about the sexual revolution? Of course. At the personal level, many liberals recoil from the porn explosion. Some of them must have noticed that the "new freedom" has failed to pay the promised dividends in serious art—that nudity is a distraction rather than an enhancement of aesthetic experience.

But the liberal ideology has no way of accommodating these human reservations. It can only propose more programs, bigger budgets for government research for cures for the latest venereal diseases, new campaigns to "educate" the public about the real consequences of behavior that has now been declared licit. And the remedies are as crass as the malady. The real problem is that sexual freedom has meant, for millions of people, a cluster of debasing addictions.

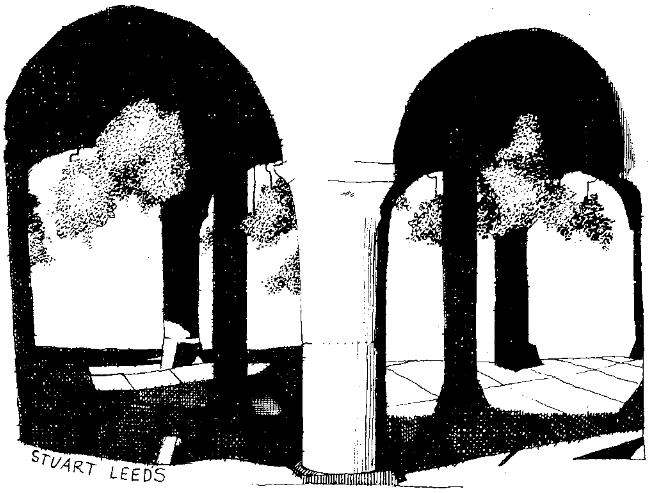
Socialist utopianism has gone hand in hand with sexual utopianism. Many people who would never buy into the socialist delusion have fallen hard for the sexual one. But the price—in disease, abortion, guilt, frustration, hostility, suspicion, and coarseness—has yet to be acknowledged. The feminist movement, with its bitterness against men, is at least an understandable reaction against all the lies of sexual "liberation," which has been particularly injurious and insulting to women; there was no such movement or general mood in the days when marriage was the norm. A woman was expected to be chaste; and though this was derided as a double standard, it gave woman a special protection against male aggression. There was no confusion about what a lecherous man was asking of her. She had the right not only to refuse, but to take offense at improper advances. If women could be virgins again, there would be no feminism. Women are now fair game for the men who prize them least, and they know it, and they resent it, and they are right; but they also know that to speak of a woman's "honor" is to sound ridiculously quaint. By the same token, a man's honor used to consist largely in respect for woman's; that has changed too. Is everybody happy?

The sexual revolution that was declared in the name of privacy has resulted in a gross devaluation of privacy—the intuition that there are recesses of personality that deserve to be withheld from easy exposure. The more of a thing that can be seen at a glance, the less there is of it in the first place. Human beings are mysteries; they deserve to be respected as mysteries, not stripped open like a cellophane package. Sex is delicate; it deserves to be handled with delicate restraint and ritual. Society should be organized so as to prevent the tyranny of boors and the prevalence of an easy-sex culture. Young people should be protected from making irreversible mistakes, and taught that love is a career, not a vacation.

People do fail in love, all the time. That is why the essential kinds of love need social support. The problem is that we are currently giving our support not so much to the wrong people as to the wrong side of our nature, the side that wants love on the cheap. We are offering human beings the kind of freedom appropriate to dogs. The "gain" they experience is really part of an overall loss.

We get what we pay for. What is natural—natural to human beings, as distinct from animals—is not necessarily easy, but that is all the more reason to insist on it. The price is high, but the rewards of loyalty and fidelity are priceless. To be a parent is more than a joy; it is to be related to the world in a radically different way from the way of youth, to see another who is not "wholly other," but a strangely free part of yourself.

Every parent knows this; the wonder is that a knowledge so widely shared no longer forms the heart of our law and culture. It is almost as if parental affection has become a love that dare not speak its name, instead of being the social reality from which all other things take their bearings. To love a child is to love uniquely. It is astonishingly insensitive to denigrate as "privilege" or "accident of birth" the parent's deep desire to give. From the perspective of the receiver, every gift is an accident. No child asks to be born; life is a gift. The first accident of birth is birth. It becomes the child to



learn gratitude for this, though it is best if the parents don't insist on gratitude.

Of course no parent is perfect. To have a child under the best of circumstances is to court tragedy, not to mention the disapproval of population planners. All one can say is that most of humanity has always found it worth the risks, for reasons that are hard to explain to outsiders, such as the people who write editorials in the *New York Times*. It is as well not to be too calculating about having babies, who will upset all calculations anyway. As Chesterton says, "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly." Even King Lear might agree.

VII. ORGANIZED IRRELIGION

The unbelief of socialism is not merely an individual matter. It has a zealous missionary character, and is converting even churchmen

In the Catholic Church it takes several centuries for a doctrine to become a dogma. In progressive circles the same process can be achieved within months.

There is no institution from which the progressive is so deeply alienated as from religion—or, as he calls it, "organized" religion, as if religion would be all right if only believers avoided association with each other. He can reconcile himself to the idea of a spontaneous internal belief, provided the believer stands under no ecclesiastical authority.

The enemy, for socialism, is any permanent authority, whether it is a long-standing church or a holy scripture, whose tendency is to put a brake on political power. In fact power and authority are often confused nowadays: the thoroughly politicized man who seeks power can only experience and interpret authority as a rival form of power, because it impedes his ambition for a thoroughly politicized society. But authority is more nearly the opposite of power. It offers a standard of truth or morality that is indifferent and therefore often opposed to current desires and forces, standing in judgment over them. If God has revealed Himself to man, the progressive agenda may find itself seriously inconvenienced.

For this reason, religion is a source of deep anxiety to the liberal. He harps on its historical sins: Crusades, Inquisitions, witch burnings, wars. He never notices that the crimes of atheist regimes, in less than a century, have dwarfed those of all organized religions in recorded history. He sees Christianity's sporadic persecutions as being of its essence; he regards Communism's unbroken persecution as incidental to its potential for good. He warns of the "danger" posed by American fundamentalists (one of the most gentle and law-abiding segments of the population) and is unchastened by the results of "peace" in Vietnam and Cambodia.

Religion offers, *par excellence*, anchorage in a tradition that can't be altered to suit current interests, whereas the liberal wants liberal interests to enjoy a sort of sacred status. He has his own orthodoxy, but it is a floating orthodoxy that requires its votaries to adapt quickly and unpredictably, as new occasions and passions dictate. To adhere to traditional doctrines (as on abortion) is to be "divisive"; the sin of divisiveness is never imputed to the innovation he would have us adopt at once. He wants to invest his novelties with authority. He wants the church to become "relevant."

The liberal avoids a frontal assault on religion; he has no taste for persecution, even if he turns a blind eye to it when socialists inflict it on those believers he regards as reactionary. He typically expresses his objections to religion in procedural terms: he isn't against religion, he merely favors the "separation of church and state." But here his indifference to Communist persecution gives him away: the very idea of separating church and state presupposes firmly defined spheres for both. Without limited government, the sphere of the church is merely residual, and the state may crowd it out of any area of life the ruling power chooses to usurp, as when the Polish Communist regime invoked the principle of separation to demand the removal of crucifixes from all state classrooms, there being no other classrooms in Poland. (There was no protest from liberals in the West against this campaign of religious apartheid.)

The liberal's ill-disguised uneasiness with religion recalls C. S. Lewis's remark that some people say they dislike Milton's God when they really mean they dislike God. The most the liberal can bring himself to say in favor of religion is that it has given painters and poets and composers some pretty ideas from time to time; that is about as far as his appreciation goes. For the rest, religion in liberal rhetoric usually occupies the role of a dark and backward force, and progress is measured by the distance we have come from the "Dark Ages," the period of churchly ascendancy.

The liberal regime is one of virtual atheism; though it professes agnosticism, as if this were a form of neutrality between belief and unbelief, it constantly enlarges the range of the things that are Caesar's at the expense of the things that are God's. There is never a wholesale rejection of religion, only regular appeals to "pluralism" to justify stripping away features of the Western moral tradition as they offend the progressive agenda of the moment. In this way liberalism keeps the option of retaining what it likes of the Christian heritage, while ruling out as sectarian whatever it doesn't like. The content of "pluralism" in this way becomes a lowest common denominator that is continually reduced to liberal specifications by liberal vetoes. The result is a piecemeal apostasy that pretends to maintain continuity with the tradition it is destroying. Liberalism thus gains a furtive monopoly over the political culture. "Pluralism" serves, on the one hand, as an invitation to (say) homosexuals to make demands on the polity and, on the other, as a prohibition against Christians' doing the same.

Moreover, the current liberal position is asserted to be our constitutional tradition, "the American Way." Robert L. Cord, among other scholars, has shown this to be historical balderdash, since the first Congress after the ratification of the Constitution expressly tried to promote the spread of religion through the Northwest Ordinance, and several states retained their religious establishments well into the nineteenth century. In refusing to create a national religious establishment, the Framers of the Constitution aimed not to exclude religion from public life but to allow it to operate freely, on equal terms with other participants, and with all denominations on an equal footing. The Declaration of Independence itself has openly theological underpinnings. For the Founding Fathers, religion was a genuine way of knowing. That the Federal Government did not profess competence in deciding religious truth was no more a derogation of religion than its refusal to take sides in a scientific controversy would be a derogation of science. Those who say otherwise are reading their wishes into the Constitution.

Consider the endless debate over school prayer. The discussion begins and ends with the problem of the outsider—the occasional Jewish child, the largely hypothetical Buddhist—who would feel oppressed by having either to join the class or to excuse himself from the morning benediction. It is remarkable that the discussion never revolves around the possible *benefits* of prayer, e.g., that the good Lord might actually shower blessings on the children. No thought is given to the needs of piety, the social value of reverence, the sublime joy of adoration. The rights of the minority are of course a fully legitimate and necessary consideration, in some cases decisive, but they are hardly the *only* one.

And we have been so obsessed with the question whether children should be encouraged or pressured to worship that we have totally overlooked an equally pertinent one, namely, whether children should even be informed about religion. It is rather obvious that they should: that without understanding what people have believed, they are disabled from fully understanding history, literature, politics, and even each other. They remain ignorant of an area of concern that by its nature is central to the lives of millions of people. How can a young person even read *Hamlet* without understanding the Christian doctrines and practices involved in the play's references to heaven, hell, purgatory, the sacraments, revenge, and suicide? Is he to be exposed to sex education but shielded from the beliefs of his own ancestors? Religious education is even a secular necessity. The child who is deprived of it is to be pitied.

The prevailing notion is that the state should be "neutral" as to religion, and furthermore that the best way to be neutral about it is to avoid all mention of it. By this sort of logic, nudism is the best compromise among different styles of dress. The secularist version of "pluralism" amounts to theological nudism. We are not "imposing" our beliefs on others (whatever that means) when we *act* on our beliefs. A culturally Christian society is not "discriminating against" non-Christians when it draws on its own moral idiom in its deliberations; what else can it use?

There is something strained and artificial about forcing ourselves to act as if we didn't believe what we do in fact believe, just as much as if we were to force ourselves to act on beliefs we didn't in fact hold. It is a little like speaking pidgin English in case a foreigner should happen to be present. As a practical matter, of course, a man who doesn't believe in the Bible won't be persuaded by arguments from Scripture; but this is no reflection on the right to argue from Scripture. The atheist is equally free to argue from his own premises, and equally at the mercy of those who find his premises irrelevant. But a lowest common denominator should not be taken for a universal. Public discussion can't very well be oriented to the solipsist; a man who doesn't believe other men exist hardly has a claim on their deference. There are some beliefs so widely shared that, as Chesterton puts it, those who reject them "are not so much a minority as a monstrosity."

It may not clarify matters much to say that "America is a Christian society." Many devout Christians will deny it, though they wish it were so; some non-Christians may believe it, while wishing it weren't so. And if it is true in some sense, maybe nothing is gained by having the state affirm it. Elizabethan England and Byzantine Greece were both Christian societies, but in vastly different ways. The particular way in which Christianity penetrates a given culture is always subtle and hard to define, whether or not it is the official religion. But by the same token, nothing is gained by insisting that secularist "pluralism" is *the* American Way. It may be enough to say that America has a free market in faith. Every pair of interlocutors has to feel its way to the terms of its own special conversation.

There are even different styles of atheism. A visitor to Northern Ireland, appalled by the violence between Catholics and Protestants, asked if there weren't any atheists. "Oh yes," he was told. "We have Catholic atheists and Protestant atheists." The *bon mot* has a serious point: unbelief may have its roots in a former belief and take shape from it; atheism may be a Christian denomination.

A man may lose his faith innocently, by inability to believe. But he may also refuse to believe. If faith is a gift, it is a gift that is sometimes rudely rejected. Atheism as well as religion may be "wish-fulfillment," Lewis reminds us: and, he sardonically observes, to this day people talk as if St. Augustine had *favored* infant damnation. There is no simple correlation between desires and creeds, and we are too charitable if we presume that the atheist is always acting in good faith when he rejects faith.

There is such a thing as the pious atheist, the man who comes sadly to unbelief, but with at least some appreciation of what he has lost. An ancient Roman convert to Christianity need not have despised everything in the polytheistic Roman culture; he might continue to love the *Aeneid*, the Pantheon, the old myths and the art they inspired. We are still grateful that the Christians didn't try to obliterate every trace of that culture, in the fanatical spirit that led some Puritans to want to destroy all records of English life before Cromwell's revolution.

A modern man who has lost the faith of his fathers will still, if he is morally sane, treasure the heritage of that faith—not only the art of Dante, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Bach, and Mozart, but the philosophy, science, law, and general manners that have been generated by belief in a good Creator Who made man in His image and gave His only Son to redeem our sinful race. Only a boor could write all that off as bad or vain.

But there is also such a thing as organized irreligion, militant and bloody-minded, despising the entire past. If you hear *Rigoletto* performed in Moscow, you may be puzzled, as I was, to find that Gilda's dying aria is cut; the problem, it transpires, is that the aria refers to heaven, thus violating the decorum of the official atheism. A small thing like this can piercingly remind you of the horrors that have been visited on countless believers. As Chesterton wrote eighty years ago: "Earnest freethinkers need not worry themselves about the persecutions of the past. Before the liberal idea is dead or triumphant we shall see wars and persecutions the like of which the world has never seen." Only those possessed by the liberal idea have failed to notice.

In America religious people refer to organized irreligion as "secular humanism." The irreligionists scoff at this name, as if it were some gauche backwoods coinage; they forget that they used to use it themselves, as a euphemism for a militant unbelief that pretended its sole purpose was to separate (or segregate) religion from public life on constitutional grounds. Nobody is really deceived any more: the driving motive is hostility to Christianity. Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times* columnist who welcomed the Communist victory in Cambodia in 1975 as representing a "vision of a new society," was much less sanguine about the Religious Right during the 1980 presidential campaign: he saw the political activities and pronouncements of conservative Christians as "unconstitutional" and, yes, "dangerous." He had seen no violation of the Constitution in all the activism of left-wing clergymen over the years; and thereby hangs a tale.

If the American Left doesn't contemplate persecution of Christians, it has found its own alternative: seduction of the clergy. Why make martyrs of people who can be enlisted as allies? And the strange fact is that many of the clergy have accepted this role.

The liberal clergy see no tension between the sacred and the trendy; they virtually identify the two, hailing their own leftist protest as "prophetic"—as if they were defying contemporary currents of power, rather than being swept up in them. They are embarrassed by dogma; they adapt their theology to politics. It is tempting to imagine them carrying loose-leaf Bibles, from which embarrassing passages about sodomy, fornication, and the subordination of women can be yanked out and replaced by the gospel of gay rights and feminism. Their fluidity offers anything but the kind of permanent truth against which the fashions of the day can be measured; their beliefs, such as they are, derive entirely from secular fashion. They fluctuate between claiming to return to pure and primitive Christianity and dismissing inconvenient parts of Scripture as "culturally conditioned." For them, early Christianity dovetails nicely with the current radical agenda; and nothing is more plainly "culturally conditioned" than the trendy clergy themselves. They "speak out" against the targets of the Left—the "arms race," South Africa, Chile—but are careful not to speak out against the Left's persecution of their fellow Christians. They speak hopefully of "Christian-Marxist dialogue"—a diabolical fatuity best appreciated by imagining a "Christian-Nazi dialogue." Some Christians were afraid to speak out against Nazism; but at least there was no attempt to find in the Nazi program a fulfillment of Christian social ethics.

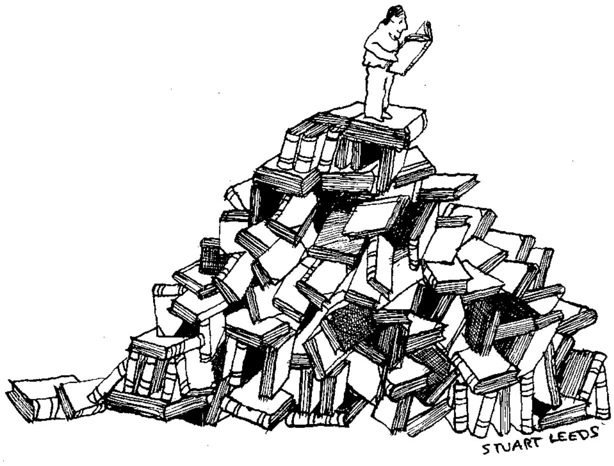
Incredibly, even the Catholic hierarchy is beginning to play this game, echoing the secular progressive agenda instead of offering resistance to it. In its denunciations of poverty and prescriptions of collectivism, it forgets that even altruistic materialism remains materialism, and that its primary mission is to promote the saving of souls. There is a core of timidity in all this "speaking out," a spirit of abdication in all this activism. The doctrine of the "seamless garment"—which holds that if one opposes abortion one must also oppose nuclear war—has ingratiated the hierarchy with the Left, but it hasn't converted the Left. On the contrary: the Left continues to favor abortion, and the doctrine has been interpreted on all sides (correctly) as a rebuke to the Right. The bishops have weakened their authority by annexing it to "progressive" causes rather than risking embarrassment by continuing to oppose, in any effective way, Communism, pornography, and contraception. It can be exalting to belong to a church that is five hundred years behind the times and sublimely indifferent to fashion; it is mortifying to belong to a church that is five minutes behind the times, huffing and puffing to catch up.

C. S. Lewis says sensibly that Christian politics must come from laymen who are experienced in politics rather than from the clergy, who aren't, "just as Christian literature comes from Christian novelists and dramatists—not from the bench of bishops getting together and trying to write plays and novels in their spare time." And Burke, deploring the spectacle of "political theologians, and theological politicians," comments that

> politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character, to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they *have nothing of politics but the passions they excite.* Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind.

Which is in no way to deny the real relevance of religion to politics—provided that religion keeps its "proper character," not as preceptor of daily policy, but as custodian of an eternal vision of God and man, from which practical policy can take its bearings. "Mankind more frequently require to be reminded than informed," says Samuel Johnson. One gets the uneasy feeling that the clergy are trying to inform us when they ought to be reminding us, or that they want to posture as bold rebels *à la mode.* Perhaps they need reminding themselves.

Let Chesterton have the last word: "We often read nowadays of the valor or audacity with which some rebel attacks a hoary tyranny or an antiquated superstition. There is not really any courage at all in attacking hoary or antiquated things, any more than in offering to fight one's grandmother. The really courageous man is he who defies tyrannies young as the morning and superstitions fresh as the first flowers."



VIII. REDS

There is a worldwide symbiosis between the open enemies of America and our own native aliens. All sorts of socialists sense their affinity with each other

COMMUNISM IS our enemy, because it is the enemy of everything that obstructs its limitless ambition. Soviet strategic literature routinely refers to the United States as "the main enemy." The official anthem of the Communist regime in Nicaragua calls the United States "the enemy of mankind." The anti-Americanism of the worldwide Left, even when it is not overtly Communist, is its most characteristic feature.

All this should be so obvious as to guide our foreign policy. And yet liberalism has kept us confused and demoralized in the face of this global enmity. It attacks not Communism, but "superpatriotism," "the arms race," and "cold-war rhetoric."

The issue is not superpatriotism. Even conservatives agree that there are many things wrong with America. The real problem is that the things that are wrong with it are in many cases the things liberalism thinks are right with it.

Communism and liberalism are variant forms of socialism, with this difference: the Communists are unsentimental socialists, whereas the liberals are sentimental socialists. Liberals think the socialist principle can be combined with the civil principle; Communists realize that they are incompatible principles, warring principles, to be numbered among "the contradictions of capitalism" that may be exploited to hasten the destruction of the West. The Communists see talk of "democratic socialism" as "bourgeois sentimentalism."

To say that liberalism is socialism sounds like an accusation, but it is merely an identification that has been recognized by the Left itself. Michael Harrington has wondered why the Democratic Party, whose major elements are socialist, doesn't simply declare itself openly as a socialist party. The Communists have always counted on the assistance of communistic elements that are not formally Communist.

The word "communistic" may sound Birchite now, but it was used by Marx himself. It is only natural to use adjectives based on nouns to indicate affinity with those things the nouns stand for, as during the Thirties there were fascistic tendencies outside the official Fascist Party. Lenin spoke of "useful idiots." Stalin enlisted socialists and liberals in the Popular Front. Communists today use as resources abroad the "progressive forces" outside the various Communist parties. Liberals still march beside Communists in various "broad coalitions" for "peace," "civil rights," disarmament, and other causes. In the giant anti-nuclear demonstration in New York in June 1982, the liberal press spoke of a "rainbow spectrum" of demonstrators, and the event's organizers said the participants "cut across all ideologies"—but practically everyone present was of the Left, hard or soft. Tom Wolfe and I were there, looking vainly for conservatives, libertarians, Ku Klux Klansmen, fundamentalists, or anyone else of the "Right." Instead, we found only liberals, Communists, Communist-front groups, Trotskyists, feminists, gay-rights activists, and the like. Since, according to the organizers, nuclear disarmament is a universal interest, transcending all political philosophies, it shouldn't have been a particularly leftist event. Even neo-Nazis should oppose nuclear war; even Klansmen should be averse to annihilation. But of course it was tacitly understood on all sides that this *was* a leftist event, and nobody opposed in principle to any sort of socialist order saw any point in joining the march.

Liberals never acknowledge the affinity between themselves and the Communists that the Communists acknowledge. In fact they never acknowledge *that* the Communists acknowledge it. They treat it instead as an exclusively "right-wing" delusion.

The West needs not only weapons against Communism, but clarity about Communism. And it is clarity that liberalism prevents. Liberals don't want an arms race: they say we must fight ideas with ideas. But when a conservative President uses even hard words about the Soviets, words that do no more than take Lenin at his word, he is guilty of "cold-war rhetoric," "stridency," "bellicosity," and "provocation." His words themselves are taken as acts of aggression. Official Soviet vituperation against the West, meanwhile, is dismissed as harmless rhetoric. What liberalism really opposes is precisely clarification in our minds about the principles at stake between East and West. Such clarification would help the West.

Liberals have long since given up trying to idealize the Soviet system; their current preferred tactic is to speak of it as a "reality" we must learn to live with. But they are averse to realism about this reality. Even to speak realistically of the Soviet Union is to "provoke" the Soviets. Refugees from countries ruled by right-wing regimes—Chile, South Africa, Nazi Germany—are recognized by liberals as authoritative witnesses; but refugees from Communism are dismissed as imbalanced and embittered, actually disqualified as witnesses by their very experience. Even Solzhenitsyn gets only a grudging hearing from liberals.

No liberal would speak of "victims of Communism." The armed borders, the persecution of religion, and the total annihilation of property rights are not among the topics of liberal protest. Liberals don't seek economic sanctions against the Soviet Union; in fact they favor East-West trade, which incidentally is attractive to Western investors for an ironic reason: since wages in the Communist world are set by the state, not by the market, Communism offers the capitalist the very thing Communism was supposed to abolish—cheap labor, costing less than its real value, the workers having no recourse but to take what they are offered. (When non-socialists impose such conditions, it is called "exploitation." When done under socialist auspices, it seems acceptable to liberals.)

All this is not to suggest that liberals *like* the Soviet system. Their attitude toward it is peculiar. They see it as a sort of death-god, a Moloch, that must be constantly appeased and propitiated, never angered. Moloch is beyond morality. He is a "reality," which it is not our place to censure. That only makes him mad. And a good roar from Moloch sends liberals scurrying, indignant not at him, of course, but at whoever "provoked" him. Death, for thoroughly secularized people, is the final reality—not heaven, not even honor—and a power that can inflict death on a huge scale becomes a sort of ultimate from which it is prudent and even imperative to take one's orientation. If the Soviet Union no longer offers paradise, at least it can threaten us with hell.

This probably accounts for liberal deference to the Soviet Union, along with many of liberalism's rhetorical tactics. In some ways the liberal wants to equate the U.S. with the USSR: Soviet rulers are called "leaders," rather than "dictators" or "strongmen"—the opprobrious terms applied to despots of the Right. Standard phrases like "the arms race" and "the two superpowers" imply moral symmetry between the two countries. On the other hand, liberals discourage defense and security methods that would make us as "bad" as (read: as effective as) the Soviets—even though liberal rhetoric generally implies that we are no better in the first place. There is only one principle of consistency here: the tactic being used at a given moment is the one best suited to Soviet interests at that moment.

If liberals don't speak of victims of Communism, they speak of Communists themselves as victims. Domestically, of course, there are the "victims of McCarthyism." (We should note that those who most loudly insist on Alger Hiss's innocence are those who would be least offended by his guilt. That is probably what they mean by innocence.) The Soviet Union itself is also seen as a victim. It lost, allegedly, twenty million people in World War II, which made it afraid of war. (It really did lose more than that number under Stalin, but this hasn't made it afraid of Communism.) It feels "encircled by hostile forces."

(It is always hostile to adjacent countries outside its control.) It is frightened by Reagan's bellicosity. It saw its invasion of Afghanistan as "essentially defensive." The United States sent troops into Vladivostok in 1918. And so forth.

The political liberal's tendency to "blame America first" has its counterpart in religion. The liberal (i.e., disaffected) Catholic blames his own church for maintaining uncompromised differences with the contemporary world; when the world and the Church come into conflict, he not only deplores the incompatibility but censoriously ascribes it to the intransigence of those who insist on retaining the core doctrines that give Catholicism its identity. As James Hitchcock shrewdly remarks, such Catholics see themselves not as the Church's missionaries to the world but as the world's missionaries to the Church; it is the Church that stands in need of conversion. In the same way, political liberals see "hard-liners" within America as the obstacles to global peace. They recognize no core of American principle as sacred, as beyond the possibility of being sacrificed to international socialism.

Although liberals call the Soviets "paranoid," they don't mean this as a criticism. It is merely a condition, eminently understandable, and it behooves the United States to act with "restraint" and avoid "overreaction" to the latest Soviet invasion. Liberals give the Soviets the benefit of the doubt on every question: the attempt to kill the Pope, yellow rain, arms-control violations, the shooting down of a civilian airliner. These are issues of fact, and it is easy to try to disguise an evaluation as an empirical judgment: conservatives may be too ready to convict the Soviets in every instance. But liberals are too ready to exonerate them. Again, the debate about whether Alger Hiss was a Communist was really a debate about the merits of Communism.

It has become a cliché of liberalism that the Soviets "no longer believe in their ideology." This is rather like saying that the later Borgias had lost their innocent faith in Machiavelli. True, Mikhail Gorbachev doesn't lie awake nights wondering whether the Marxian labor theory of value holds water; the question pretty obviously doesn't interest him and his colleagues. The point is that the Leninist techniques of subversion and amassing power work very well. And the Marxist ideology "works" as a device for demoralizing non-Communist societies, for enlisting support among them, and for lending an aura of legitimacy to the Soviet system itself.

Communism has a genius for finding the secret nerve of self-doubt in any society. It is not reliant exclusively on believing Communists; it owes much of its success to non-believing non-Communists who accept its critique of their native societies. Governments are often unjust; men are often greedy and selfish; religion is often practiced hypocritically; families often fail. If people can be induced to judge their institutions against utopian (and therefore irrelevant and destructive) criteria, the process of subversion is well under way.

Communism depends, in other words, on disaffected and restless men who seek political solutions to ill-defined problems. As the family was sentimentalized in the nineteenth century, so the state is sentimentalized in the twentieth. Despite mountains of evidence—in the form of mountains of corpses of people slaughtered by states—this prejudice in favor of solving problems by politicizing them persists. And we are still being warned that the robber-baron capitalist is the clear and present danger to human happiness.

Whether or not the Soviets still believe in socialism, the liberals do. They have abandoned the claim that socialism "works," but they still find everything else morally intolerable; but then the real driving motive of socialism has never been empirical anyway, despite its scientific pretensions. Liberals still project socialist "aspirations" onto every oppressed people. If there appears to be a Soviet interest in some Third World trouble spot, the liberal reflex is always to deny that it is decisive and to insist that a given band of Soviet-backed rebels is "indigenous." Of course a leftist insurrection *may* be indigenous. The point is that Soviet meddling may tip the balance, in the way that stuffing a ballot box may decide an election. Liberals object to American meddling abroad, and they have no difficulty imagining that it may succeed in "destabilizing" a given regime. They impute the fall of Allende in Chile to covert action by the CIA, not to indigenous discontent. The approving term "indigenous" is never applied to anti-socialist forces.

To put it another way, liberalism today acts in coy partnership with Communism; it invokes its procedural freedoms almost exclusively for the purpose of advancing the Left. The free speech of Communists in free countries is a liberal passion; the free speech, religious freedom, and right to vote of people within the Soviet bloc are not even liberal concerns. The double standard has ceased being a flaw of liberalism and has become its very essence.

Liberalism has turned into a component of a larger and looser version of the Popular Front. Outside the United States, and often within, the strategic targets of Communism are also the targets of liberal indignation: Vietnam, Chile, Iran, Rhodesia, Nicaragua, South Africa. Liberal moral outrage against "corrupt and repressive" regimes ceases when Soviet objectives are achieved. Once a "progressive" regime is installed, it is measured against neither utopian standards nor even those of common decency: liberals award it the status of a "reality" and urge us to "normalize relations" with it, which means, for openers, not saying harsh things about it. Even to criticize it is to "try to impose our standards" on it. Socialism covers a multitude of sins. The moment a country goes socialist, it ceases to be a target of withering moral judgment and enters a state of complete exemption from liberal criticism.

In practice, though this is never openly admitted, liberalism divides the world into two broad zones: what might be called the "zone of morality" and the "zone of reality." There is no moral continuity between them, since moralizing stops at the borders of the latter. The two zones correspond roughly to what Soviet strategists call the "zone of war" and the "zone of peace." In the zone of war—the areas outside Soviet hegemony—everything is up for grabs, eligible for subversion and open aggression. Soviet conquest, domination, or alliance moves a country within the zone of peace, where no challenge to state power is tolerated. As Leonid Brezhnev put it, "What we have, we keep." And Soviet territorial claims, as Jean-François Revel observes, are the only firmly assured property rights left in this world. Certainly those claims are never questioned by liberalism, which excludes those under Communist power from its lengthy list of "oppressed peoples."

The pattern of liberal behavior is so clear and consistent that it is almost laughable that liberals should resent the accusation of Communist sympathies. As I said earlier, they have been making in practice a distinction they vehemently deny in principle—the distinction between "authoritarian" and "totalitarian" regimes—for many years. Since the fall of Hitler, they have regularly attacked the authoritarian and supported or excused the totalitarian. Even while Hitler lived, George Orwell noticed that the leftist intellectuals "want to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian." Of course it is a foolish mistake to suppose that the liberals are all working for Moscow. But once you grasp that they are working *with* Moscow, everything falls into place. They conceive of themselves, and ideally the entire West, as having a relation of partnership with the Soviets; hence their frequent use of words like "dialogue" and "cooperation" and the phrase "areas of common interest." They never looked for common interests with Hitler; they never speak of setting aside our differences with South Africa.

Communism is not merely "another form of government." It is the first in modern history to have the ambition not only to govern society, but to change it to its roots, even to change the nature of man. This is what we mean by the clumsy word "totalitarianism." Before that word was in currency, a Western observer who had lived in Russia for half a century was struck by the novelty of Communism in this respect. In *Russia Today and Yesterday* (1930), E. J. Dillon wrote:

> It never occurred to the most iconoclastic of the French revolutionists to do away with the conception of the family or of the wide-ranging power of the father as head of the family, to abolish marriage, to modify the current idea of property, or the many implications of these principles. The French Revolution was careful to preserve intact all these institutions, and to strengthen and spread them, and even to religion itself, which at first was jibed and scoffed at, certain important functions were allotted in the regenerate state. And all these symptoms of conservatism in the midst of a tremendous upheaval were consecrated in Chateaubriand's overrated but highly seasonable book *Le Génie du Christianisme.*
>
> Bolshevism, on the contrary, is first of all a relentless destroyer of the roots of past culture, religious, social, pedagogical, and also of those champions of that culture who remain true to it, refusing to be converted and live. The Bolshevists created the new woman, endowed with full power over her body and her mind, and annihilated all the "crimes" against morality which still figure in our superannuated penal codes, and they turned marriage into an experiment capable of being renewed whenever the parties feel inclined to try their luck again, and abolished sexual honor. Between the two movements, therefore, there is no root likeness. They differ in all essentials.

The sin of liberalism is its refusal to acknowledge that the entire Communist project is monstrous. When, in 1975, Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* wrote about the victorious Communists forced-marching three million people out of Phnom Penh, many of whom died along the way, he surmised that the Communists were acting on a "vision of a new society"—and he meant this not as an accusation, but as a justification. Even more telling, he avoided using the word "Communists." Liberalism never holds the historical record of Communism against a new Communist regime; whereas the very adoption of a swastika would be enough to earn a new regime condemnation from all sides, the flourishing of Marxist-Leninist symbols guarantees a new regime a favorable reception from liberals.

There is no serious Communist presence in American politics. But there is a serious communistic presence. The cancer of socialism has metastasized among us. As liberals say, labels are misleading; and the most misleading label of all is "liberalism," which is what we have been taught to call the thing that teaches us to judge everything, including socialism, by socialist standards.

IX. MINORITY RULE

The Supreme Court has completely inverted the original role of the judicial branch. It has come to wield the sort of arbitrary power it was intended to check

In January 1973, the United States Supreme Court handed down the most astonishing ruling in its history: it effectively struck down as unconstitutional the abortion laws of all fifty states.

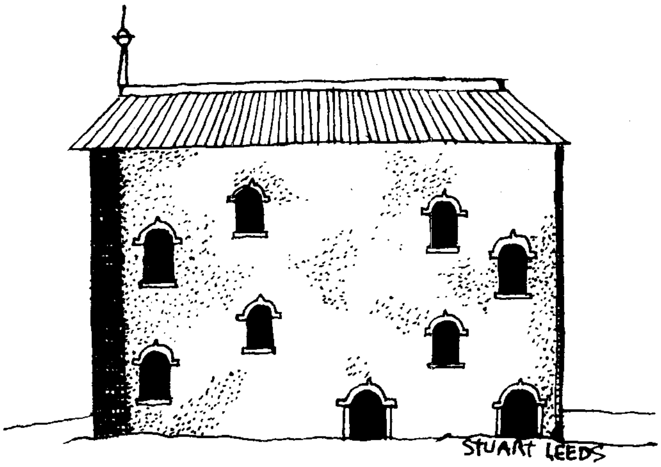
This ruling made abortion on demand a fact of life in America, and abortion clinics sprang up across the nation overnight. An enormous new grass-roots political movement sprang up in response. The controversy over abortion has been one of the most heated and bitter in the annals of American politics. After all, the Court acted in defiance of a deeply rooted part of the Western moral tradition. Yet liberals expected the nation to acquiesce instantly and condemned anti-abortion protest as "divisive." The entire pro-life movement, which until *Roe* v. *Wade* had generally prevailed through the normal legislative process, was accused of trying to "impose its views" on the country; liberals made no such charge, however, against the majority of the Court, which had committed an exercise of what Justice Byron White, in his dissent, called "raw judicial power."

There was a further irony in the Court's ruling. Precisely because the substantive issue of abortion aroused great moral passion, the procedural oddity of the decision attracted little notice. The Court had struck down the laws of all fifty states—not only the most restrictive, but even the most permissive. This was far more sweeping than its famous ruling in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, which affected the laws of only a dozen states, and had far more popular moral sentiment on its side.

In *Roe*, as opposed to *Brown*, the Court virtually held that every state legislature in the nation had acted in violation of the Constitution. This had a remarkable implication: it meant that none of the states had understood the original agreement among themselves. All had been acting inconsistently with the federal social contract without knowing it until, of course, the U.S. Supreme Court set them straight.

But that was not all. The Court's own constitutional qualms about legal restrictions on abortion were themselves a novelty. One would think there might have been earlier qualms—at the time the abortion laws were first passed in the nineteenth century, in legislative debates along the way, in scholarly articles in the law journals, in earlier lower-court rulings. But apparently there were none, ever. The abortion issue had been debated on its substantive merits, but never in terms of constitutionality.

So *Roe* in effect held not only that popular and legislative majorities had always been wrong, *but that no minority had ever been right.* That was the measure of the Court's arrogance. "Discovering," in its anfractuous way, a "right of privacy," which itself is nowhere explicit in the Constitution, the Court found the "right" to abortion in the "penumbra" of this phantom—and swept away a whole century of diverse legislation whose common denominator was a minimal regard for the personhood of unborn human beings.



If the subject had been less inflammatory than abortion—if, say, the Court had struck down the traffic laws of all fifty states—our primary attention would have been given to the formal absurdity of the Court's claim to have discerned the true meaning of the Constitution for the first time. *Roe* marked the pinnacle of the Court's assumption not so much of unique expertise as of oracular authority.

It might be supposed that the Constitution was singularly opaque, if its meaning could elude so many generations of citizens, legislators, scholars, and judges. And it might be wondered how the Court was able so suddenly to achieve true insight into that deeply hidden meaning. But although the Court's reasoning seemed dubious even to some liberal scholars who themselves favored legal abortion as a matter of public policy, the ruling stood. For like so many of the Court's flashes of constitutional vision, *Roe* happily coincided with the current liberal agenda, which mandated abortion on demand.

For a generation the Court implemented the liberal agenda on social policy in the name of preserving (or somehow "expanding") constitutional rights. It struck down legislation or simply dictated policy in the areas of public-school prayer, aid to private schools, racial segregation, police arrest procedures, legislative districting, pornography, birth control, and abortion. Apart from *Roe*, the Burger Court has generally avoided radical innovations, but it has generally conserved the radical innovations of its predecessors, qualifying some of them without contradicting any of them. This practice has only increased the public's confusion about the Court's role, but it has been purposeful: a Court that accused its predecessors of simple error would damage its own institutional authority, just as a pope who repealed a dogma defined by the previous pope would damage the authority of the papacy. From the Court's point of view, it is better strategy to pretend that the Court has maintained an overall consistency than to acknowledge that (to take the obvious example) the Warren Court bequeathed the nation a substantial body of bogus constitutional law.

What has made this mess possible? One factor is that the liberal community, so powerful in the academy and mass communications, has run interference for the Court as long as the Court has promoted the liberal agenda—especially those parts of the agenda that would have a hard time getting through the legislative process. Liberals in other branches of government have been happy to have the Court performing this service, thus sparing them the risks of advocating legal pornography and abortion before the voters. It is much easier for them to shrug that the "interpretation" of the Constitution is the Court's prerogative under the Constitution itself, and to tell angry constituents that it would be improper for the legislative branch to interfere with the independence of the judiciary.

In addition, Americans have become sadly ignorant of their own Constitution and abjectly deferential to the supposed expertise of the Court. They have accepted the judicial mystique and the crippling ground rules it imposes on them. Most of them are totally unaware that the Constitution was intended as a social contract to which any citizen might appeal, that their own ancestors regularly adverted to it in legislative debate, and that it is only recently that it has been supposed that the interpretation of the Constitution was the special preserve of the judicial branch of government.

But thanks to the judicial mystique, American self-government has been seriously eroded. Major changes in our way of life (the omnipresence of pornography is testimony enough) can now be imposed by a body of nine unelected officials, answerable to nobody. Not only is the Court spared the necessity of facing either the voters or a reappointment proceeding: its members are nearly unremovable. The so-called "checks and balances" hardly inhibit it at all, since few citizens, even among conservatives, have the stomach for impeachment proceedings against an individual Justice, let alone against a majority of the Court. There are no day-to-day mechanisms for correcting the Court's errors, real or perceived, corresponding to the veto or the votes to override that enable the executive and legislative branches to control each other's individual acts. Far from having "separate and equal" status with the other two branches, the Court enjoys a kind of superiority, even supremacy.

Congress, it is true, can limit the Court's appellate jurisdiction, but this too is an emergency measure it is properly reluctant to invoke. Besides, as I already said, the Court's course has served interests shared, openly or furtively, by many congressmen and senators: by a gentleman's agreement, the Court has done the dirty work of the liberal agenda.

The Framers of the Constitution envisioned a far more modest role for the Court. In the *Federalist*, Publius assures us that the judiciary will be "the least dangerous" of the three branches of the Federal Government, since it is to have "neither FORCE nor WILL, but merely judgment." But times have changed. Thanks to the principle of *stare decisis* (the authority of judicial precedent), Supreme Court rulings can be undone only by the equally unlikely means of self-reversal or constitutional amendment. A ruling therefore has nearly the force of a constitutional amendment, since lower courts are obliged to follow it. It is still sometimes objected that *stare decisis*, a sound principle of common law, is inappropriate to constitutional law, as Publius would probably agree, since it gives a ruling the character of will and makes the Court's reasoning ("judgment") secondary or irrelevant. It identifies the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution with the Constitution itself, and obliges lower courts to defer to the High Court's interpretation rather than do their own reasoning. *Stare decisis*, in short, gives the Supreme Court something more than "judgment," and also deprives other parts of the judiciary of the same judgment that Publius tells us belongs to them too.

Publius even implies that the executive branch is within its rights to refuse to enforce a dubious ruling by the Court. In soothing apprehensions of judicial power, he points out that the judiciary not only lacks real power itself but "must ultimately depend upon the aid of the executive arm even for the efficacy of its judgments." He could hardly have meant that the executive arm would be acting improperly if it refused, as Andrew Jackson later did, to implement a Supreme Court decision.

Something else has happened to enlarge the Court's power, which Publius could not have foreseen. Since 1925, the Court has used a dubious interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment to "incorporate" the Bill of Rights into state constitutions. In a progressive and piecemeal way, it has held that the states are bound as much as Congress to observe the separation of church and state (though this is not a personal right), the free exercise of religion, the freedom of speech and of the press, the privilege against self-incrimination, and so forth. (It is an interesting anomaly—and a tip-off to the ideological motivation of the "incorporation" process—that the Court has not required the states to respect the right to keep and bear arms.)

By means of the incorporation doctrine, the Court has assumed a wide power to strike down state and local legislation. And in fact it strikes down state and local laws about a hundred times as often as federal legislation. (This is another tip-off: the states, unlike Congress, have no ready means of striking back at the Court even if they want to.)

And so the Supreme Court, conceived originally as a *check* on federal expansion, has turned judicial review into an *instrument* of federal expansion. Since the New Deal especially, the Court has materially assisted the centralization of power and the weakening of the original federal system. Publius would be aghast.

Furthermore, though the fact is seldom noticed, the Court's recent career is even more remarkable for the federal legislation it has let pass than for the state and local laws it has struck down. The clear implication of Article I, Section 8, in conjunction with the Tenth Amendment, is that Congress is essentially limited to the powers explicitly conferred on it in the Constitution—or why enumerate them? The meaning of the Tenth Amendment has been debated endlessly (and there is some room for latitude on the question whether Congress can be strictly limited to its explicit powers), but it is unreasonable to suppose that Congress was to be able to assume new powers at its pleasure. Publius, after all, points out that the powers of Congress are "few and defined," while the powers remaining to the states are "numerous and indefinite." Yet the selective inaction of the "activist" Court has made the Tenth Amendment nearly a dead letter. Congress now legislates about anything it is in the mood to legislate about.

This means that the original federal system is now in ruins. The Tenth Amendment was more than an afterthought; in fact it is logically prior to the first eight amendments. (Willmoore Kendall described the First Amendment as nothing more than the Tenth Amendment as applied specifically to the areas of religion and speech.)

It is worth recalling Publius's apprehensions about the Bill of Rights. He argued that a bill of rights might be necessary under a monarchy or despotic form of government, in which the powers of the state were general and unlimited, and freedom could only be achieved by specifying a few exceptions to this power. But under a free government, which had only such powers as were explicitly conferred on it by the people, freedom was the rule and those powers were the exception. If the government had no authority to regulate the press, he argued, it was superfluous to stipulate that the government must respect the freedom of the press: "For why declare that things shall not be done which there is no power to do?" Such rights would confuse people about the basic presumption that the government did *not* have a general and unlimited power, by implying that it did.

Such objections were taken seriously, and the Ninth and Tenth Amendments were framed to meet them. As Kendall says, the Tenth contains in miniature the whole theory of the Constitution. Its desuetude is a constitutional calamity. The Federal Government now has a general and unlimited power, to which the Bill of Rights offers only a handful of exceptions. Under the original plan, the creation of a socialist regime in Washington would have been impossible; now it can be voted, or smuggled, into existence.

Most Americans have only a vague knowledge of the Constitution, and they tend to identify it with a few provisions in the Bill of Rights as construed by liberal Justices and publicists. The liberal interpretation is so thoroughly established that even a Justice as conservative as William Rehnquist can't challenge it except in a few details. No reform is possible without a virtual renaissance of constitutional understanding. To put the problem in a few words, the Constitution is now widely identified with its corruptions.

But all is not lost. Scholarship has made inroads against the liberal misconstructions, and even some liberal scholars, including Leonard Levy and Raoul Berger, have helped recover the intentions of the Framers. Levy has found that the Framers conceived the freedom of speech far more narrowly than Justices Black and Douglas did; Robert Cord has found the liberal Court's understanding of religious establishment equally unhistorical. Berger has shown beyond any serious question that the liberal Court has played fast and loose with the Fourteenth Amendment. And in general the realization is spreading that the liberal interpretation of the Constitution has been profoundly anachronistic.

Even so, there are still those who insist, when all else fails, that the intentions of the Framers are irrelevant. Levy himself attacked Berger's book on the Fourteenth Amendment, accusing Berger of desiring to be ruled by "the dead hand of the past." The usual ploy is to say that the Constitution, that marvelous thing, is "a living document."

The purpose of such evasions is to license the judiciary to exercise its will, rather than the "judgment" contemplated by the Framers. It is essential to the rule of law that law be predictable. But it is equally essential to the liberal agenda that the Justices be free to rule capriciously, to "expand" our rights, to "broaden" our protections, to "discover" new implications in the "penumbra" of our established liberties. The judiciary's great achievement in our time has been to turn the great and permanent charter of American government into an instrument of utterly unpredictable inventions. Justice William O. Douglas even confessed that he would rather create a precedent than find one; he said that his opinions were guided by his "gut." Given all this, it is not too surprising that nobody knows what our supposedly "fundamental" law is going to mean tomorrow.

And yet we are constantly being congratulated (by liberalism, of course) on our gains under the new regime, which is both wonderfully liberated from the dead hand of the past and yet somehow endowed with the spirit of the Framers. Most Americans, including highly educated ones, don't appreciate the federal system well enough to appreciate the real loss involved in this supposed gain. They fail to see the way the federal structure supports liberty and therefore fail to see the loss of liberty entailed in the dissolution of that structure and in the federal arrogation of nearly total power.

This has important practical consequences. The level of federal spending, our oppressive tax rates, and our constant budget crises all flow from the removal of effective limits on federal power. Most of the money spent by the Federal Government is appropriated for purposes ("social programs," as they are called—a phrase incongruous with the language of the Framers) that have no positive authorization in Article I of the Constitution. Publius would say that Congress is constantly acting *ultra vires*. Having forsaken constitutional limitations on congressional power, we are forced to fight difficult battles against its greed and profligacy, most of which we are doomed to lose. Our "budget crises" are really only an aspect of a protracted constitutional crisis.

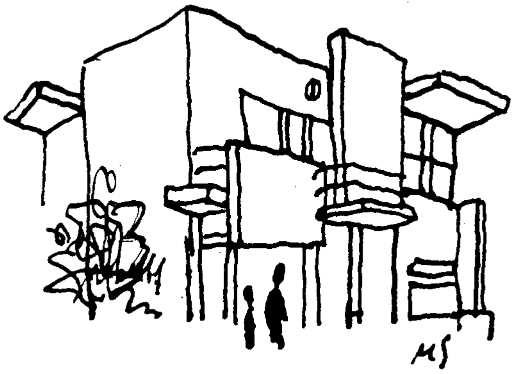
What is worse than popular ignorance of the Constitution itself is the simple surrender of common sense. If people remembered what they were taught in school, they would realize that the Constitution is an instrument of popular self-government, and not the proper possession of technicians, specialists, and mystagogues. They would know, for instance, that the freedom of speech was never supposed to include hard-core pornography and topless dancing. But we are so used to deferring to accredited experts in every walk of life that it is only natural, in a baneful way, that we should entrust our self-government to someone else.

In the most famous number of the *Federalist*—No. 10—Publius considers the commonest fault of popular government: its propensity to "the violence of faction," or what we would call special-interest politics. Some have managed to read this paper as an actual celebration of special-interest politics, though Publius calls it "this dangerous vice." His ideal is the "enlightened statesman" who is actuated by "patriotism" and devotion to "the public good." But he knows human nature too well to rely exclusively on "moral [and] religious motives."

He therefore argues that the constitutional plan is designed to filter out the influence of special interests in various ways, so that the system will tend, in its legislation, to express "the deliberate sense" of the nation, rather than the "passions" and "interests" of factions. The design is a subtle one: though it allows for majority rule, it is also so constructed as to produce rule by a certain *kind* of majority, as Kendall keenly puts it. This is a large-minded majority, a public-spirited majority, a body united not by narrow interests but by loftier considerations. Far from trying to construct a sort of legislative contraption that will automatically produce good results by letting one faction cancel out another, Publius thinks that the Philadelphia plan, which "presupposes" certain estimable "qualities in human nature," will tend to elicit patriotic rather than factional motives in citizens.

It is from this point of view that we should regard the passages on judicial review in No. 78. Publius there denies that judicial review implies "a superiority of the judicial to the legislative power." It means, rather, that "the power of the people is superior to both." But "the people" in this case is the people who have framed their Constitution as their fundamental law. This people, we might say, is an abiding majority, a permanent majority, whose constitutional consensus is superior to any momentary act of a current majority in the legislature. And so, when a court finds that a legislative act is inconsistent with the greater law that "We, the People," have ordained, the court, in striking down that act, is not expressing its own will, but deciding in favor of the abiding majority against the current majority. In this sense, judicial review is one more safeguard against "faction."

Unfortunately, the two-party system is to a great extent the triumph of faction over the Philadelphia plan. Because the Supreme Court since Roosevelt has been largely a complaisant accomplice of special-interest politics, we are burdened with a huge body of laws and concomitant taxes that embody "the violence of faction."



The Court itself has been motivated by a factional passion: liberalism. But by ascribing liberal ideology to the Constitution itself, the Court has escaped due censure for promoting its own narrow interests. The Court's traditional role, combined with the recent Court's hypocritical rhetoric, has sustained the fiction that this Court, in striking down old laws regarding (for instance) pornography and abortion, is opposing a current majority on behalf of the abiding majority. But this is the reverse of the truth: the Court has been representing not the abiding majority, but a current *minority*, the liberal minority.

Liberalism has succeeded in perverting the judiciary in order to impose its will on the majority. Since many parts of its agenda could never have mustered a majority in their favor, it has adopted the insidious strategy of identifying its agenda with "constitutional values." As the record shows, this strategy at least deserves high marks for cunning.

But nobody should be fooled. The Court "discovered" these values in the Constitution at just the same time the organs of liberal propaganda were pushing them, and those Justices who dominated the Court at the peak of its liberalism—William O. Douglas, Hugo Black, William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall—were also, in their personal lives, passionate advocates of liberal causes. They were promoting their own policy preferences when they pretended to be reading the Constitution, and they got away with it. Their bad history and bad logic have been copiously exposed; their bad legacy remains in the body of constitutional law, and we are left to cope with it as we may.

If we set aside the merits of the abortion issue itself, *Roe* v. *Wade* stands as an especially clear case of the Court's imposing a novel minority agenda, a liberal fad, under the pretense of pursuing the intimations of the Constitution itself. I repeat: *constitutional* objections were practically never heard in America until the advocates of legal abortion decided on the strategy of smuggling their cause into law via the judiciary. Then the Court obligingly "discovered" in the Constitution what had never before been suspected of residing there: a right to abort. In order to do this, the Court had to pretend that every legislature that had ever considered the issue had misunderstood the Constitution, and it had to be able to count on widespread passivity before its usurpations of power. It was able to do both.

By such devices the Court performs an innovative role while it affects to perform a conservative one. It enlists our reverence for the Constitution in order to make us indiscriminately deferential to the Constitution's current interpreters. In a final inversion of the original constitutional plan, the modern Court has FORCE and WILL, but not judgment. The perversion of the judicial branch marks a pretty complete triumph of factional politics over the kind of republican government envisioned by the generation of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Madison.

X. PROSPECTS

Conservatives now find themselves up against some conservative instincts that have become attached to the socialist status quo

SOLZHENITSYN tells us that the *zeks* of the Gulag came to love the place of their confinement; some long-term prisoners prefer staying in prison to resuming their old freedom. Affection can take root anywhere.

And this is natural. Most people are not disposed to rebel against their circumstances. They tend to accept as legitimate whatever they are used to. The signers of the Declaration of Independence adopted an apologetic attitude not toward George III, but toward "mankind," whose "decent opinion" they respected and owed an explanation for a radical act; thereby showing that they were not, at bottom, radicals in the current sense.

People are naturally conservative—not in holding certain definite doctrines, but in realizing that the things they intend to do with their lives depend on continuity and predictability. Overt political conservatism may or may not emerge from this realization. On the other hand, temperamental conservatism may incline them to hold unreflectively to the status quo, even if, in the long run, the currently prevailing political forces are destructive of the permanent conditions of social health.

What I call the Alienist regime therefore enjoys the support of some conservative instincts, and the conservative, "alienated" in his own way from this regime, has to do his own kind of "consciousness-raising," unmasking and exposing the status quo. His task is to show the "natural" conservative the necessity for a dose of radicalism, in the short term, for the sake of ultimate preservation of a way of life.

He has to convince his instinctively conservative friend of several things. That property rights are not a vehicle of greed, but an *impediment* to greed, a greed seldom recognized as greed: the greed of the limitless state. That the family is menaced by evils that are proffered in the guises of assistance and freedom. That religion is not really free when it is confined to a shrinking residue of private activity. That the nation is threatened both internally and externally by the socialist principle of a totally politicized social order. That a whole way of life is being undermined by people who should be its guardians, such as the majority of the Supreme Court.

One of the difficulties the conscious conservative faces is that all of us have become habituated to the Alienist perspective. When we talk about school prayer, abortion, capital punishment, or poverty, we make the rule by the exception. The old maxim has it that hard cases make bad law; but we make so much of our law by focusing exclusively on the hard case. What about the child who doesn't want to pray? the girl pregnant by her own father? the innocent man convicted of a capital crime? the man who simply can't find a decent job?

These considerations are neither outlandish nor illegitimate. They deserve to be taken into account. But only *after* we have decided the primary considerations: whether public-school prayer is essentially a good thing, whether abortion is right or wrong, whether capital punishment is justified, whether it is right to deprive some people of their earnings for the benefit of others. The rule of law must not be distorted in such a way as to undermine the normal energies that keep society, in all its complexity, working healthily.

Not long ago the conservative perspective could be plausibly dismissed as "extreme." It has turned out to be prophetic. The average American increasingly sees that the Alienist impulse, as expressed in the liberal agenda, has been destructive and sometimes disastrous. Government based on "social consciousness" has turned out to be the enemy not only of individual freedom but also of socially cohesive institutions, especially the home and the church. Despite its slogans of "cooperation, not competition," the liberal regime has fostered bitter political conflict over the wealth it has put up for grabs—while discouraging the production of wealth.

"To make us love our country," says Burke, "our country ought to be lovely." Our country is still lovely in myriad ways, from its natural splendors to the spontaneous good manners of its citizens in their little daily transactions. But its uglier features—violence and crassness—have been worsened by a generation of misconceived social policies and bogus civil liberties. Liberalism's promise of a "Great Society" has not been kept; it has become a sour joke.

America is unique, but we should not make too much of its uniqueness. In the long run we love our country for the same reasons any man loves his country—not for things that can be bragged about, but for things that can hardly be communicated, and are understood by outsiders mostly by analogy with their own patriotic affections. You communicate your love for your mother not by expatiating on your mother's singular virtues, still less by calling her the Great Mother, but simply by using the word "mother." Every man born of woman will understand. Well, almost every man. There is always the occasional misfit who is alienated from his mother, or who thinks that motherhood is outmoded. But it is wisest to direct the conversation to the others.

Silent partners in world health

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years. If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. More often, the industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates working together to improve public health in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

Pfizer is pleased to have been a partner in helping to reduce the hazards of one of the world's more widespread health problems. Pfizer is also pleased to be working on other solutions to similar health problems around the world.

Pfizer PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE

BOOKS: TEN NR GREATS

RICHARD BROOKHISER

JAMES BURNHAM: A HARD MAN TO SNOOKER

A MAN WILL live in thoughtless hope, until some crisis comes along. But after the first shock subsides, he lives on, and, if he is young enough, he finds by thought or will some reason to hope again. But what happens when the new hope vanishes?

The great shock to the mind of Europe in the twentieth century was the First World War. "A whole empire walking very slowly, dying in front and pushing forward behind," F. Scott Fitzgerald described trench warfare. "And another empire walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rugs." In America, the later, lesser shock was the Depression. For James Burnham, thirtyish professor of philosophy at New York University, the hope—maybe, given his temperament, it would be better to say, the project—was Communism: specifically, the theories and analyses of the followers of Leon Trotsky.

Even as a believer, he maintained a certain reserve. Irving Kristol remembers, from his days as a young radical, one Trotskyist meeting lasting two days at which only four people spoke. "The most succinct presentation, by James Burnham, lasted only two hours and caused many of those present to question his 'seriousness.'" With the Hitler-Stalin pact, and Trotsky's qualified defense of it, Burnham left his last hope behind, abandoning "seriousness" for a lifelong effort to be truly serious.

His political books, all written after his break, fall into three periods. *The Managerial Revolution* (1941) and *The Machiavellians* (1943) offer broad outlines—the first, of the crisis of the twentieth century; the second, of political behavior in all times and places. The influence of radicalism, and of the academy, is still upon them, but they fit no conventional categories of conservative thought. They also make icy and impudent reading (*The Managerial Revolution*, for a book of its type, was both successful and influential. George Orwell, the socialist journalist, deplored its somber tone. George Orwell, the creative artist, adopted its conclusions—and made them ten times more somber—as the premises of the nightmare world of *1984*). From 1947 to 1954, there was a spate of books—*The Struggle for the World*, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, *Containment or Liberation?*, *The Web of Subversion*—all of them focused on Communism: the unacademic variety, militant and threatening. It was a fluid time ideologically. Burnham was moving right, but so, in some respects, was the Left. Hubert Humphrey (with the help of spear-carriers like the young Walter Mondale) threw the Communists out of the Minnesota Democratic Farmer-Labor Party. The *Progressive*'s favorite Republican in the 1944 presidential primaries had been Douglas MacArthur. Burnham's books were reviewed everywhere that counted; he was intimate with the back-scratching, tail-sniffing set of New York intelligentsia. In his final, explicitly conservative phase—*Congress and the American Tradition* (1959), *Suicide of the West* (1964), *The War We Are In* (1967)—he lost all that, in part as punishment for unacceptable opinions (Burnham had condemned the anti-McCarthy counter-witchhunt), in part because history, having

There are lots of signs the travel industry is booming.

SHERATON
Sheraton
Sheraton
The hospitality people of ITT
SHERATON
SHERATON
The hospitality people of ITT
SHERATON
The hospitality people of ITT
Sheraton

Since travel and tourism are among the world's fastest-growing industries, Sheraton's new hotels are timely, to say the least.

In just the last five years, the familiar Sheraton "S" has gone up at 203 new addresses, including the spectacular Great Wall Sheraton Hotel Beijing.

This represents quite an investment. To give you an idea, nearly $5 billion has been spent during this period on new and remodeled Sheratons.

The result is, we're uniquely poised in the travel market. With more new hotels worldwide than any other luxury chain.

Sheraton is an important part of ITT—and an excellent example of what our corporation is all about these days.

Increasingly, we've been concentrating on industries and services that show unusual promise.

Quite naturally, some of these involve high technology, where ITT has obvious strengths.

But we see lots of opportunities farther afield too—as you can tell from some of our new Sheraton locations.

Want to know more about ITT? Phone toll free 1-800-DIAL-ITT for a continuously updated message.

ITT

It's a different world today.

© 1985 ITT Corporation, 320 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022, U.S.A.

taken the turns it did, left little to say, or at least little that needed to be said in books. For the better part of three decades, Burnham monitored events, every week or fortnight, first for the *Freeman*, then for NATIONAL REVIEW.

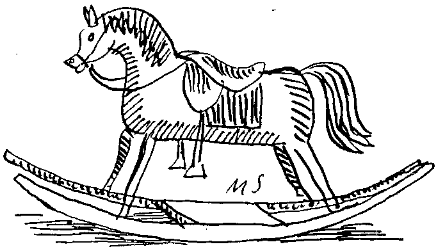
The chief constant, in all these periods, was the determination not to be snookered. It informed Burnham's tone of voice—a touch dry, a touch aloof (maddeningly so, to his antagonists). When stupidity was great, the tone could become ferocious. "What are we to make of the words in these several quotations?" he begins, innocently enough, on the 1932 Democratic Platform in *The Machiavellians*. "They would be easy enough to explain if we could assume that the men who wrote them were just liars, deliberately trying to deceive the people. There is, however, no convincing evidence that would permit us to draw so cynical a conclusion. Are we to believe, then, that they were utterly stupid . . . ?" At times, Burnham seemed to take pleasure in staring into the abyss, so much so that readers accused him of admiring his enemies. Burnham's "much-discussed essay, 'Lenin's Heir,'" clucked Orwell, "which was a dissertation—a rhapsody, rather—on the strength, cunning, and cruelty of Stalin, could be interpreted as expressing either approval or disapproval. I myself took it to be an expression of approval, though of a rather horrified kind." To the extent that Burnham's enemies were clear-sighted, he surely did admire them.

As a result of his skepticism, Burnham forfeited many of the principles of the Right, as well as those of the Left. God, for instance. "In the first place," he wrote of Dante's politics in *The Machiavellians*, "we may note that the ultimate goal (eternal salvation in Heaven) . . . must be judged in the strictest sense impossible, since there is no such place as Heaven." In the Henry Regnery reprint, 19 years later, this had been softened (tactfully?) to ". . . since Heaven exists, if at all, outside of space and time, and can therefore have no bearing on political action." He also forsook the religion of the Invisible Hand. "Having come to know something of the gigantic ideology of Bolshevism," he wrote in the preface to the Regnery *Machiavellians*, "I knew that I was not going to be able to settle for the pygmy ideologies of liberalism, social democracy, refurbished laissez-faire, or the inverted, cut-rate Bolshevism called 'fascism.'"

There were nevertheless moments (there had to be, or the acid would have destroyed the vessel) when he put aside criticism and analysis, and stated frankly what he was for. It turned out, surprisingly, to be simple human freedom.

> One afternoon of the heat wave of August 1949, we were driving southwest from Detroit, past the Willow Run plant, just as the shift had ended. Out of the wide entrance of the plant yards, the cars of the workers—workers, not bosses—came rushing by the hundreds, and swinging onto the highway. Were they more miserable because a great machine, under their control, was taking them where they wanted to go, and because they were not trudging dustily on foot or swarming into dirty trams toward miserable rooms without light or baths? Twenty-five miles further on, we turned off into a state park of trees and small hills. We saw ahead, again, many hundreds of cars, many of them the same that had come from the plant a little earlier, but now stopped. Beyond them were dozens of acres of wooded grounds, with tables, benches, stone fireplaces, and heavy iron charcoal grills placed on iron posts . . . It was beginning to darken, and the reddened charcoal in the grills gleamed among the trees like lampposts. At the tables, hundreds of families—of workers and clerks and stenographers—were finishing their steaks and hamburgers and hot dogs, and Cokes and beers. Beyond them was a large lake; and there hundreds more were swimming, laughing, diving, shouting . . . [*The Coming Defeat of Communism*].

Though the tone is different, this is still a typical Burnham passage: resolutely concrete, without metaphor or abstraction, stripped of any words or ideas that might take on lives of their own and, in so doing, curtail the mundane goods it describes. It is also, significantly, a description of an American scene. For Burnham came to see the United States as the best defense of freedom in the modern world. And so America became another of his few commitments. "It may be that the darkness of great tragedy will bring to a quick end the short, bright history of the United States—for there is enough truth in the dream of the New World to make the action tragic" (*The Struggle for the World*).



He had concluded, in his first two books, that freedom was a rare and elusive thing, as apt to be betrayed by its professed defenders as by its declared enemies. Freedom might exist on the margins of the managerial state, or appear as a by-product of the circulation of elites. Within the American system, he found the guarantee of freedom in constitutional tension—within Congress, and between Congress and the other branches of government. For the battlefield of the world, he proposed a radical, aggressive strategy. His clutch of anti-Communist books constitutes a critique of containment, which Burnham predicted (correctly) would turn out to be tactically passive and psychologically debilitating. "Will the citizens of the Western nations die willingly for the sake of running all over the earth to put out fires started by a gang of arsonists who are declared in advance to be immune in their own persons?" (*Containment or Liberation?*). The turning point was 1956. Hungary made counterattacks in Eurasia inconceivable; after Imre Nagy, Dubcek and Walesa would have to act on their own, and they knew it. So did Burnham. America had chosen the long, and perhaps losing, game, and he pitched his advice accordingly. *If there's no alternative*, as he liked to say (that tone again), *there's no problem*.

He made miscalculations, of course, the greatest being his insistence, in the late Fifties, that the Sino-Soviet split was a sham. Perhaps lingering Trotskyist reflexes clouded his judgment. It may also be that his thought does not finally explain why we should bother. Men enjoy their freedoms, and ideologues deceive themselves: These statements, though true, are not ultimates (suppose we decide that what men want is irrelevant? or that certain illusions are preferable to reality?).

Other conservative thinkers have addressed these questions. None worked, day in, day out, as carefully, as selflessly, as James Burnham. In a company of hams, he had no trace of a prima donna. In my brief professional career, I have never had an editor who worked as meticulously word for word, while at the same time respecting the shape of the thought I was fumbling to express. A colleague, who has known him twice as long as I have, in 15 years heard him say only one bitter thing. America had just negotiated away Rhodesia, or was it Vietnam? "There are times," he said, "when you have to betray your friends"—the Burnham touch—"but you don't have to do it with all this garbage about peace and democracy." □

GEORGE F. WILL

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS: UP A WINDING STAIRCASE

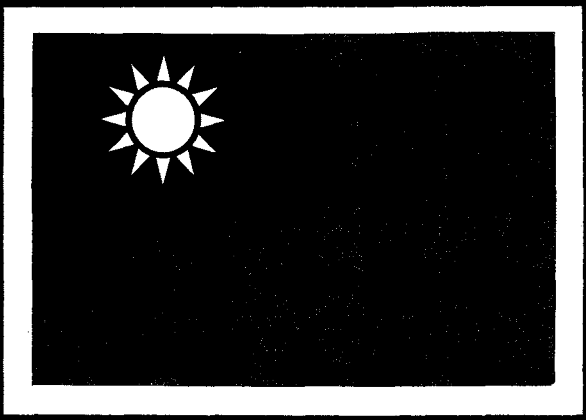
Time was when the reading public was an avid consumer of travel books. Such books, including many of distinction, are of course still written and read. But travel literature is a genre more marginal than it was before the speed and ease of travel, and the increase of discretionary income, democratized access to the experience of travel.

And yet, perhaps I will not seem perverse if I suggest a broadening of the category of "travel literature." I propose, not at all playfully, that in this terrible century the category should be capacious enough to include one of the dozen or so indispensable books of the century. The book is *Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers.

It is a travel book in this sense: Chambers went somewhere that few of us have been. He took a horrible and dangerous journey and returned to tell about it. The terribleness of it lost nothing in his telling. Indeed, he made it so vivid that some other people undoubtedly were saved from the mistake of making a similar journey of the soul. Chambers was like John Bunyan, in two ways. Vocationally—and I mean he had a *vocation*, in the sense in which that term is used in religious discourse—he was a writer. And temperamentally he was a pilgrim. He was valiant for truth.

He was a lifelong outsider. In a century in which the comfortable pose of "alienation" has been fashionable and remunerative, Chambers was painfully lonely in his traveling. He had a way of standing apart, of being somehow detached even while being, as he invariably was, passionate. He was passionately detached even during his temporary enlistment in the "vanguard of History."

Late in life he found an extended family, of sorts, in the NATIONAL REVIEW community. And in 1984 the



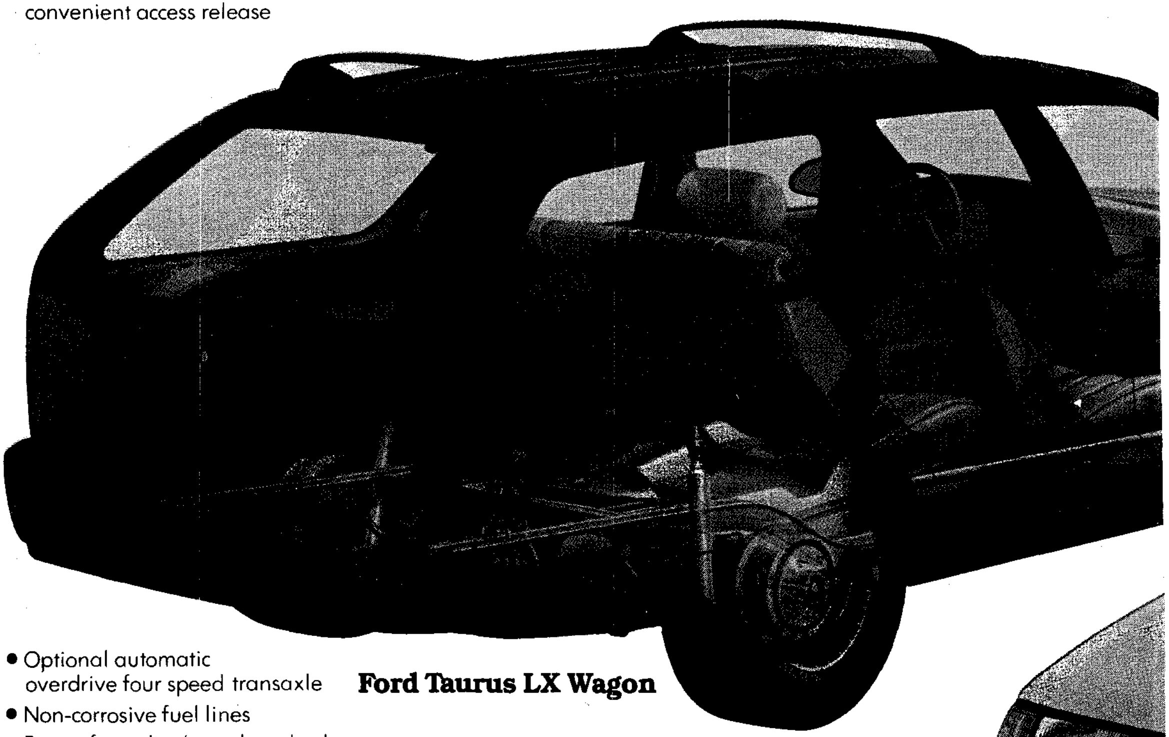
Congratulations
on
NATIONAL REVIEW'S
30th
Anniversary

Greetings from
REPUBLIC
OF CHINA
ON TAIWAN

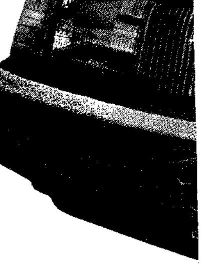
A Preview of Ford Tauru
New Standards of Automotiv

The new Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable contain over 300 engineering details design
to answer the American Driver's call for higher quality. They set new standards for si
passenger roominess and comfort. And new standards in their engines, their transm

- Unique rear suspension in station wagons for maximum cargo capacity
- Optional integral station wagon picnic tray
- Station wagon load floor tie downs
- Two way liftgate on station wagon
- Aerodynamically designed corrosion resistant station wagon luggage rack
- Easy access lockable under floor storage compartment on station wagon
- Station wagon 60/40 rear seat back with convenient access release
- Aerodynamic flush glass all around for less wind noise
- Long windshield blades and large spray pattern
- Convenient single key for door and ignition
- Optional Insta-Clear® windshield for quick clearing of ice or frost
- Loss-proof tethered gas cap



Ford Taurus LX Wagon



- Optional automatic overdrive four speed transaxle
- Non-corrosive fuel lines
- Power front disc/rear drum brakes
- Front wheel drive with advanced four wheel fully independent suspension
- Long life nitrogen gas pressurized shocks and struts
- Extensive Corrosion Protection, including lower bodyside protection
- Stainless Steel muffler and exhaust system—standard with 3.0L V-6 engine
- "Lubed for life" suspension and steering components
- Permanent set front alignment (caster & camber)
- Power rack-and-pinion linear steering
- Conveniently located swing-down fuse box with extra fuses
- Low brake fluid-warning light
- 5 MPH polycarbonate corrosion free, scuff resistant bumpers
- Aerodynamic halogen headlamps
- All season tread steel-belted radial ply tires
- Illuminated safety designed front door trim panel and rear door reflectors
- Clearcoat over metallic paint option
- Front and rear door courtesy lights
- One-piece shingled doors seal for easier closing

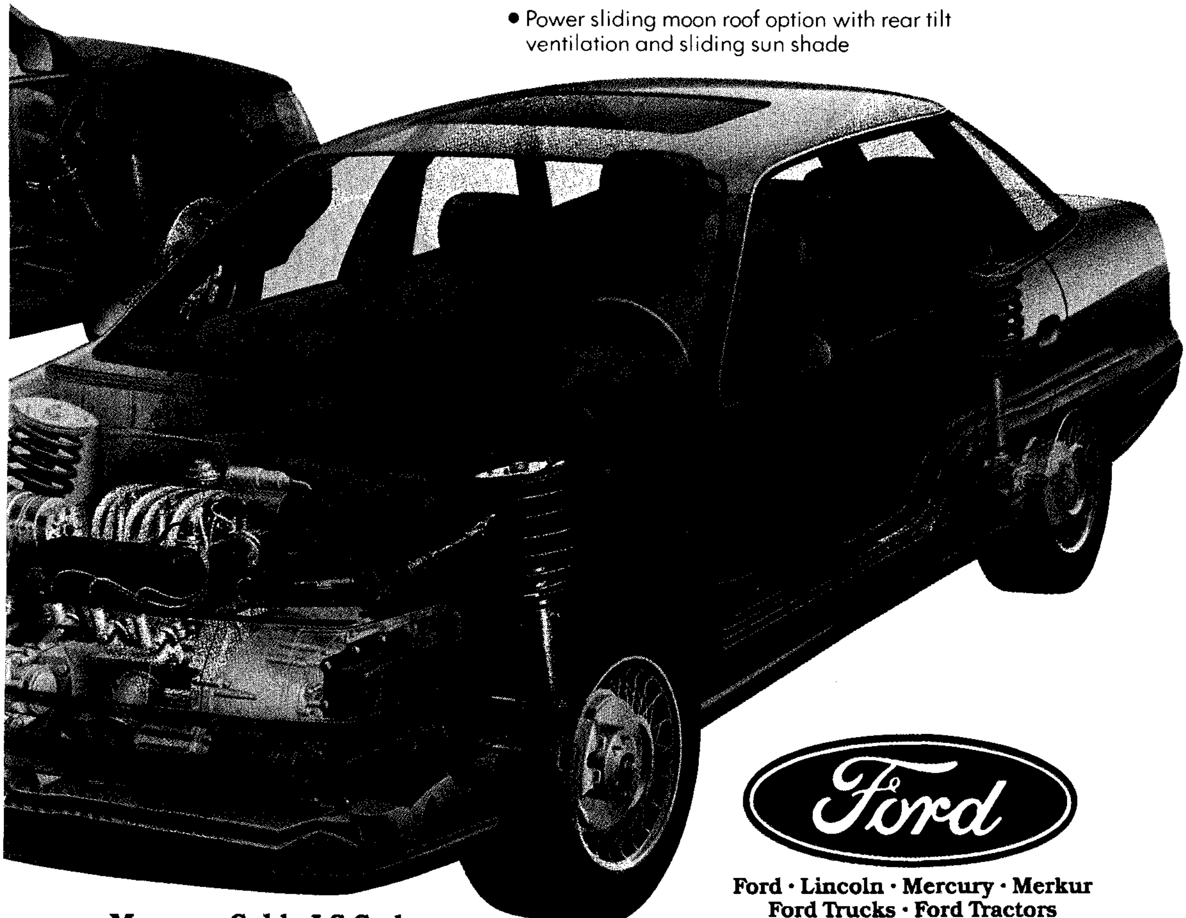
Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

nd Mercury Sable: uality from the inside out.

ons, their suspensions. Part-by-part, feature-by-feature, Ford Taurus and Mercury able have been designed from the inside out to be the best cars we've ever made. hey'll be available at Ford and Lincoln Mercury dealer showrooms in late December.

.5L HSC 4-cylinder fuel injected engine
.0L EFI multiple port injected V-6 engine
ost advanced electronic engine controls EC IV) with "memory"
ydraulic engine dampers contributing to a omfortable and quiet ride
ellow highlighted underhood, "self-check" eatures
asy-open hood with gas cylinder hood ssist struts
asy-check" see-through fluid reservoirs
dividual "shut-off" climate control registers
omfortable driver's left footrest, with larger ccelerator pedal

- Self adjusting throttle controls
- All-new electronic search radio (optional on Taurus L)
- Power door and window switches for touch identification for "eyes on road" operation
- 100,000 mile tested seat design
- Ergonomically designed instruments, controls and gauges
- Floor angled and front seat tracks spaced for rear passenger foot comfort
- Rear seat heat ducts (standard except Taurus L)
- Wide vertical seat track release bar for easy seat adjustment
- Back-supported power lumbar option
- One hand operation for seat belts
- Power sliding moon roof option with rear tilt ventilation and sliding sun shade



Mercury Sable LS Sedan

Ford

Ford • Lincoln • Mercury • Merkur
Ford Trucks • Ford Tractors

Quality is Job 1.

outsider became an insider. He was taken inside the nation's pantheon, with the posthumous awarding of the Medal of Freedom.

In awarding the medal to Chambers, President Reagan showed a loyalty and pugnacity that became him well. His loyalty was to one of the profoundest passions of American conservatism. His pugnacity was toward the cultural forces that disdained Chambers and rallied round his adversary, Alger Hiss.

Scholarship has vindicated the jury that convicted Hiss of perjury. (Hiss would have been tried for committing espionage when he was a diplomat and Chambers was a Soviet agent, but the statute of limitations had run out.) Nevertheless, Hiss—how he must have tasted ashes the day Chambers's son accepted the Medal of Freedom—has led a life of enigmatic fanaticism. He has stuck to his shredded story.

The life of the Hiss cause is a study in intellectual corruption. Never has so much ingenuity been invested in a cause as futile and often cynical as the campaign to assert Hiss's innocence. The investment has been made by people who rushed to judgment on his behalf, embracing him as an emblem of the innocence of any "idealism" on the Left. His supporters regarded his "persecution" as vindication of their anti-anti-Communism.

Chambers's life illustrated the axiom that all rising is by a winding staircase. His tortured journey was from Left to Right, from the most sectarian politics, Communism, to a nondenominational Christianity; from the shadows of conspiracy to the spotlight of public controversy. He was a man of urbanity whose final years were spent with his wife in rural solitude.

It is a terrible thing to be treated as an abstraction. Both Hiss and Chambers were so treated when they came to be considered—by a narcissistic minority of a generation—as symbols of an entire generation's divisions.

Hiss was Harvard Law, an aide to Justice Holmes, a member of a Boston law firm with the name of Choate in its title, and a successful diplomat. At the time of his fall, when he swore he had never known Chambers, he was head of the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace. Tall, thin, well-tailored, and elegant in manner, he was, to those who imprudently sprang to his defense, a symbol of cosmopolitanism under siege from Yahoos.

Chambers was portly and rumpled, with a disreputable past and too much intensity for a drawing room; his inelegance was complete. But he had two advantages: the truth, and Hiss's ruinous arrogance in a bluff that Chambers called. Chambers's victory was, however, costly. It has been said that intellectual hatred is the most vicious. Torrents of it were directed against Chambers because discrediting him was considered useful to the political agenda of establishing America's paranoia and Russia's innocence.

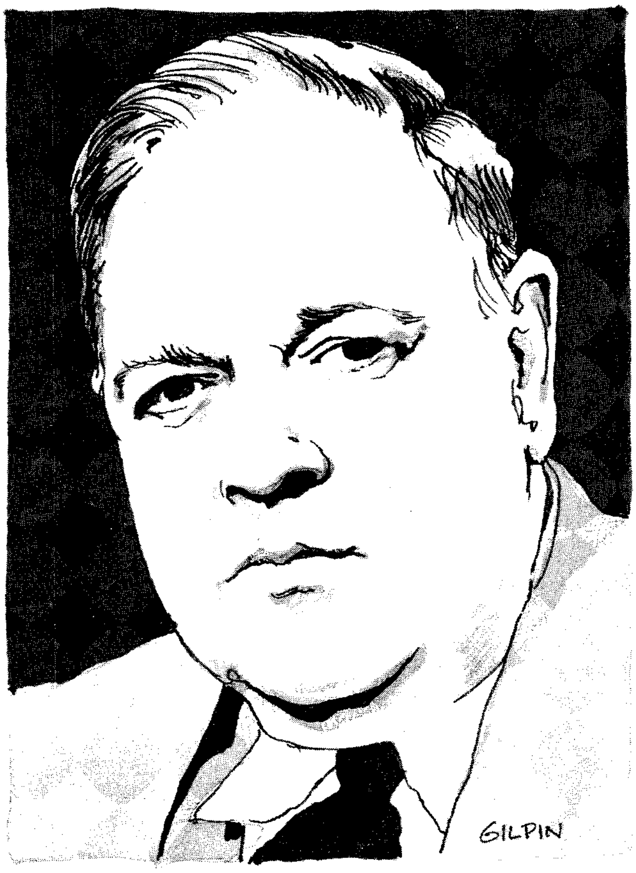
As a young man, Chambers worshipped a God that failed, the myth of collective salvation through political action. His lasting legacy, indeed his triumph, was a solitary thing, an act of sustained introspection. His extraordinary memoir, *Witness*, is, although the product of a quite different temperament, comparable in depth and power to the memoir of another American with the power to sum up his epoch: *The Education of Henry Adams.*

Chambers's magnificent prose is at times too charged with passion for contemporary sensibilities. Adams is less unsettling. Adams's pain was a product of an incurable sense of emotional disconnection from his times. Chambers's prose of pain, almost rising to poetry, derived from the twentieth-century disease of misplaced engagement, and the brave care of wrenching disengagement.

Witness was published in 1952, when another American was beginning a political journey less dramatic but, in its outcome, momentous. Ronald Reagan read *Witness* and, thirty years later, could quote the passage describing an epiphany. It was the passage where Chambers tells of contemplating the delicate convolutions in his daughter's ear and saying: No, this dazzling commonplace is not the result of chance aggregation of atoms; it requires design, and that means God.

Chambers writes about another person's awakening from dogmatic slumbers. A German diplomat in Moscow had been well disposed toward the Communists, until one night. The diplomat's daughter recalled it in what Chambers described as five annihilating words: "One night he heard screams." The great political literature of our time, from Orwell and Koestler and Chambers through Solzhenitsyn and beyond, makes us hear the screams of those who are taken away in the night.

Chambers's book is an unrivaled account of the costs of the totalitarian temptation. When Chambers died, Arthur Koestler said: "The witness is gone, the testimony will stand." Today the West is unevenly divided between those of us who are, and most persons who are not, preoccupied, even obsessed, by the fact that the stakes of politics were forever transformed by the eruption in our century of the radical evil of totalitarianism, and by the necessity to make anti-totalitarianism the touchstone of all political thought and action. To us, Chambers, an ungraceful man touched in the end by the blinding



GIVE HER A DIAMOND WITH A FIRE TO MAKE THE STARS BURN WITH ENVY.

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena. Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four vital qualities that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. It is the 4C characteristics that determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree the beauty and value of your jewelry—no matter what the design.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

Give her a quality diamond of a carat or more. A truly rare and beautiful gift. Like the woman you love.

A diamond is forever.

The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2.04 carats.

A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

grace of painful truthfulness, led a life worth honoring.

Much has changed since 1952, but this has not: The—definite article, "the"—great question of public life is whether a nation like ours can long endure *in* the face of the implacable challenge posed by totalitarians. By the 1960s Chambers had seen too much of the folly of his times to be optimistic. But he had the habit of hopefulness. Toward the end of his life of pilgrimage he was, philosophically, in a melancholy position not unknown among prophets: He hoped he was wrong.

If he was right, he will be a prophet without honor in his country because his country will be lost. If he was wrong, that will be, in part, because he was right, so memorably, so soon. If the West prevails, it will do so because brave people like Chambers fanned the embers that, in the fullness of time, became a flame of resistance to the evil Chambers saw from the inside. ☐

J. O. TATE

JOHN DOS PASSOS: ONE MAN, ONE LIFE

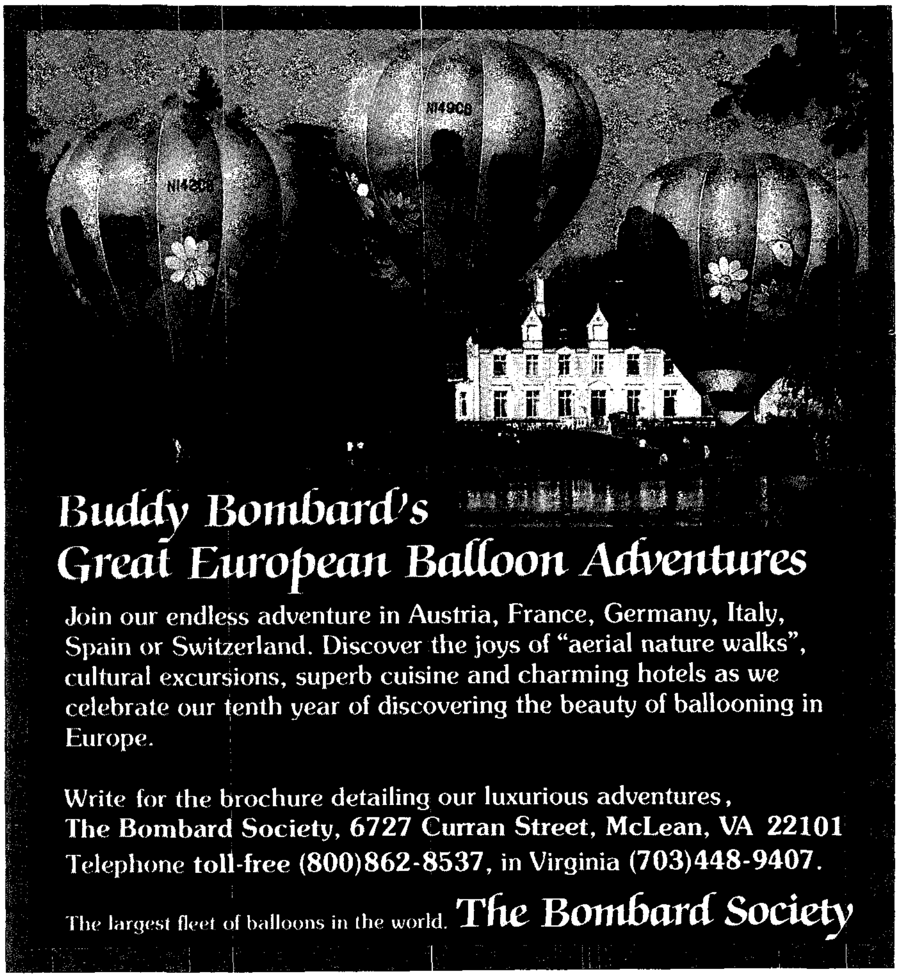
OF ALL those individuals who supported and contributed to NATIONAL REVIEW in its early years and who, in so doing, helped raise to a national and even international level an awareness of traditional values and an informed consciousness of the tides of history, none brought more impressive credentials or more experience than did John Dos Passos.

"Dos," as his friends called him and as he frequently signed himself, had in 1947 been elected to Chair 14 of the American Academy of Arts and Letters—a seat formerly occupied by Theodore Roosevelt and Willa Cather, among others. And he was to receive the Gold Medal for Fiction from the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1957, from the hand of William Faulkner, who, bored by stem-winding speeches, thrust the medal at Dos Passos and said only, "Nobody deserved it more or had to wait for it longer."

By a process of familiar irony, the established honors accorded to Dos Passos were in recognition of the "radical" writings of his younger years. There had been a time when Dos Passos was a darling of the Left. His best-known work, *U.S.A.*, a trilogy consisting of *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), *1919* (1932), and *The Big Money* (1936), was an unparalleled monument of modernism, a panoramic, kaleidoscopic collage of a confused, dynamic, and brutal America that had lost its soul along with its mind. The survey of decadence and suppression nicely suited, or so it was thought, the purposes of the socialist power-brokers and even the Communist Party. But the leftists had misread their man, even though he was one of many who identified the Sacco and Vanzetti case as a sort of Dreyfus affair.

For Dos Passos was always his own man, always a crusty individualist who was as suspicious of organized, power-seeking political movements espousing Big Government as he was of the monolithic prerogatives of Big Business. Indeed, when Franklin Roosevelt ran against Herbert Hoover, Dos Passos didn't vote for the Socialist, Norman Thomas, but instead signed a letter (with Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Erskine Caldwell, Edmund Wilson, Sidney Hook, Upton Sinclair, and others) backing the Communist candidate, William Z. Foster. But Dos Passos couldn't be taken for granted, because he saw himself as on the side of the underdog, because he never stopped traveling and observing, and because he never stopped thinking.

He had once hoped that the "Russian experiment" would produce something good, but developments proved otherwise. The final break with the Left came when Dos Passos refused to



Buddy Bombard's
Great European Balloon Adventures

Join our endless adventure in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Spain or Switzerland. Discover the joys of "aerial nature walks", cultural excursions, superb cuisine and charming hotels as we celebrate our tenth year of discovering the beauty of ballooning in Europe.

Write for the brochure detailing our luxurious adventures,
The Bombard Society, 6727 Curran Street, McLean, VA 22101
Telephone toll-free (800)862-8537, in Virginia (703)448-9407.

The largest fleet of balloons in the world. The Bombard Society

Jackie West (white coat), Industrial Safety Engineer, and other Sun employees who are volunteer firefighters in Marcus Hook, Pa.

SUN, SAFETY AND THE VOLUNTEERS. At a moment's notice, Jackie West is ready to trade his Sun safety helmet for that of a fire captain. He's just one of the Sun people from our Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, refinery who serve their local communities as volunteer firefighters.

As Jackie can tell you, the safety training they get while producing millions of gallons of Sunoco gasoline each day makes them experts at fire prevention.

"At the refinery, one of our most important jobs is safety. We train and drill regularly. In fact, Sun sends some of us to special firefighting schools.

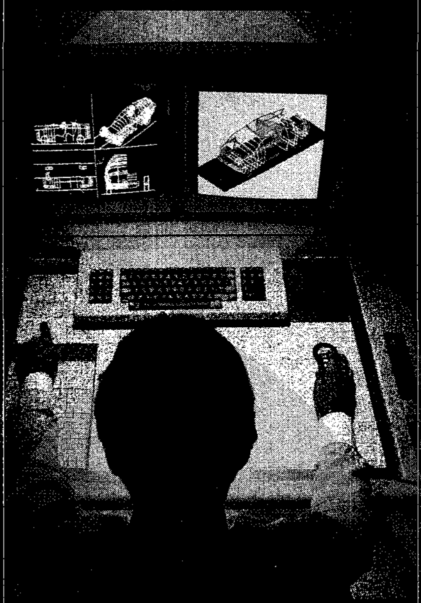
"It's only natural that we use this experience to serve our families, friends and neighbors."

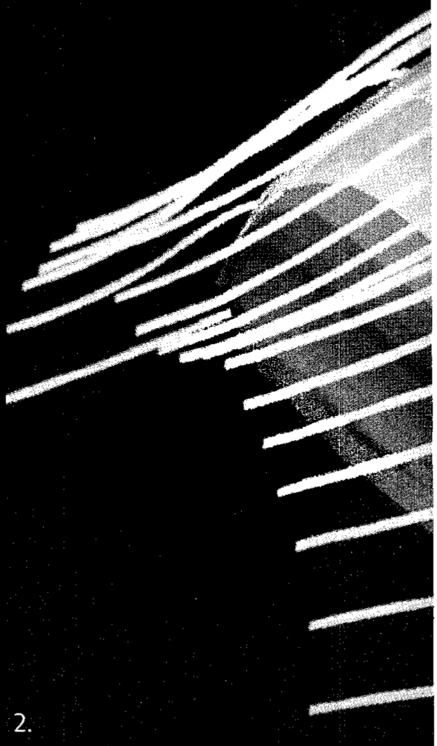
At Sun, we think putting our energy back into the community is just as important as getting it out.

WHERE THERE'S SUN
THERE'S ENERGY.

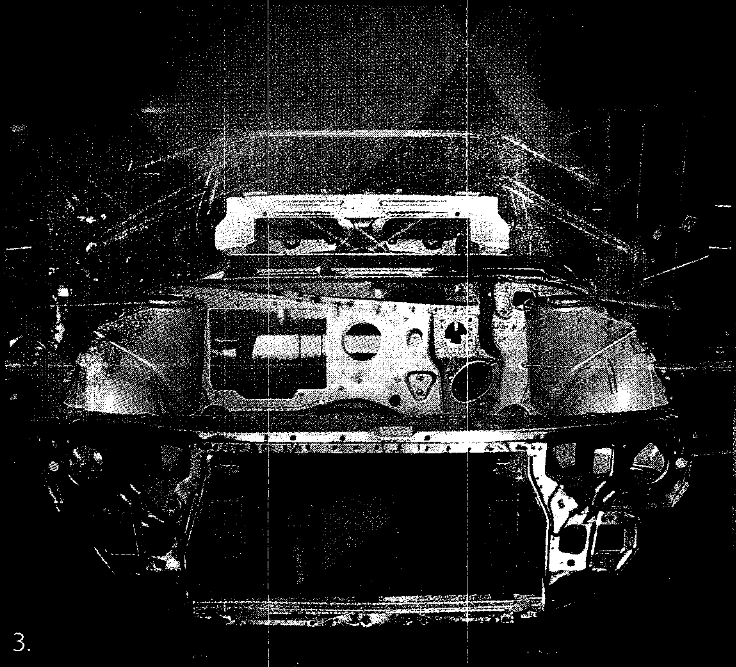
DRIVING AMERICA DOWN ROADS WE'VE NEVER BEEN BEFORE.

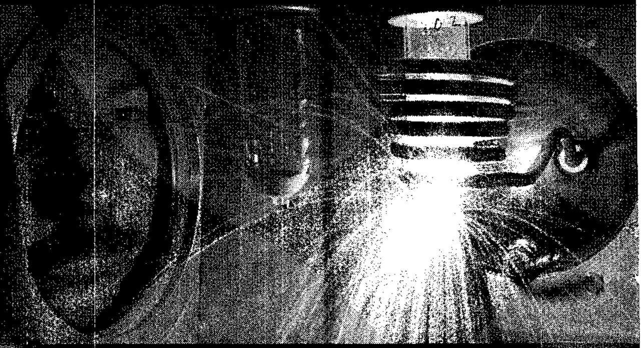
General Motors is on a journey to a far-off place just around the corner, the 21st Century. With the help of its thousands of scientists, designers and engineers, GM is embarking on an odyssey into the unknown.
Roads paved with scientific and technological wonders that might seem like science fiction. But at GM, they're reality. Now. Lasers that probe body structure as no man's eyes ever could. Electronic navigation systems that tell you where you are and how to get where you're going. But the road doesn't stop there. The 21st Century lies dead ahead.
GM is leading the way there by adding new dimensions of electronic wizardry and computer expertise to its vast worldwide resources.
Today's GM is evolving into a GM the future will demand.
Bolder. Daring.
More responsive.
Speaking a new language. Venturing in new directions.


1.

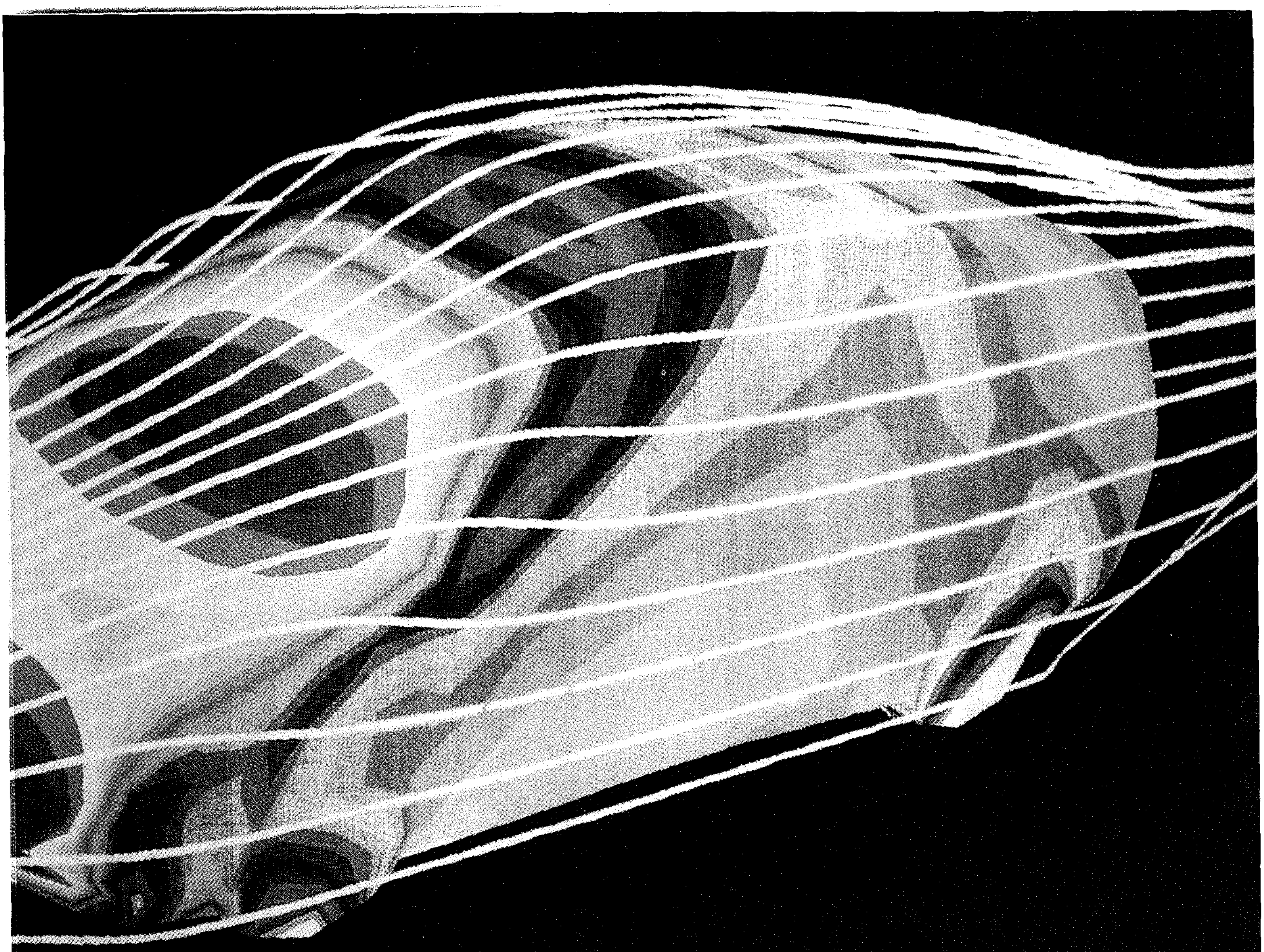

2.

THE GM ODYSSEY: SC


3.


4.

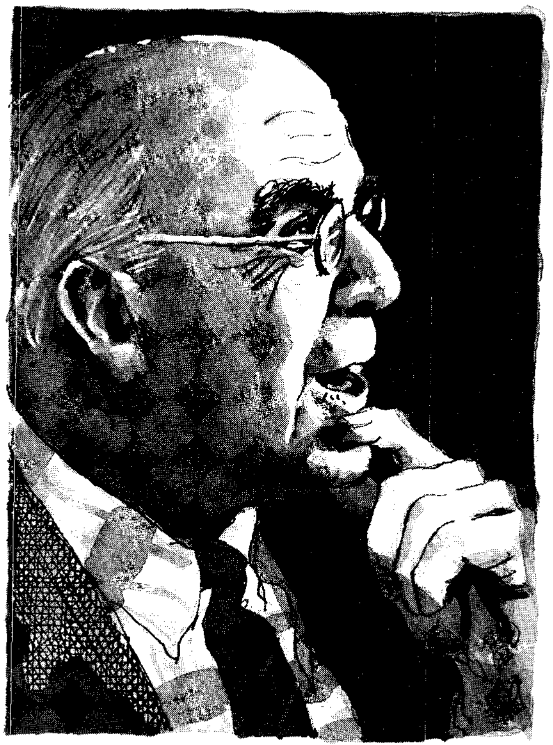
5.



NCE NOT FICTION

GM

1. ACC (ADVANCED CONCEPT CENTER). Where engineers and designers work together to predict how people will live in the future and what kind of vehicles they'll need.
2. COMPUTATIONAL FLUID DYNAMICS. Computer-simulated aerodynamic modeling that generates more fuel-efficient designs in weeks instead of months.
3. AUTOMOTIVE DIMENSIONAL CHECKER. 122 lasers and cameras probe to 5/10,000 of an inch for weld and seam accuracy to ensure solid, tight-fitting car bodies.
4. MAGNEQUENCH. A new material for manufacturing smaller, lighter, more powerful magnets that will revolutionize motor-driven parts in your car, and could lead to fewer parts, better performance, durability and fuel economy.
5. INSTRUMENT PANEL. Touch-sensitive cathode-ray tube with multiple functions that include diagnosing service problems in seconds.
6. ELECTRONIC POD SYSTEM. Advanced electronic driver information clustered on and around the steering wheel for accessibility to maximize eyes-on-the-road driving.



mince words about the murder of José Robles, his Loyalist friend, during the Spanish Civil War. Ernest Hemingway thought his peer Dos Passos was naïve; but it was Hemingway, after all, who was naïve, and it was Hemingway who told Dos that "the New York reviewers will kill you. They will demolish you forever." Dos Passos nevertheless published his "Farewell to Europe" and turned toward a further analysis and exploration of the United States of America, which he pursued for the rest of his life.

The energy and inquisitiveness Dos Passos exhibited, particularly after his father's death, in 1917, point perhaps to an understandable anxiety about identity. John Dos Passos was born out of wedlock in 1896, when his father was 52 and his mother nearly 42. His father, John Randolph Dos Passos, grandson of a Portuguese immigrant from Madeira, had fought in the Civil War and become a prominent lawyer. He wrote *The Anglo-Saxon Century*, announcing principles that his son was to repeat many years later. But the younger Dos Passos had not the status of a son, leading instead, with his mother, "a hotel childhood" that included school in England. At Choate, and more so at Harvard, Dos Passos was imbued with the high culture of his day, read widely, and, as a romantic young man, absorbed the modernistic vibrations of the time. He was to become an Imagist, a poet and a dramatist, as well as a "social historian." He knew it was necessary to confront the experience of World War I, and, when his father died, he was free to serve in an ambulance corps.

The coeval of Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos began his career with *One Man's Initiation: 1917* (1920) and followed it with *Three Soldiers* (1921), a book to mention in the same breath as *All Quiet on the Western Front.* By 1925, with *Manhattan Transfer*, Dos Passos was an accomplished artist who had

CONGRATULATIONS TO NATIONAL REVIEW

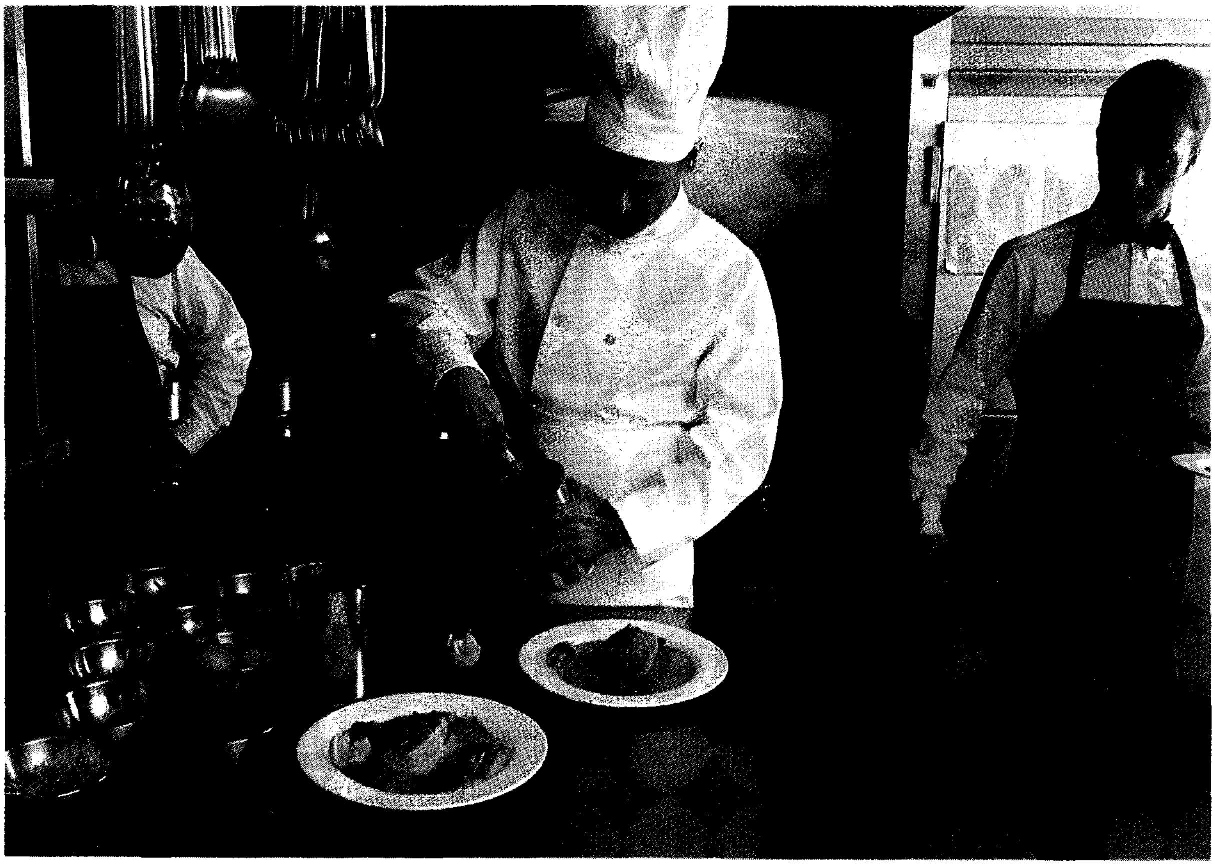
National Review is *visible* proof that "ideas have consequences." In its 30 years *National Review* has been a key player in the war of ideas and without its intellectual vigor there would be no conservative movement. As Milton Friedman said recently, "Today our side—the side of truth, the side of freedom, the side of individual rights—has a strength and appeal which 30 years ago one could hardly have imagined." We can thank *National Review* for what has been accomplished and its current efforts to assure the continuity of conservatism for decades ahead.

The Heritage Foundation

Where The New Ideas Are Coming From

214 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, N.E. • WASHINGTON, D.C. 20002

THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



VISA® APRON AND COAT FABRICS

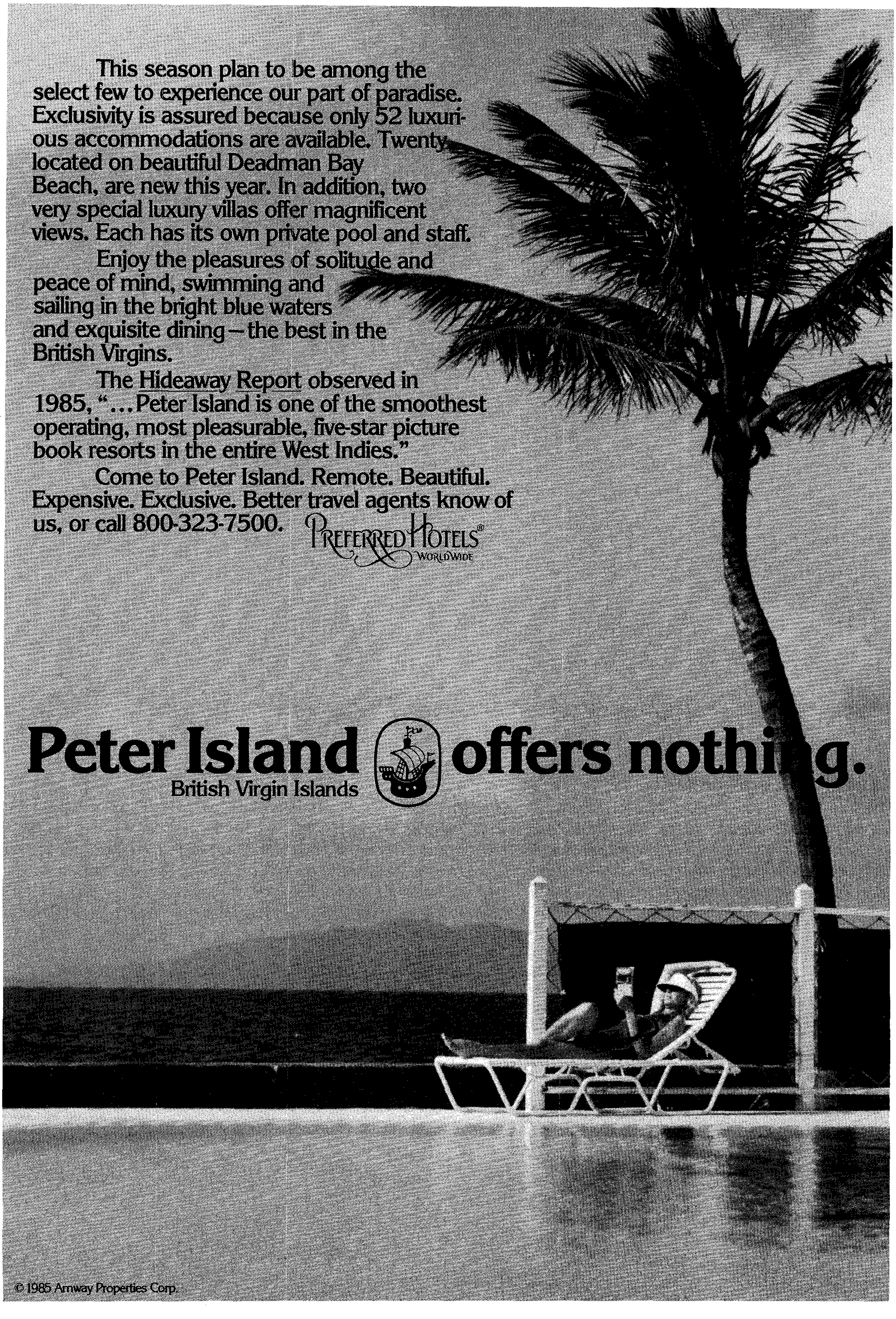
Visa fabrics by Milliken.
The intelligent way to protect
your apron and coat investment.
With superior stain release, brightness,
durability.
With exceptional color retention
and color coordination.
With the best of everything
in quality, support, service.
*Visa of Dacron.**
America's Freedom Fabric.

America's Freedom Fabric
Visa
BY MILLIKEN
America's Freedom Fabric

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

DACRON®
DU PONT POLYESTER

®*Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.*
**Dacron is a Du Pont registered trademark.*



This season plan to be among the select few to experience our part of paradise. Exclusivity is assured because only 52 luxurious accommodations are available. Twenty, located on beautiful Deadman Bay Beach, are new this year. In addition, two very special luxury villas offer magnificent views. Each has its own private pool and staff.

Enjoy the pleasures of solitude and peace of mind, swimming and sailing in the bright blue waters and exquisite dining—the best in the British Virgins.

The Hideaway Report observed in 1985, "...Peter Island is one of the smoothest operating, most pleasurable, five-star picture book resorts in the entire West Indies."

Come to Peter Island. Remote. Beautiful. Expensive. Exclusive. Better travel agents know of us, or call 800-323-7500. PREFERRED HOTELS® WORLDWIDE

Peter Island offers nothing.

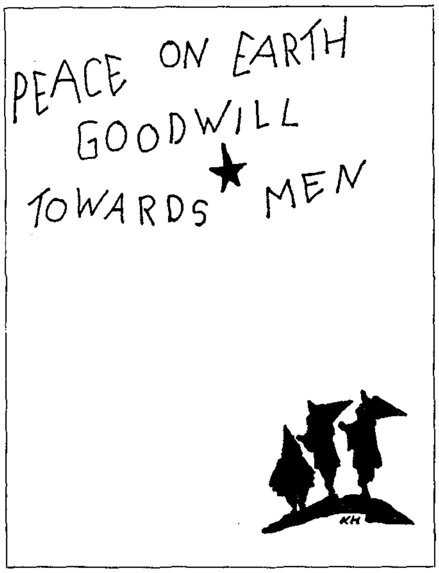
British Virgin Islands

© 1985 Amway Properties Corp.

composed a brilliant, corrosive portrayal of urban America. Dos Passos was associated with the *New Masses*, reported for the *Daily Worker*, and was arrested next to Edna St. Vincent Millay while protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Yet Dos Passos was already disillusioned with the Stalinist manipulation of the Left before the Spanish crisis. Afterward he made clear what that betrayal meant in *Adventures of a Young Man* (1939). As John Chamberlain wrote in the obituary published in these pages, "If he had made Glenn [the protagonist] a politically innocent bridge dynamiter and put him into a sleeping bag with Ingrid Bergman, the verdict [of the New York reviewers] would have been different." After that "break," Dos Passos went on to fulfill the destiny of his tempestuous romance with America, as can be seen in some of his book titles: *The Living Thoughts of Tom Paine* (1940), *The Ground We Stand On: Some Examples from the History of a Political Creed* (1941), *Chosen Country* (1951), *The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson* (1954), *The Theme Is Freedom* (1956), *The Men Who Made the Nation* (1957), *Prospects of a Golden Age* (1959), *Mr. Wilson's War* (1962), *Occasions and Protests* (1964).

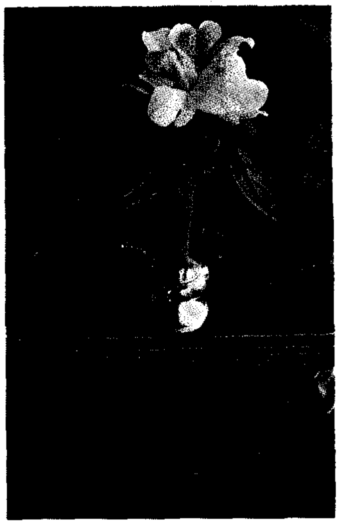
But Dos Passos wasn't a desk-bound scribe; he was an indefatigable world traveler and observer who wrote books about Spain, the Near East, Brazil, Portugal, and Easter Island. He was also a man of great charm and humanity, as witness his many friends from high and low. He endured with grace and courage more than his share of suffering when his wife died in an automobile accident in which he himself lost an eye. His second marriage was a very successful one, for which he was rewarded both by that partnership and by the birth of a daughter, Lucy.



FROM THE HIGHEST SUMMIT
OF ALL

During the years of World War II Dos Passos toured the Pacific theater extensively, and as early as 1946 he was writing about the coming of the cold war. He took up the examination of Big Labor in *Midcentury* (1961) with the same technique he had applied to Big Business years before, but not, of course, to the same critical acclaim. He was ambivalent about Senator McCarthy but not about a conservative renaissance, to which he contributed a great deal, not least in these pages. The old "fellow-traveler" voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964, in which year he wrote about the senator at the San Francisco convention for this journal. Dos Passos also prophesied in NATIONAL REVIEW that year the resurgence of the conservative wing of the GOP—a prediction that has been borne out. The veteran observer's other contributions to NATIONAL REVIEW included "The New Left: A Spook Out of the Past" (1966) and "What Makes a Novelist" (1968), but perhaps his most idiosyncratically characteristic piece was a posthumous one: "On the Way to the Moon Shot" (1971). Somehow his verve and his openness to the future were particularly well represented by a venture to the moon—this from the wanderer who had called a travel book about Spain *Rosinante to the Road Again* (1922) and who had written a poetic drama first called *The Moon Is a Gong* (1926).

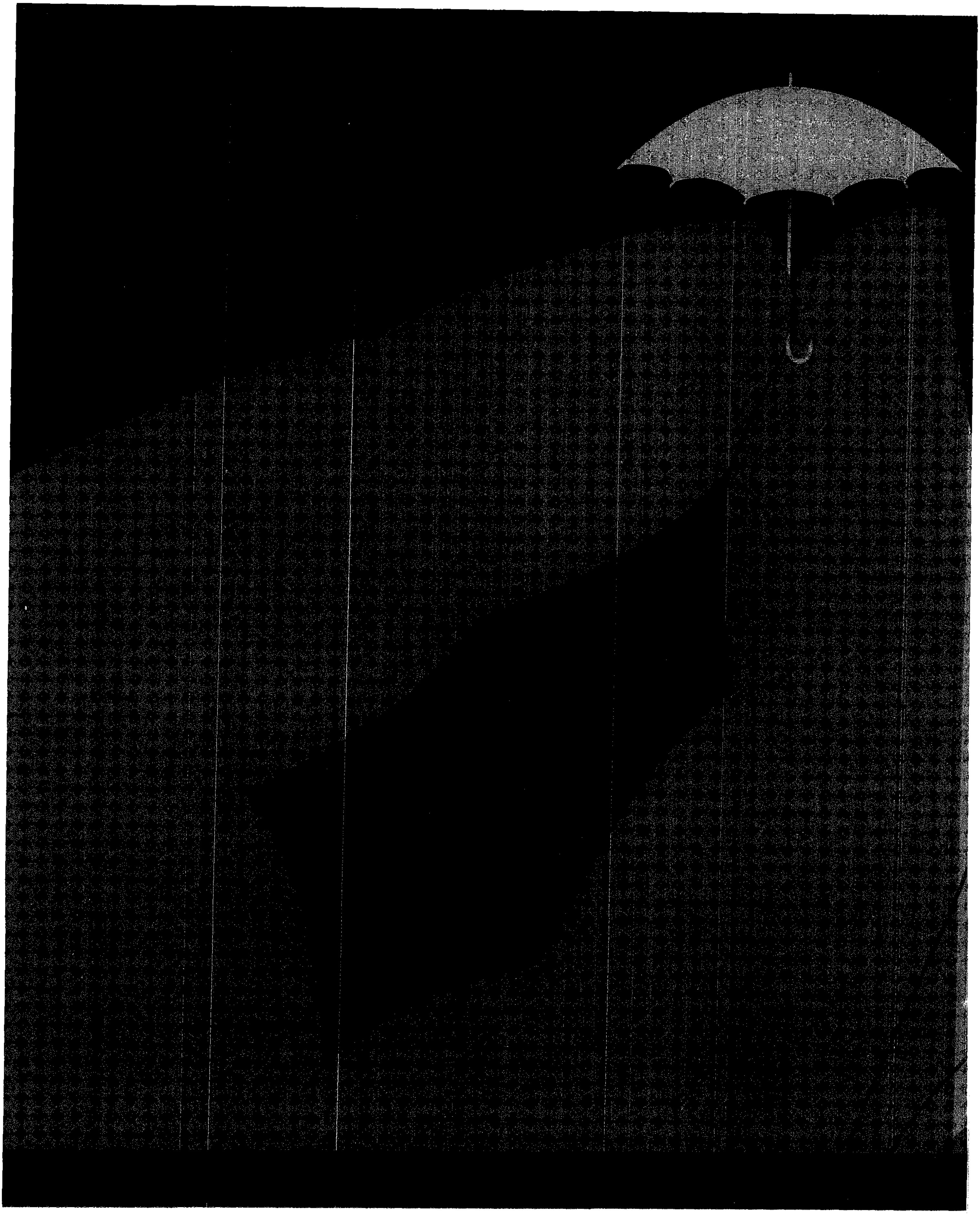
John Dos Passos certainly tilted his lance, but did he do so quixotically? We cannot believe so when we think of him at the home in Virginia he finally reclaimed, where he meditated on Jefferson and Adams and Hamilton, and thought of Roger Williams and Walt Whitman. When we try to take his measure as an artist, we should remember what Jeffrey Hart wrote of him in this journal in 1967: "Far from being a recorder, a realistic novelist, Dos Passos has more in common with Eliot and the early Joyce, and beyond them with the Continental symbolists, and with Flaubert, than with any familiar reportorial mode in fiction." The

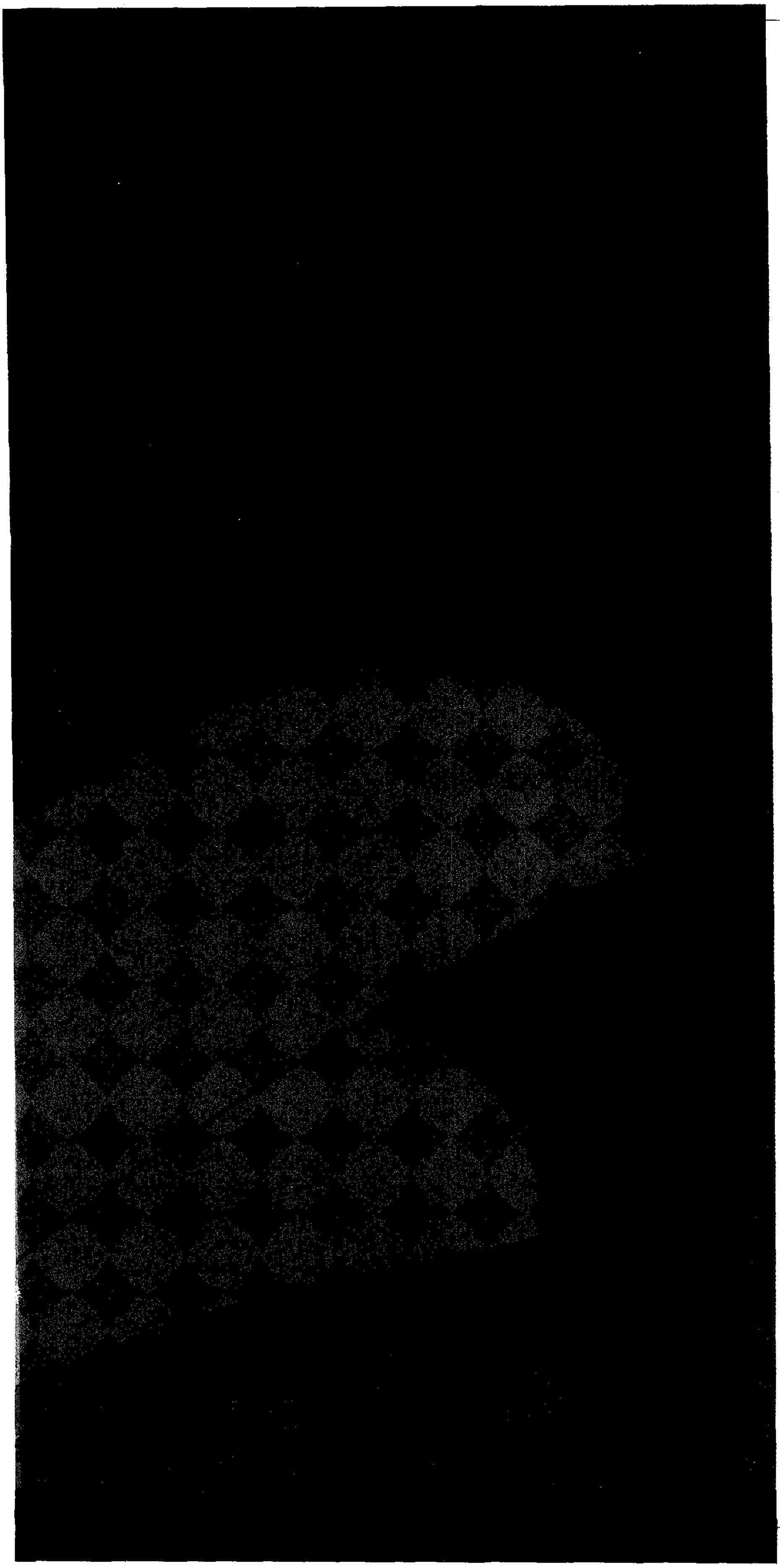


Are there any hotels left in the world that still practice the fine art of attention to detail? Precious few.

Four Seasons Hotels

United States
New York (The Pierre)
Chicago (The Ritz-Carlton)
Dallas • Houston
Philadelphia • San Antonio
San Francisco (Clift)
Seattle (Olympic)
Washington, D.C.
Boston
1986-Newport Beach
Canada
Montreal • Toronto • Ottawa
Edmonton • Vancouver
Inn on the Park
Houston • London • Toronto
Call Toll-Free
in North America
800-268-6282





AT&T ON OFFICE AUTOMATION

STORMY WEATHER AHEAD FOR THE AUTOMATED OFFICE

In 1945, the U.S. Navy was putting the first digital computer through its paces. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the room-sized machine broke down. After a long search, technicians discovered the cause. Deep within the machine, crushed between the points of a relay, was a moth.

"Bugs" have bedeviled Computer Man ever since.

Until recently, things were getting better every year. Each new generation of business machines has proved more reliable than the last.

Yet, for all this progress, the business that trusts its affairs to computers may

continued on next page

continued from preceding page

be more at risk today than at any time in the last 40 years.

The rise of office-wide and company-wide systems is changing the arithmetic of risk. The number and variety of devices now being installed multiply the chances that, on any given day, *something* will fail.

More disturbing: *business machines no longer fail alone.*

The "why" of this will be familiar if you ever struggled with those old-fashioned Christmas lights: one bad bulb and the whole string went dark. In an office system, each "bulb" is likely to be a $10,000 business machine. And the "string," a maze of cables and fiber optics stretching (literally) all over the map.

What's to be done? Must whole companies now be hostage to the performance of machines? Below, AT&T digs into the issues and finds reason for optimism—as well as alarm.

◇

BLOOD. Any company whose life's blood pumps through a computer is going to want some sort of backup. A count of America's business machines would turn up thousands of devices whose sole job is to sit and wait.

All this duplication does as much to enrich hardware vendors as it does to protect system users.

By contrast, the gospel according to AT&T is *"communication, not duplication!"* In AT&T's world, information is portable. Our stock in trade are networks that can be instantly reconfigured to shift the burden of a downed computer to another device whose day-to-day chores are less immediate.

> *For all this progress, the business that trusts its affairs to computers may be more at risk today than at any time in the last 40 years.*

Like cast members in a Broadway show, the devices in such a system are capable of stepping into each other's roles at a moment's notice.

By no coincidence at all, the same AT&T networks that permit you to work around a problem can *prevent most problems in the first place.*

Remote sensing devices can now monitor the health of entire office systems around the clock from AT&T command posts miles away.

So sensitive are these probes that they can spotlight malfunctions in the making within individual machines—usually before the users themselves are aware of anything wrong.

These same probes also serve as *tools.* In AT&T's world, some 40% to 50% of all repairs can be made without a service call. Those are "real world" figures: AT&T now stands watch over 35,000 systems.

◇

HITCH. The hitch in all this is that few companies live in an all-AT&T world. Few live in an all-*anything* world. More and more of today's office systems rest on a fragile ecology of devices from *many* vendors.

Vendor A may know his own stuff inside out. Ditto for Vendor B. But when your system depends on a whole alphabet of vendors, who do you call? Who's accountable?

That was precisely the question a

©1985 AT&T Information Systems

AT&T ON OFFICE AUTOMATION

"*Vendor A may know his own stuff inside out. Ditto for Vendor B. But when your system depends on a whole alphabet of vendors, who do you call? Who's accountable?*"

major electronics firm put to AT&T last winter. This company had built up data and communications networks using lines and equipment from 7 vendors, including some of AT&T's chief rivals.

What the company wanted was one vendor that would stand accountable for the workings of every line and every switch they owned in 48 states.

Would AT&T take the job?

As a service company, we're moving in that direction, but there are limits to what any company can promise where others' products are involved. We are judged by the promises we *keep.*

AT&T's proposal: a trial marriage. We'd start small, get it right, and expand from there. In this case, "starting small" meant across-the-board responsibility for systems at 50 sites in 16 states.

Today, as far as the electronics firm is concerned, it is AT&T's job to watchdog the performance of all these systems. When trouble knocks, it is now AT&T's job to pinpoint the fault, and to orchestrate the efforts of other vendors to put things right.

One AT&T-er sums up the complex logistics this way: "When a customer has one number to call – no matter when, no matter what – you'd better be ready to jump."

Free Offer: How does AT&T (or any vendor) work in harness with a competitor? A recent AT&T/Hewlett-Packard white paper offers an inside look at the issues, the pitfalls, and the keys to success. For a free copy, please telephone 1 800 247-1212. Or you may write Mr. Dale Hegstrom, AT&T Information Systems, P.O. Box 1405, Morristown, NJ 07960-1405.

◆

JEANS. AT&T now serves 7 million business customers. Some wear pinstripes, some wear jeans. They are a cross section of American business.

The biggest have more computers and communications gear than many *governments.*

It is these big companies who feel most keenly the lack of integrated service and support. They expect us to lead the charge to fill this void.

They see it as part of our job.

Meanwhile, we have customers who have yet to buy their first PCs. For them, we are a telephone, an Operator's voice, and someone to call "in case." (AT&T service technicians aren't drawn from a hat. Like neighborhood cops, each one patrols a particular business beat.)

Small or large, no two of our customers are exactly the same.

Our job is to be there. No matter who calls. No matter when. No matter what. We're AT&T.

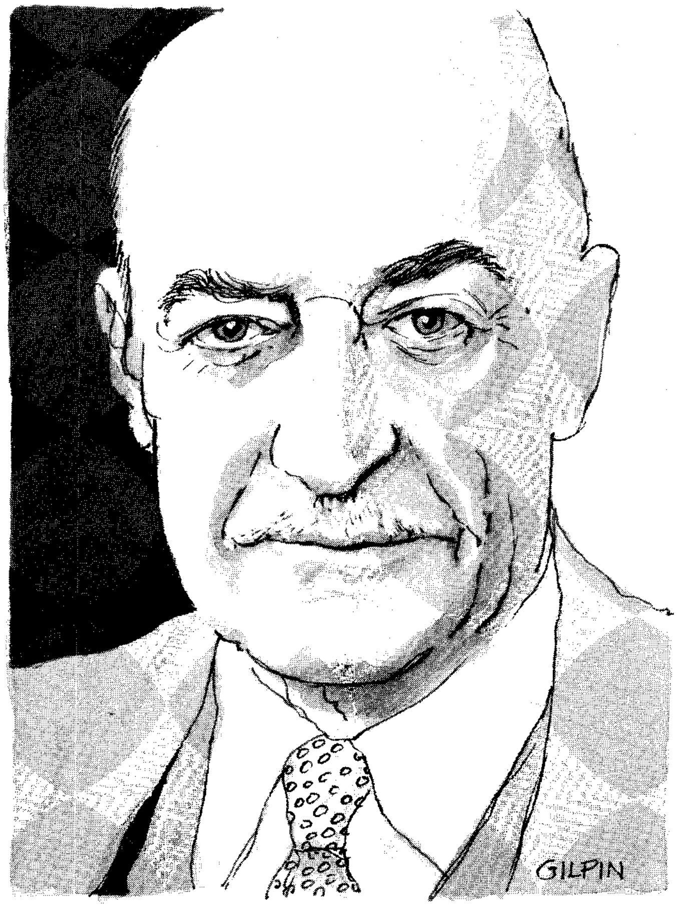
AT&T
The right choice.

best sense of Dos Passos's presence as a man is perhaps given in Townsend Ludington's *The Fourteenth Chronicle: Letters and Diaries of John Dos Passos* (1973), a collection that spans an integral life of questing and questioning. There we see him, as George J. Becker has declared, "as warm and faithful in friendship, as a passionate seeker of truth, as an often relaxed observer of life, as one capable of laughing at himself and at others, above all as a modest, honest, and lovable man." □

WM. F. RICKENBACKER

HENRY HAZLITT: IN ONE LESSON

In 1965 Bill Buckley, Jim Burnham, and I took a very eminent economist to dinner at a smashing French restaurant in midtown Manhattan to sweet-talk him into writing regularly for this magazine. Although he agreed with what we stood for, he ever so patiently refused to associate his name with this venture, for reasons that I never thought genuine. I think he just wanted to keep his skirts clean and not associate with us rowdies. By that time the great Harry Hazlitt had already been writing steadily for *NR* for nine years.



Harry is ninety now, but the scrappy fighter in him has perdured, and he still sports that bear-trap mind and booming laugh. In mind and body, what a warrior! I took him and his wife, Frances, to supper at a quiet inn in northern Connecticut when he was in his eighties, and he consumed: two shots of red-eye, eggs *à la russe*, bread & butter, roast beef, baked potato, veggies, green salad, vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce, coffee, brandy. And I mean he cleaned his plate and laughed with gusto so irresistibly that pretty soon the little dining room was relaxed and at one with his merriment. Did we have wine, too? You'll have to ask Harry. I can't remember.

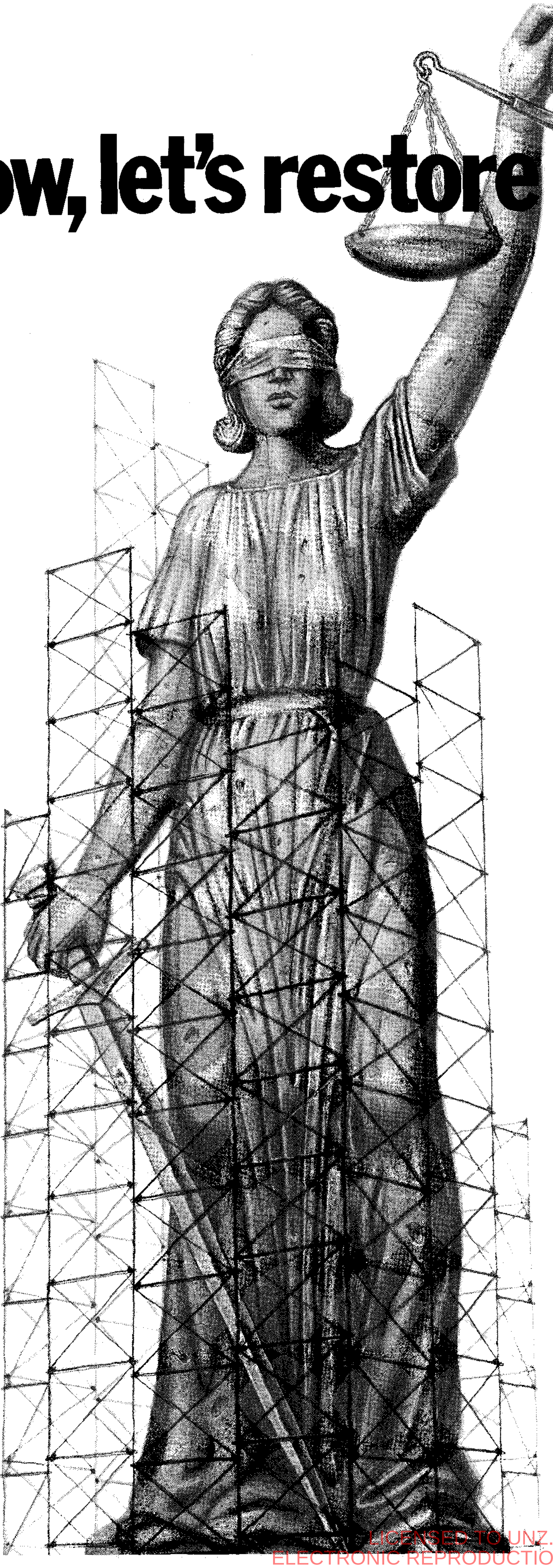
In a writing career that matches Voltaire's for clarity and duration, Harry has turned out a shelf of books all of them filled with powerful reasoning and unflinching documentation, and one of them so brimming with energy that it will stand forever as his popular masterwork. *Economics in One Lesson* runs only 143 pages in the paperback edition, but you need see those pages only once and you will never forget what is said there.

The book was a true brain-wave. Harry was a star editorialist for the *New York Times* in 1946, when he decided there was a need for a short "popular" work on economic principles. He spoke to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the publisher of the *Times*, and said he'd like to take a leave of absence every other day to work on this book; he said he'd keep a careful record of his time away from the office; and he said he expected the *Times* to reduce his pay accordingly. Sulzberger agreed. Harry liked the idea, he says, because during the days he was at the *Times* he could think about what he would write next; and the work went quickly, taking only 45 working days. After a couple of weeks, however, Harry noticed that the *Times* had not docked him for the days spent playing hooky. Once again he went to Mr. Sulzberger. Let it stand recorded in history: Mr. Sulzberger said—and I quote Harry's account of it today—"Oh, we decided to make you a present of it."

It was a present for the world. Harry's editor at Harper & Row didn't know what he had in his hands and badgered Harry to come up with an estimate of the book's possible sales. Harry declined to prophesy a best-seller. The editor, like any bureaucrat, protected his —flank, to use the polite word. The book came out and was #8 on the best-seller list after the first week. After the second week it had climbed to #6. On the third week it disappeared. The editor had ordered a first print run of only three thousand copies. The book was dead, the victim of Harper's Syndrome, a sort of literary Alzheimer's Disease.

By 1962 the copyright in Harper's mortuary had turned to dust and reconstituted itself in Harry's name. He caused the book to be brought out in paperback by Macfadden Bartell, and successive printings have come along each year or so (it has been picked up by other publishers as well), until there are now more than one million copies of the work printed, sold, and

Now, let's restore Civil Justice.



Year after year, our civil justice system has become slower. More costly. Less fair to the very people it was meant to help.

We all pay the price. Some of us pay in the frustration of waiting for a case to end, or by seeing a settlement eaten away by legal costs. All of us pay in the form of higher taxes and insurance premiums.

Experts agree on the urgent need for civil justice repair. Chief Justice Burger has criticized "the high cost of legal services and the slow pace of justice." Derek Bok, president of Harvard and former dean of Harvard Law, has called our legal system "the most expensive in the world."

A 1984 Rand Corporation study of thousands of asbestos-related lawsuits shows how serious the crisis has become. Cases closed took an average two years and eight months, with 11 percent taking six years. How much money went to asbestos victims? Only 37 percent of the expenses and compensation paid by defendants and insurers. The other 63 percent went to pay litigation costs.

Can anything be done? We think it can.

We're the Insurance Information Institute. Our members, property and casualty insurance companies, are vitally involved in this issue. They've joined with others–doctors, lawyers, government officials, business leaders–in coalitions of concerned citizens. Together, they're developing new solutions. In many states, their ideas are being translated into action.

Our latest report, *The Civil Justice Crisis,* examines the reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy, free of charge.

The Civil Justice Crisis

8J

Insurance Information Institute
110 William Street
New York, New York 10038

Please send me a free copy of
The Civil Justice Crisis.

Name ________________________

Address ________________________

City __________ State ______ Zip ______

iii Insurance Information Institute
A nonprofit action and information center

presumably blaring their trumpets loud and clear, in the English language alone. There have been a total of 11 editions in foreign languages, including four editions in different Spanish-speaking lands, so that you can say the book has been translated into eight foreign languages.

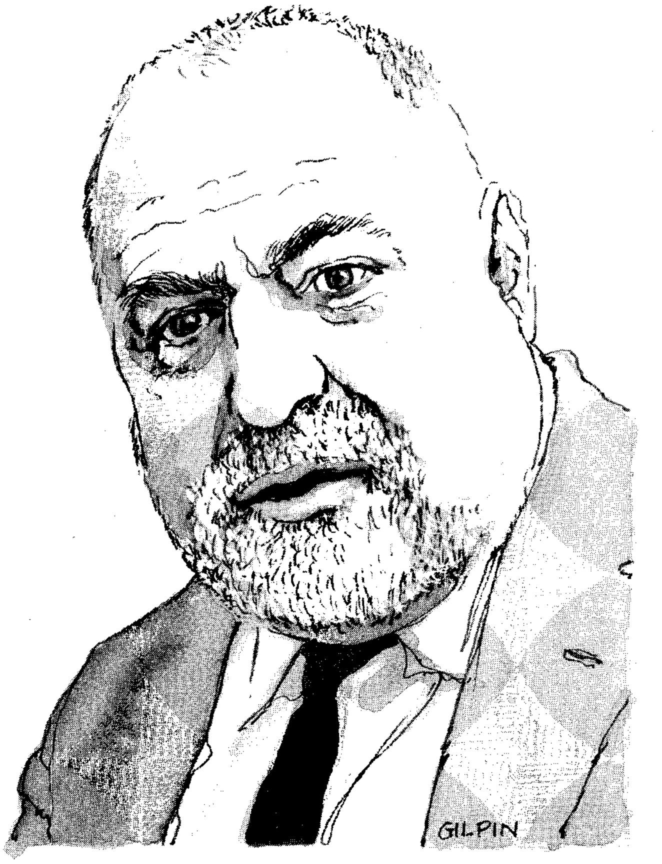
With gratitude and admiration I muse on what Harry has written for *NR* almost from the first issue, during years when other writers on economics somehow lacked the verve to come and join the fray. He has written some forty major pieces for us—on economic policy (11), political or constitutional theory (6), Keynesianism (a specialty of his—6), economic theory (5), monetary policy and the gold question (3), foreign policy (2), tax policy (2), economic history (a book review—1). He has written perceptive and first-hand tributes, in the form of obituaries, for Ludwig von Mises (who called on Harry to subdue the English of the translation of *Human Action*, the vast monument of modern theory), F. A. Harper, Pedro Beltrán, Elgin Groseclose. These may be unfamiliar names to some, to many, readers. It was Harry's glory that he not only made his name but enjoyed the splendor of his fellows, his comrades in arms. ☐

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

WILL HERBERG: A PASSION FOR AUTHENTICITY

A CLASSIC IS a text you can't get around. Will Herberg's *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*, first published in 1955, is a classic. At least, no serious student of religion in American life can get around it. Herberg wrote in the midst of what came to be called "the religion boom of the Fifties." The gravamen of *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* is that religious identity has replaced ethnic identity in this nation of immigrants. Asked the question "What are you?" the typical American replies not Italian, German, English, or Irish, but Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. These are the three "religions of democracy," or "the threefold religion of America."

The second part of Herberg's argument is that this "civic religion" is a debased form of Biblical religion. Religion in America is the "religion of religion"; it is "faith in faith." Theologically vacuous, lacking any sense of sin or judgment, it is little more than the idolatry of the American Way of Life, built upon the dogmas of inter-group tolerance, peace of mind, free enterprise, and anti-Communism. Thirty years later that may not sound so terrible. In truth, the religiosity excoriated by Herberg in 1955 is what some people think we could do with a little more of today.



Herberg's argument—forcefully presented with exhaustive documentation and considerable wit—was widely hailed, especially in the leadership circles of the Protestantism that he so lavishly lacerated. A case could be made, in fact, that what are now called the "mainline" churches of Protestantism took Herberg's indictment altogether too much to heart. It has been a long time since anyone has accused the United Methodist leadership, for example, of uncritical devotion to the American Way of Life or of excessive anti-Communism. Today, in the midst of another religious eruption (or revival, as some would have it), there are several points at which Herberg's argument seems less persuasive. Far from ethnicity's having been transmuted into religion, we have since the 1960s witnessed a runaway inflation of ethnic identities, with Americans discovering or manufacturing "roots" in astonishing variety. Their parents struggled to prove that they were not "hyphenated Americans." The children agree, at least about the hyphen. They proudly assert that they are Greek, or Armenian, or black. ("Kiss me, I'm Polish!")

And Herberg did not foresee the ascendancy of evangelicalism and fundamentalism. ("Fundamentalism" does not show up in the extensive index.) He reflected on the possibility that the "sects," composed mainly of the small-town, rural, uneducated, and lower-class, might emerge as a new force, but he dismissed it. They would, he thought, be assimilated into the "bourgeoisification" of religion where the "brand-name" religions were already so smugly ensconced. "Protestantism no longer has the openness and fluidity it once possessed," Herberg wrote; "there is no longer any possibility, or at least so it seems, for a radical breakthrough by any new 'church of the poor.' " Closely related to this was Herberg's belief that the day of the "village atheist" was past. "Clarence Darrow left no successors," he wrote. Less than twenty years later, millions of Christians were espying Clarence Darrow (read: secular humanism) in every textbook, behind every judicial robe, and, not least of all, in the leadership of the "brand-name" churches.

A most dramatic difference from the situation analyzed by Herberg is the apparent reversal in the religious content, so to speak, of mainline religion. What Protestantism was, Herberg believed, Catholicism was rapidly becoming. They, together with a somewhat ambivalent Judaism, "sanctified" the American Way of Life, blessed the marriage between God's will and free enterprise, and turned the national purpose of opposing "atheistic Communism" into a holy war.

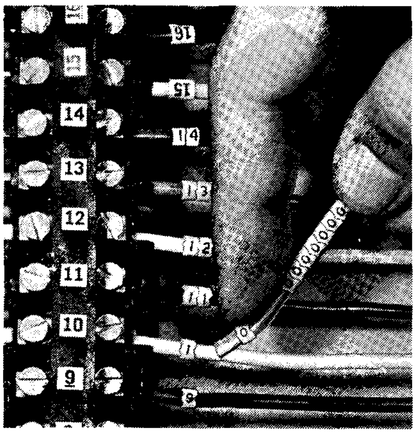
The content reversal could hardly be more complete. Today the conventional wisdom in the church-and-society curia of mainline Protestantism, and increasingly in sectors of Catholicism and evangelicaldom, is that the American Way of Life is unsustainable and unworthy of being sustained, capitalism is inherently exploitative and oppressive, and Communists are a threat only because we threaten them. Herberg complained then that the churches had forgotten their "prophetic" role of criticism. Today the copying machines are ever hot, churning out prophetic denunciations of America's "systemic crimes" against peace and justice. One might think that Will Herberg, if he still concerns himself about such matters now that he dwells, we pray, by the Throne of Grace, must feel gratified that his critique has carried the day.

Not likely. In fact, certainly not. We know because he told us so before he left, frequently in these pages. In the years after *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*, Herberg explained to religious leaders that *that* is not what he meant, that is not what he meant at all. But by then those who had read him so eagerly before were no longer listening. Word had gotten around that Herberg had changed; he had become, of all things, a conservative. Herberg insisted, correctly, that his basic argument had not changed. *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* was not a polemic against liberal democracy, or free markets, or American prosperity, or anti-Communism. The book clearly affirms the American Way as being "morally superior" and eminently deserving of support by

Freedom to grow, Brady style

Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



Brady clip-sleeve wire markers can be applied to wires and cables before or after termination for permanent identification of electrical circuits. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady and its products. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-10

BRADY

ADHESIVE
AND
GRAPHICS
CHEMISTRY

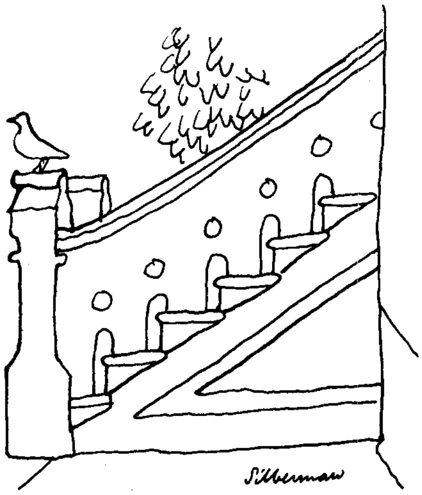
W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

thoughtful Christians and Jews. What he protested was the idolizing of these temporal goods, the equating of Biblical religion with *any* nation, ideology, or way of life on this side of history's promised consummation. The content reversal of mainline religion is not the reversal of repentance for which Herberg (prophetically?) called. Found guilty of worshipping one idol, mainline religion switched to another. Will Herberg shook his head and said, That is not what I meant at all.

What Herberg did mean is that the secular should not be absolutized. No worldly good should be worshipped as God. *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* noted that "Every aspect of contemporary religious life reflects this paradox—pervasive secularism and mounting religiosity." The problem is not "secularism as such" but "secularism within a religious framework." The golden calf to which Americans bowed was dressed up in Biblical apparel. Twenty years before the much-discussed Hartford Appeal for Theological Affirmation decried the "pervasive loss of transcendence" in American religious thought, Herberg wrote:

> The burden of [my] criticism of American religion from the point of view of Jewish-Christian faith is that contemporary religion is so naïvely, so innocently *man-centered*. Not God, but man—man in his individual and corporate being—is the beginning and end of the spiritual system of much of present-day American religiosity. In this kind of religion there is no sense of transcendence. . . . The values of life, and life itself, are not submitted to Almighty God to judge, to shatter, and to reconstruct; on the contrary, life, and the values of life, are given an ultimate sanction by being identified with the divine. In this kind of religion it is not man who serves God, but God Who is mobilized and made to serve man and his purposes—whether these purposes be economic prosperity, free enterprise, social reform, democracy, happiness, security, or "peace of mind."

Three decades along and the purposes are strikingly different in the religious communities that Herberg described. The spiritual corruption, however, is strikingly similar. Then there were a few religious thinkers who explicitly professed the religion of the American Way. Now there are many who explicitly profess the religion of liberation from the American Way. In both instances, Herberg would be quick to point out, the American Way is absolutized, in one as absolute Good and in the other as absolute Evil. (There was nothing wrong with President Reagan's talking about the evil empire, a Presbyterian activist observed. It is only that he attacked the wrong empire.)



There is irony in the fact that the fundamentalist force that Herberg did not foresee is now thought, with some justice, to be in danger of equating God's will with American purpose. While doing battle with the "brand-name" religions that they seek to replace in national influence, the moral-majoritarians could end up by reviving the idolatry that the mainline has abandoned for another idol. Were that to happen, I am certain Herberg would be unhesitating in his criticism of this new appearance of secularism in religious disguise. His passion was for authentic religion, and that passion transcended, as it must, all political alignments. Authentic religion, Herberg insisted, engages "depth beyond depth" and cannot be comprehended or taken captive by human science or purpose. "Religion, touching as it does man's ultimate relation, in the end escapes all explanatory categories." And, as Will Herberg left no doubt, all calculations of utility. □

JEFFREY HART

WILLMOORE KENDALL: THE UNASSIMILABLE MAN

WHEN I THINK of that first NATIONAL REVIEW generation, I feel colorless, wimpy even. Russell Kirk walked around New York in a cloak, and some say he carried a sword-cane. Frank Meyer slept all day, and smoked and talked on the phone all night. He had switched from Communist theoretician at Balliol to conservative theoretician at Woodstock. Whittaker Chambers was around the 35th Street offices, still blinking in the unaccustomed sunlight of life above ground, making Dostoyevskian pronouncements about politics, God, and the coming apocalypse. Then there was Max Eastman, courtly, handsome, the face that had launched a thousand women: poet, lover, a reformed but still atheistical disciple of John Dewey. And of course James Burnham, first in his class at Princeton, former Trotskyist and professor of philosophy at NYU, who had organized strikes during the Thirties and been an editor of *Partisan Review*: another unicorn, bizarre in the relentlessness of his intelligent interest in everything.

When I think of those people, I feel the way George Will looks. We come later in the culture. I have never worn a cloak, or spied for Russia, or advocated nudity and free love. Shall I walk upon the beach?

But then there was Willmoore Kendall. He made all of those others look like the man in the grey flannel suit.

Before I met him, I knew much of his legend. In an act of self-preservation Yale had bought back his tenure with a large lump sum, an event unique in American academic history. Kendall was unassimilable, and it was not just a matter of his conservative, indeed McCarthyite, views. In "Mosby's Memoirs," a story obviously based on Kendall, even down to his habitual use of green ink, Saul Bellow writes of "the master's manner of acid elegance, logical tightness, factual punc-

"It's Like Putting Me in Slavery."

"For someone to take from me without my say-so is like putting me back in slavery."

Thirty-two years of teaching elementary school students in Chicago have honed Annie Lee Hudson's ability to boil issues to their basic terms—and nothing is more basic than freedom.

Annie Lee Hudson rejects slavery. She makes it easy to see why she—and six other Chicago teachers—are fighting heavy-handed officials of the Chicago Teachers Union in a lawsuit headed for the U.S. Supreme Court.

Like her fellow teachers, many of them former union members, Mrs. Hudson is being forced to pay compulsory "agency fees" to the union hierarchy to continue teaching.

Big Labor's mandate: "No dues, no job."

Annie Lee Hudson can pay the union or she can join the unemployed.

Union officials in turn are spending the compulsory dues they demand on activities which have nothing in the world to do with collective bargaining.

The result: Annie Lee Hudson—and millions of workers like her—are forced to finance radical political, social and ideological causes they would never support voluntarily.

And when teachers protest, they wind up in a kangaroo court controlled by the very same union pros who claimed to "represent" them in the first place.

From start to finish, the scheme violates basic human liberties. Annie Lee Hudson knows it; her fellow teachers know it; and so does the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit.

The appeals court ruled just last year that major portions of the compulsory dues setup are unconstitutional. The case is bound for the U.S. Supreme Court only because greedy union officials refuse to relent.

"I believe in unions—I do not believe in arrogance and corruption and people doing me any kind of way they want because they're the only game in town," Mrs. Hudson offers. "Unions have become very, very arrogant."

When this case goes before the highest court in the land, Annie Lee Hudson and her colleagues will be represented, as they have been since 1983, by attorneys for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. The Foundation is proud of its role of assistance and, in fact, is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 300 cases involving violations of academic and political freedom, illegal union political spending, union violence and other abuses of basic human rights.

If you would like to help people like Annie Lee Hudson, we would like to hear from you.

Mukul Roy

THE NATIONAL RIGHT TO WORK
LEGAL DEFENSE FOUNDATION
8001 Braddock Rd., Springfield, Virginia 22160

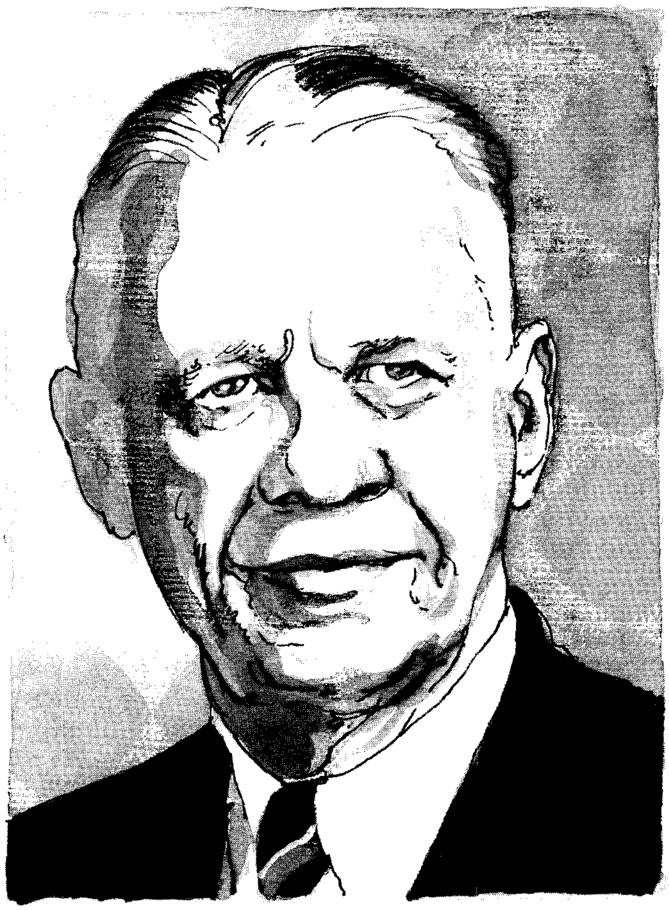
tiliousness, and merciless laceration in debate. . . . The real, the original Mosby approach brought Mosby hatred, got Mosby fired. Princeton University had offered Mosby a lump sum to retire seven years early. One hundred and forty thousand dollars. Because his mode of discourse was so upsetting to the academic community. Mosby was invited to no television programs. He was like the guerrilla Mosby of the Civil War. When he galloped in, all were slaughtered." Dwight Macdonald wrote him up as "a wild Yale don" of abstract views who could get a conversation to the shouting stage faster than anyone else he knew.

Before I met Kendall, I knew that he had been a Rhodes Scholar and a newspaperman in the Spanish Civil War, that he had written importantly on Locke and a great deal on the Constitution, and that his "two majorities" essay was canonical in political science. Also, that there was a couch in the NATIONAL REVIEW offices known as the Willmoore Kendall Memorial Couch, on which he had been surprised one morning *in flagrante* with one of the staffers.

In the fall of 1965 I was driving up from Spain on the way to a year at Oxford. I had corresponded with Kendall, and had made a date to meet him. He was working on Rousseau, and living in a crummy Paris suburb called Meudon-Bellevue, part of the Red Belt. He came to the door of his apartment at noon, obviously with a devastating hangover, unshaven, dressed in rags, wearing sneakers and no socks. We managed to make a date for dinner, by which time, at a Left Bank Greek restaurant, he was elegant in a black turtleneck and Harris tweed jacket, another man altogether, and a superb conversationalist.

That evening, by the way, it became instantly clear why the papacy of Paul VI was a failure—"Hamlet-like," as it was discreetly put in those days. It developed that Kendall, at that very moment, had two marriage annulments being simultaneously processed by the Rota. And they both went through, a two-thousand-year first. My view is that when the Kendall dossier hit the Pope's desk, His Holiness signed, and then threw in the towel.

Later that year, Kendall and his new wife-to-be spent a week with me at Oxford. There were wonderful hours-long discussions of political theory. We consumed an ocean of booze, and after he left, for the only time in my life, I took up running. It was the only way to dry out. The Master of Pembroke College said that Kendall as a Rhodes Scholar had been the brightest student he had ever met, with Prime Minister Harold Wilson coming in second. Kendall told me flatly that his goal was to be *the* theoretician of the American conservative movement, about which I had just published a book, which he rated, gently, at about a B-plus. Once, he leaned against the grey stone wall of Christ Church and popped a nitro pill to relieve his angina. He enjoyed going to the local pub, where he would scandalize the dart-throwers and pint-quaffers with his loudly stated and extreme views: "As everyone knows, there is only *one* country that can *really* wage nuclear war." When a news report of an unsuccessful assassination attempt against Sukarno came over the pub TV, Kendall commented: "This has all the earmarks of a CIA operation. Everyone died except Sukarno." (Kendall himself had been in the CIA for a while.)



Yes, colorful. But with the passage of time I feel ever more confident of the judgment I made in a 1971 essay. "Willmoore Kendall remains, beyond any possibility of challenge, the most important political theorist to have emerged in the 25 years since the end of World War II." His two books of essays, along with *Dialogues in Americanism*, with James MacGregor Burns, and *Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition*, completed after his death by George Carey, constitute a rich and coherent body of work and an originally formulated view of the American polity that is completely convincing. He was also a powerful and original stylist, evoking in his sentences the tones of the speaking voice, weaving colloquialisms in with his elegances. It represents a distinctive achievement in twentieth-century prose. Nor are those colloquialisms merely aesthetically interesting. They signify the root of his political thought in the American people themselves—or, to be precise, most of them: Kendall liked to say that he thought of himself as an "Appalachians-to-the-Rockies American." Both coasts could go to hell.

Here, briefly, is Kendall's—as he would put it—"teaching."

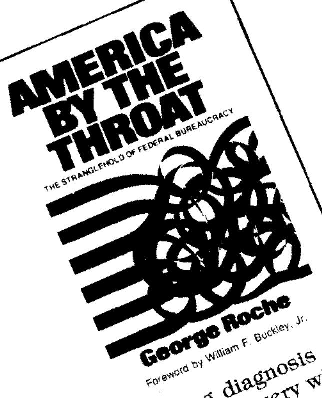
At its core was a precise, one might say technical, conception of the essence of the United States Constitution. Kendall saw that the document devised in Philadelphia during that hot summer of 1787 had a political philosophy behind it. It was a "deliberate-sense" document.

It assumes that people, living their lives, accumulate experience and knowledge. It means to prevent them from converting temporary judgments into public policy. Waves of popular feeling will not prevail. This carefully crafted political instrument places all sorts of buffers in the path of popular feeling: a bicameral national legislature with the two houses elected on different schedules,

Bureaucratic Absurdity Quiz

So you think you know the Washington bureaucracy? We've lifted these questions from some of the lunacies reported by George Roche. How many blanks can you fill in? (Helpful hint: when stuck on an answer, say something crazy. This will put you in the ballpark, at least.)

1. ______ spent $______ studying stewardesses and determined that their noses average 2.18 inches long.
2. The Pentagon spends $______ to make a grilled cheese sandwich.
3. The FDA issued an urgent warning about valentine candies. What was the thrust of this emergency declaration?
4. How much would environmental testing of a zero-gravity toilet cost?
5. What would a *complete* study of frisbees cost, roughly?
6. On April 29, 1981, an ordinary day in the bureaucracy, the U.S. government spent $______ for goggles.
7. Name the august body that voted unanimously to prohibit the importation of killer bee semen. (Problem, points out Roche: no one knows how to obtain killer bee semen.)
8. *Not* counting the military arm, what is the cost of the federal bureaucracy, annually, per person in the U.S.?


AMERICA BY THE THROAT
THE STRANGLEHOLD OF FEDERAL BUREAUCRACY
George Roche
Foreword by William F. Buckley, Jr.

AMERICA BY THE THROAT
The Stranglehold of Federal Bureaucracy

by
George Roche
President, Hillsdale College
Former Chairman,
National Council on Educational Research

"A lucid, even entertaining, yet also brilliant and penetrating diagnosis of the major social disease of our time. A splendid book that deserves very wide readership."
Nobel Laureate, Milton Friedman

"Unless the gargantuan wastefulness of federal bureaucracy is brought under control, we are headed for political and economic disaster. George Roche makes ...the problem frighteningly clear. His book...displays a keen understanding of this issue, and carries an important message..."
William E. Simon, Former Secretary of the Treasury

America by the Throat is part of Hillsdale College's defense of independence and the liberal arts tradition. Dr. Roche and Hillsdale are committed to providing intellectual leadership through the College's curriculum, the Center for Constructive Alternatives, and the Shavano Institute for National Leadership.

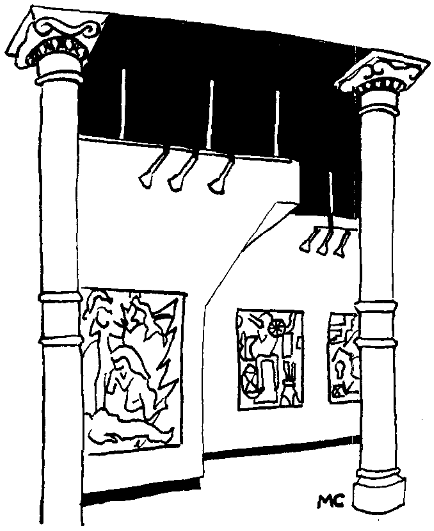
Now in paperback, **America by the Throat** is available for $5.00 from the Hillsdale College Press. To order your copy and to receive a complimentary subscription to Hillsdale College's monthly publication, **Imprimis**, or to learn more about our programs please contact: CCA Office, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan 49242.

1844

a presidential veto, a federal system of states, a Supreme Court that is not elected, and so on. Those buffers were put in place to ensure that the "sense" of the people would indeed be "deliberate." Nothing really serious could happen without reflection.

Nevertheless, in the end, the "sense" of the people was final, absolute. Kendall saw that the Constitution created a system of congressional superiority. We do not have three "equal" branches of government. Congress can impeach the President and override his vetoes, but the President cannot impeach Congress. Congress can override the Court, refuse to pay it, refuse to confirm new Justices, and thus abolish it; it can alter the Constitution itself through the amendment process. Macaulay saw all this and, although a Whig, condemned the Constitution as too radical: all sail and no anchor.

But Kendall thought there was an anchor, or rather two of them. For one thing, there was the polite myth, set forth by Publius in the *Federalist Papers*, that we do have three "equal" branches. What we have in reality is a system of political manners. None of the branches will step over the line and imperialize over one of the other branches. They will test the boundaries, yes, but *noli me tangere*. The second and major anchor was the American people themselves, the "virtuous people" as Kendall called them. This was not sentimental. He knew that we were sinners. But he believed that the virtuous people had the basic instincts of the republican Founders—"in their hips," as he put it; that is, not as a matter of theory but as a matter of lived experience.



To put it another way, Kendall took the words "self-government" seriously, even savagely. In the last paragraph of the last essay he ever wrote he put it eloquently:

> What I do take sides on is the thesis of the *Federalist Papers*, namely: That America's mission in the world is to prove to the world that self-government—that is, government by the people through a representative assembly which, by definition, calls the plays—is possible. What I do take sides on is our solemn obligation, as Americans, to value the good health of the American political system—the system we have devised to prove to the world that self-government is possible—above the immediate demands, however just and right, of any minority. What I do take sides on is government by consensus, which, I repeat, requires of minorities demanding drastic change that they bide their time until they have pleaded their case successfully before the bar of public—not merely majority—opinion. What I do take sides on is the Preamble of the Constitution which gives equal status to justice and domestic tranquillity, and so pledges us to pursue them simultaneously and not even in the "case" that seems "dearest" to a protesting minority, subordinate domestic tranquillity to justice.

But in opposition to and in contradiction of the "deliberate-sense" foundation of the Constitution, Kendall saw that there had grown up a viper in the bosom of the Republic, a theory of government that did not appeal to the deliberate sense of the people but to theoretical absolutes called "rights," which do not bow to any deliberate sense whatsoever. These absolutes are not found in the plain language of the Constitution. They are discerned in the "created-equal" clause of the Declaration, and in the First and Fourteenth Amendments—in Kendall's view, by tortuous interpretation. As he saw it, the deliberate-sense essence of our system was being derailed by the "rights" theory of government, which was being imposed by judges and by bureaucratic fiat, and we were being subjected to measures that would never issue from the sense of the virtuous people: racial quotas, busing, pornography, gay rights, the legal legitimacy of the Communist Party, and all the rest of our political *schlock*.

It is a powerful and coherent view of the American political tradition. It certainly is my own view, though I recognize that it can be challenged. The "rights" theory may have a longer and deeper tradition than Kendall thought. Those who ratified the Constitution might have had the Declaration ringing in their minds. On the other hand, they might have viewed Sam Adams, Tom Paine, and Patrick Henry as pains in the neck.

It is good and clarifying that this debate be pursued. Kendall's was a great and generous ambition. He conceived of himself in national and even world-historic terms. He would look

A Great
Tradition
Faithfully
Preserved

THE MADISON℠
Washington's Correct Address℠

THE MADISON HOTEL
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 862-1600 (800) 424-8577
Telex: 64245

Marshall B. Coyne

Call for any current book
- Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
- We ship immediately, anywhere in the world.
- Gift wrapping available.
- Mail orders welcome.
- Write or phone for free holiday gift catalog.

BOOK CALL™
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

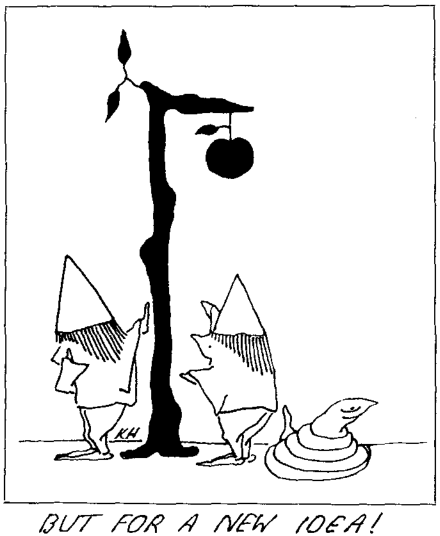
into the abyss and, trusting in that deliberate sense of the virtuous people, negate the negation. In his last years, at the University of Dallas, he was functioning at full capacity as a great teacher and a great writer. On June 30, 1967, he died at the end of an ordinary academic day. He went down for his mail, talked with a student, and took a nap. □

GUY DAVENPORT

HUGH KENNER: THE KENNER ERA

Hugh Kenner, detector and plotter of synergetic forces, pays great attention to encounters; let us begin with some. Thirty-six years ago he holed up in a cabin outside Peterborough, Ontario, and in two weeks wrote a book, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* (unfashionable title for the times, which went in for emblematic ones, like *The Well-Wrought Urn*, and Ezra Pound's poetry shared the academic contempt of his politics). Young Kenner, a graduate student at Yale, took the manuscript to James Laughlin, the publisher of New Directions. That encounter relaunched Kenner's career. It had begun before, in a thoroughly Canadian way, with a book called *Paradox in Chesterton*, which was, shall we say, Torontonian, facing toward England, smartly provincial, proper groundwork for a career as a professor of English.

Kenner's book was a great light dispelling darkness. I had seen this brilliant intelligence first in a book of essays on Joyce, and then on Pound in the newly founded *Hudson Review*, and I stood in awe of the architectural prose and the sense that here was a mind with such gifts of analysis and synthesis that it could show us—as it has—what modernist writing meant, what its achievement was.



BUT FOR A NEW IDEA!

My copy of *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* is dated December 1951, and was bought in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. I remember the occasion well, as I'd bought $80.01 worth of books in the first bookshop with real books I'd had the run of in a year, and had $80 but not the penny, which the shop's owner was not about to shave off for a paratrooper from Fort Bragg in full Class A regalia, blue dragon patch on left shoulder and all. Corporal Robert Gegner from the Poundian place of Crawfordsville, Indiana, lent me the one cent, which I still owe him. I read the book over Christmas leave, and thereafter the publication of a book by Hugh Kenner has always been an event.

Dublin's Joyce followed, and then *Wyndham Lewis.* Then the astoundingly brilliant *Samuel Beckett.* These three were, in effect, discoveries of the giants of modern writing. Discoveries in the full meaning of the word: for Kenner's method finds the subject and puts it before us in a block of light. He shows us its coherence and articulation within itself, and what it looks like in perspectives historical and critical. He speeded up the process of forty minor studies by the timid and the lazy. (When the dust settles, someone will notice that the Canadian genius is for the synoptic view of things—Douglas Bush, Northrop Frye, H. S. M. Coxeter, Herbert Marshall McLuhan, Barker Fairley, Hugh Kenner.)

CONGRATULATIONS
To the Guys Who
Started It All
30
Years Ago

HUGH C. NEWTON
& ASSOCIATES
Award-Winning
Public Relations
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E.
Suite #520
The Heritage Foundation Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20002
(202) 544-0011

LEARN FRENCH ON YOUR OWN!

Not just a phrasebook, but a *real* language course! More than 40 hours of recorded material make this unique self-instructional cassette/book course a truly effective way to learn French.

The course consists of a series of cassettes recorded by *native* French speakers, and accompanying textbook. You'll learn to speak French the way you learned English — by listening and repeating. It's easy, and takes only 25 minutes a day. Your cassette player becomes your "teaching machine." You learn where and when you want to, and at your own pace.

The course was developed by the Foreign Service Institute to train U.S. State Department personnel. In addition, it has been used successfully by thousands of our mail-order customers.

Packaged in handsome vinyl binders, the course is available in two parts. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Basic French Part A:** 12 cassettes (15 hr.) and 194-p. text, $135.
☐ **Basic French Part B:** 18 cassettes (25 hr.) and 290-p. text, $159.
(CT residents add sales tax)

Phone orders call toll-free: 1-800-243-1234

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

Try it for 3 weeks at no risk — we promise prompt refund if not completely satisfied. We offer courses in 42 languages; send for free catalog.

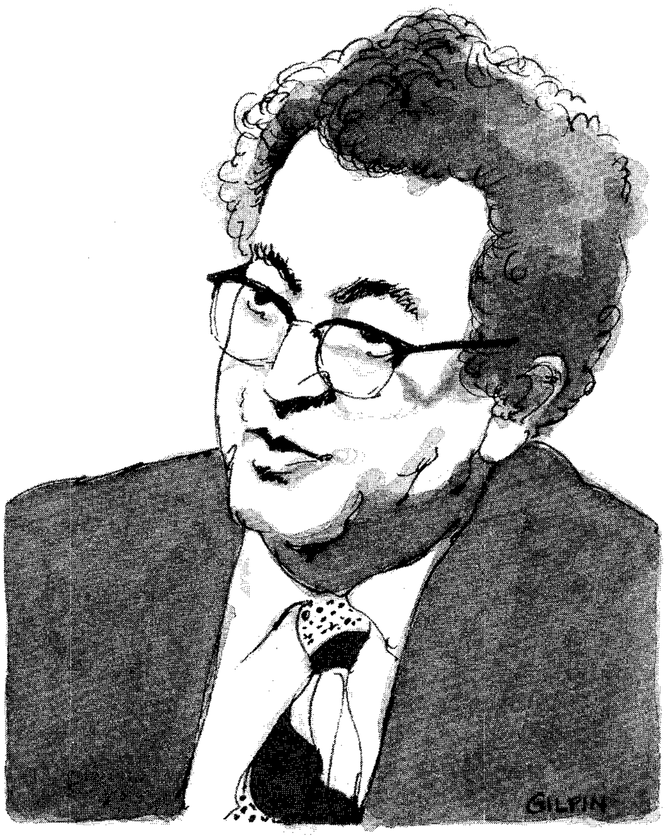
AUDIO-FORUM® Room W49,
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

Over thirty years, then, we have had a study of the modernist movement that has given us our only articulate view of it. Though the individual books have been on Joyce, Pound, Eliot, Beckett, Buckminster Fuller, and other masters, there have been topical studies such as *The Stoic Comedians*, *A Colder Eye*, *A Homemade World*, and *The Counterfeiters*, which in effect constitute a phenomenology of the twentieth century. It took the *Times Literary Supplement*, the official newspaper of literature in English, some 25 years to notice Mr. Kenner. The Germans and Italians, always alert to the new, have managed a dim recognition of him. The French, occupied with theory and ideologies, have yet to discover him.

And we English-speaking North Americans have yet to discover him. Universities are armed enclaves of vested interests. The scholars are working on this, working on that. Hugh Kenner fits into this system like Sherlock Holmes among the Keystone Kops. Your average professor sweats out an article a year (on George Meredith's stand on feminism, on Keats and Kosciuszko), while Hugh Kenner is writing a hundred reviews and articles, with a couple of books at the press, and a couple more in the word processors that sit around his house on every table.

Meanwhile, the French theoreticians from the lower end of the Boulevard St-Germain are more beguiling (and easier) to emulate than Professor Kenner. What we ought to have learned from Hugh Kenner is that a literary subject has a geography, a lineage, and a unique nature. The analytical tools for explicating Joyce are a different kit from those needed for Pound. In the academic world, this state of affairs posits two scholars, or two careers for one scholar. Multiply the exigencies through Beckett (I remember the gasps when Kenner turned from Pound and Joyce—Wyndham Lewis was easily dismissible as an aberration about which one did not have to think—to the strange Irish comedian whose anxieties seemed to fit the whole tragedy of modern history and whose dark and irresistible humor seemed rooted in philosophy), Fuller, Flaubert, Pope, Buster Keaton, Swift. I was assured a few years ago at Johns Hopkins that if Professor Kenner didn't stop talking about the genius of Flann O'Brien he would discredit his standing as a critic. One heard similar remarks at Harvard, about taking William Carlos Williams seriously; and I can imagine the blank faces among scholars when Hugh Kenner talks about Louis Zukofsky.

Taken as a donation, Kenner's contribution is not only immense (only Pound's is comparable), it is unique. It is wonderful. And whereas his sense of what he was doing ("saving other scholars time") was accurate, a general appreciation of it is sorely lacking. *The Pound Era* has been a great success. The many books on Joyce (although Kenner's *Ulysses* has yet to be published in the U.S.A.) hold academic attention at the moment. Critical piranhas, who know a little of this and a little of that, went after *A Colder Eye*, picking nits. The small topical books (written in the best prose in English of the century) have had a vogue, and pop up in reprints year after year. It is rare to find someone who has read the whole *œuvre*, and who has kept up with the thousand reviews? (Fred Siegel is who; I've tried.)

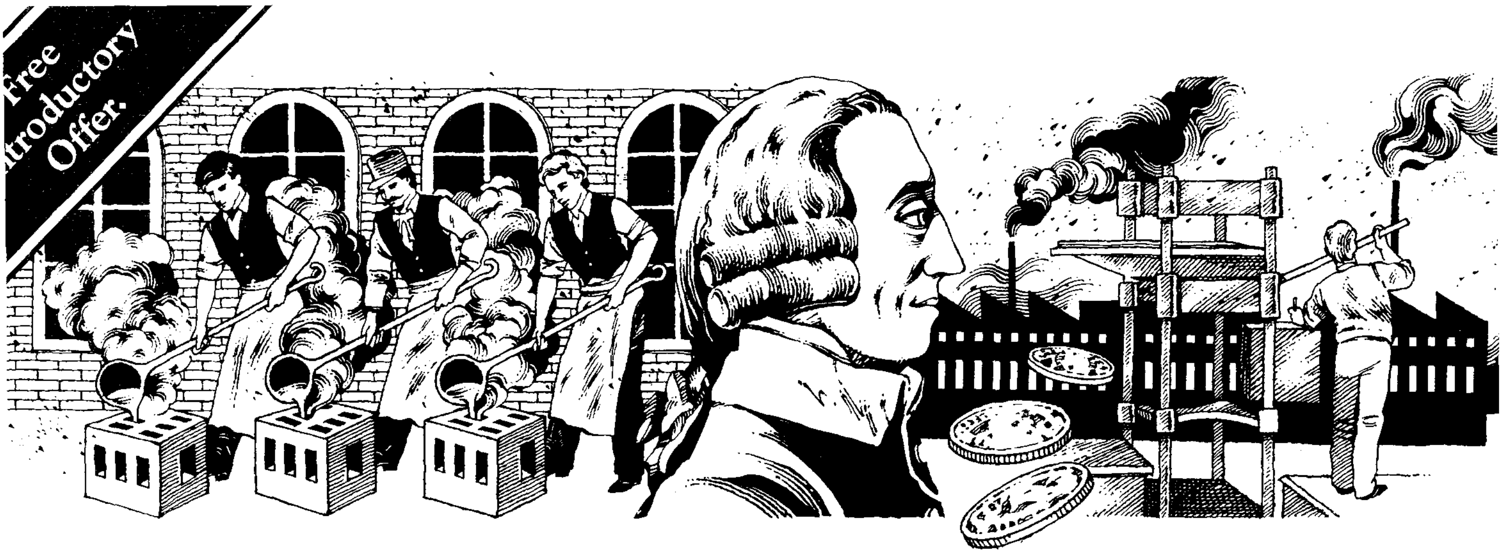


We live in an awful time. Philosophy has abandoned us; religions offer despair or incompetent help; events rival the worst nightmares. The universities have shrunk what they used to be into two semesters of sophomore cultural survey (Homer to Racine, Shakespeare to Sylvia Plath). The nature of literature changed around 1910. Inside the great sonorities and humane fables of Henry James, Conrad, and Kipling there appeared radically inventive forms containing a wholly different subject matter. *Ulysses*, *The Cantos*, *The Waste Land*, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, *Finnegans Wake*, *Happy Days*.

Each epoch has its major art. Ours is not that of Haydn, Mozart, and the Bachs, nor is it the age of Rembrandt, Vermeer, and Poussin. Of our architecture all you have to note is that a culture that would build a glass skyscraper the windows of whose first floor must be washed by a human being on a plank suspended 49 stories by two ropes is a culture without a shred of humanity. Never mind that the building must breathe through a power house ten miles away. No, the genius of our time is in our literature. That is our voice. We are, as the world was once before in the Renaissance and before that in the welding of a world out of the ruins of Rome and barbarian hordes, a world incomprehensible to ourselves.

We did not see that the twentieth century would revert to violence; every foresight promised exactly the opposite. We did not see that religion would turn into fanaticism, medicine into drug addiction, cities into jungles. We did not see, but our arts saw. They are our eyes and ears: as supplement, catalyst, or substitute.

Books are to read; reading is a communal activity. The illiterate formed societies to have Dickens read to them; early movies had a public reader. Modernist literature requires a community reader, or critic. We are lucky to have many, no ten of whom quite add up to Hugh Kenner. ☐


Free Introductory Offer.

Listen to Adam Smith.

His Ideas are in the News.

In 1776, Adam Smith published **The Wealth of Nations.** He had some surprising ideas about free trade, protectionism, and the role of government in the economy—all controversies in today's news. For over 200 years, Smith has influenced our ideas about how our economic world works.

The provocative and persuasive ideas of Smith and others have been gathered into a collection of professionally produced audio tapes. Significant excerpts from each work are included, but these tapes are far more than a mere reading. The Audio Classics discuss the authors, their ideas, and the historical conflicts that inspired their work. A dramatic format brings the classics to life, making them entertaining as well as informative.

A New Way to Broaden Your Mind.

All you have to do is listen in the time you might have wasted. If you spend 20 minutes a day in your car, you have time to listen to the ideas of Jefferson, Marx, Thoreau and others. Put a cassette into your player and learn, any where and any time. The Knowledge Products Audio Classics Series can become a mobile seminar.

Order your free cassette today.

Send for your first set of tapes—Common Sense by Thomas Paine and The Declaration of Independence by Thomas Jefferson—and if not satisfied, return within 30 days for a full refund. With your order, you will receive a new set of two tapes approximately every 30 days, 24 cassettes in all.

If you'd like a free tape on **Ideas That Have Shaped Our World,** plus a brochure for more information, check this option on the coupon and return it to us.

Guaranteed To Increase The Knowledge You Use Daily.

This 'age of information' in which we live is not necessarily the age of wisdom. The Audio Classics Series is designed for those who recognize that great thinking will enrich their lives and make them more successful—today.

There is absolutely no risk to you. This is the Knowledge Products guarantee: return the first package of tapes within 30 days, and you owe nothing. If you should become dissatisfied at any point in the series, cancel and receive a pro rata refund for the tapes you haven't received.

The Complete Audio Classics Series

1. • COMMON SENSE
   • DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
2. • CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE
   • THE LIBERATOR
3. • WEALTH OF NATIONS (Part 1)*
4. • WEALTH OF NATIONS (Part 2)*
5. • THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO
   • THE SOCIAL CONTRACT
6. • THE PRINCE
   • DISCOURSE ON VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE
7. • ON LIBERTY
   • VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN
8. • REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE
   • RIGHTS OF MAN
9. • LEVIATHAN*
10. • THE FEDERALIST PAPERS*
11. • TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT*
12. • DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA*

**One title in a two-tape set*

☎ For telephone orders, call toll free 1-800-453-9000 Ext. 120

THE KNOWLEDGE YOU NEED IS NOW ON TAPE.

Order the Audio Classics Series at No Risk. Cancel with full refund within 30 days if not satisfied.

☐ Send me the first two tapes, Common Sense and the Declaration of Independence. I understand that the balance of 22 tapes will arrive in sets of two approximately every 30 days.

☐ **Bill My Credit Card:**
__$16.95 per month for twelve months
__$47.50 per month for four months (save over 5%)
__$170 advance payment (a 15% savings)

☐ **Bill My Company $170.**

☐ I Am Enclosing a Personal Check For $170

__Mastercard __Visa
__American Express

Acct. # ____________
Expires on: ____________
Signature: ____________

☐ Send your free tape, **Ideas That Have Shaped Our World,** and a brochure.

Name ____________
please print clearly
Address ____________
____
State, Zip ____________
Phone Number ____________

KNOWLEDGE PRODUCTS
120 Tremont Street, Boston, MA 02108
© Knowledge Products 1985 12/85 NR120

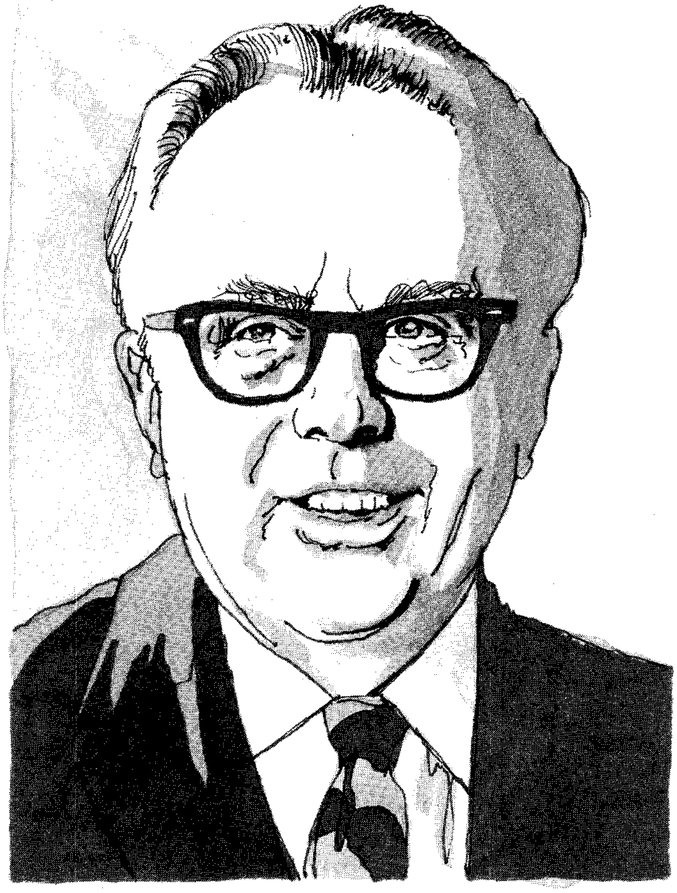
FORREST McDONALD

RUSSELL KIRK: THE AMERICAN CICERO

RUSSELL KIRK's contributions to the conservative intellectual movement have scarcely gone unheralded. His founding of *Modern Age* and of *The University Bookman*, his long-running "From the Academy" column in *NR*, his syndicated column, his foundation activities, his private philanthropies, his personal University of Mecosta, and, above all, his books have been justly celebrated. "The American Cicero," M. E. Bradford has called him, and the appellation seems entirely fitting.

Yet there is one truly impressive aspect of Kirk's career that, as far as I am aware, has gone virtually unremarked: I refer to his capacity for continuing to grow, despite his age and attainments. To the not inconsiderable number of his admirers who, since the first publication of *The Conservative Mind* in 1953, have regarded Kirk as a veritable demigod, the observation may appear presumptuous. From another point of view it may appear to be almost a contradiction. Growth necessarily entails change, and Kirk's subject matter is immutable truths. Moreover, in his writing as well as in the way he has chosen to live his life, he has adhered undeviatingly to the principles he proclaimed to the world in that first book. Nonetheless, there has been a continuous evolution in his thinking that has broadened and deepened it and, into the bargain, made possible the resolution of a grave problem that plagued the conservative revival from the outset.

The problem lay in the apparently irreconcilable tension between traditionalism and classical liberalism. As is well known, the spectacular success of *The Conservative Mind* had been preceded and in fact exceeded by that of F. A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*. Kirk explicitly rejected liberalism; indeed, he treated Benthamites and Manchesterians no less harshly than he treated the eighteenth-century French ideologues. He became engaged in a running controversy with Frank Meyer on the subject that went on throughout the 1950s, and in 1960 the continuing debate moved Hayek to write an article renouncing conservatism. The American Left, which embraced neither position, declared that if conservatism meant a Burkean reverence for history and tradition, as Kirk insisted, then American conservatives must be liberals, for liberalism was the American tradition. Conservatives who embraced both positions were (according to John Roche, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., et al.) therefore "schizophrenic."



Now I seriously doubt that Kirk deliberately set out to find a middle ground. Both temperament and experience (including hitches in the Army and a Ford assembly plant) led him to question the value of the economic achievements of the liberal way. Moreover, unlike some agrarian conservatives who denounce industrialism but hunger for its fruits, Kirk has never been particularly attracted to the creature comforts and gadgetry that capitalism makes abundantly available. And as late as 1974, when his monumental *Roots of American Order* was published, he was citing with warm approval Orestes Brownson's dictum that a regime based upon the pursuit of individual interests is inherently self-defeating, for it "promotes the growth of selfishness, and therefore increases the very evil from which government is primarily needed to protect us."

Careful comparison, however, reveals some subtle but profound differences between *The Conservative Mind* and *The Roots of American Order*. Somewhat surprisingly, considering that Kirk did most of the work on the earlier book while studying for his doctorate at St. Andrews, he pays almost no attention in it to Scottish thinkers. He mentions Adam Smith only in passing (and somewhat disparagingly), and his few comments on Hume are emphatically negative. But in *Roots* he was obliged to give Hume closer scrutiny because of Hume's obvious influence on Madison, Hamilton, and other Framers; and he discovered that beyond Hume's skepticism and seeming impiety lay a deep and powerfully persuasive understanding of the force of prescriptive order in shaping society.

Then in 1976 Liberty Fund published its elegant new edition of Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and at some time during the next five years Kirk devoted a great deal of study to that work. He thereby came to perceive, what only a handful of specialists had been aware of, that there is far more to Smith than *The Wealth of Nations*. Indeed, in an article published in *Modern Age* in 1981, Kirk pointed out that various of John Adams's ideas that he had long admired and thought "original" with Adams were "borrowed—almost plagiarized—from Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*," and Kirk now grouped Smith together with Burke and Johnson as "Three Pillars of Order."

To bring the Scots into the pantheon was to give conservatism an even broader and firmer intellectual foundation than Kirk had provided before. Hume and Smith shared Kirk's (and Burke's) belief in a transcendent moral order, in social continuity, in the principle of prescription, in prudential and natural change as opposed to forced change on the basis of abstract theoretical systems, in variety and inequality, and in the imperfectibility of man; but they went further. Rejecting the mechanistic model of society that was so fashionable in the eighteenth century, they viewed it instead as a living organism. From that premise it followed that society could not be tampered with or improved as an engineer might work with a machine, except at its mortal peril. It also followed—and this is crucial—that in the absence of coercion by government, society would heal its own ailments.

Formulating this as an additional conservative principle to the six that Kirk brilliantly described in the introduction to his *Portable Conservative Reader* (1982), one might say that Hume and Smith teach that society spontaneously and repeatedly generates its own order, and does so through the self-interested activities of the members who compose it at a given time. The principle is most obviously operative in the workings of the Invisible Hand, but the same process is at work in every aspect of society—provided that government allows it to work. Thus, the incorporation of the Scottish thinkers into the conservative tradition enables liberty and tradition to be reconciled: They are not antithetical but complementary.

Kirk's mission, over the years, has been to enrich the conservative intellectual tradition by searching for and reporting to us the wisdom of our ancestors. Every additional finding moves us closer toward a whole from which internal contradictions and tensions are entirely absent. We shall never get there, of course, for what Kirk is seeking, ultimately, is the Truth; and it is inherent in the conservative way of

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE MONT PELERIN SOCIETY

announce the

OLIVE W. GARVEY FELLOWSHIPS

for the

1986 GENERAL MEETING OF THE MONT PELERIN SOCIETY
(St. Vincent, Italy, August 31-September 6, 1986)

The Garvey Fellowships will be awarded for the three best essays on the topic
"THE ECONOMICS AND PHILOSOPHY OF LIBERTY"

Essays of not more than 5000 words may be submitted by students or young faculty members 35 years of age or younger, who are not members of The Mont Pelerin Society.

The essays will be judged by a panel of three senior members of The Mont Pelerin Society. Deadline for submission of essays is March 31, 1986.

First prize Garvey Fellow award of $2500 + $1000 travel grant
to participate in the Society's St. Vincent meeting

Second prize Garvey Fellow award of $1500 + $1000 travel grant
to participate in the Society's St. Vincent meeting

Third prize Garvey Fellow award of $1000 + $1000 travel grant
to participate in the Society's St. Vincent meeting

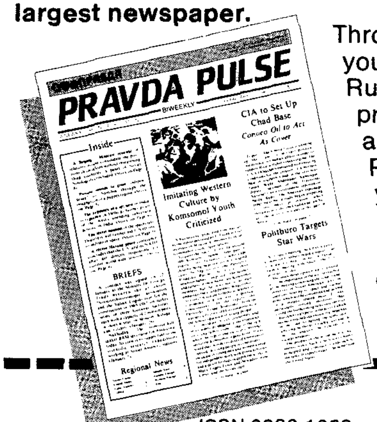
Further information is available from:

The Mont Pelerin Society
PO Box 7031
Alexandria, Virginia 22307 USA

How do the Soviets perceive the world?

Is their system succeeding or is it failing?
Are they afraid or are they ambitious?

PRAVDA PULSE is impartially translated from PRAVDA, the Soviet Union's largest newspaper.


PRAVDA PULSE
BIWEEKLY
CIA to Set Up Chad Base
Conoco Oil to Act As Cover
Inside
Imitating Western Culture by Komsomol Youth Criticized
Politburo Targets Star Wars
BRIEFS
Regional News

Through PRAVDA PULSE, you can put yourself in the shoes of an ordinary Russian as he reads news (including propaganda), commentary, cartoons and government announcements. Published biweekly (26 issues per year), PRAVDA PULSE will enable you to keep in constant touch with the changing mood in the USSR.

Our Pledge to You - News Pulse, Inc. guarantees that if, at any time, PRAVDA PULSE does not meet your expectations, you can cancel and we'll refund the full amount of your unused subscription.

ISSN 0882-1682

News Pulse, Inc.
P.O. Drawer 4323
Ft. Pierce, FL 33448-4323

Please enter my subscription to biweekly PRAVDA PULSE (26 issues per year)
☐ 1 year $64.20 ☐ 2 years $128.40 ☐ 6 Months (New Subs. only) $33.00
☐ Payment enclosed (in Canada add $6 U.S.) Bill to: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard
Account No. ______ Exp. Date ______
Signature ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

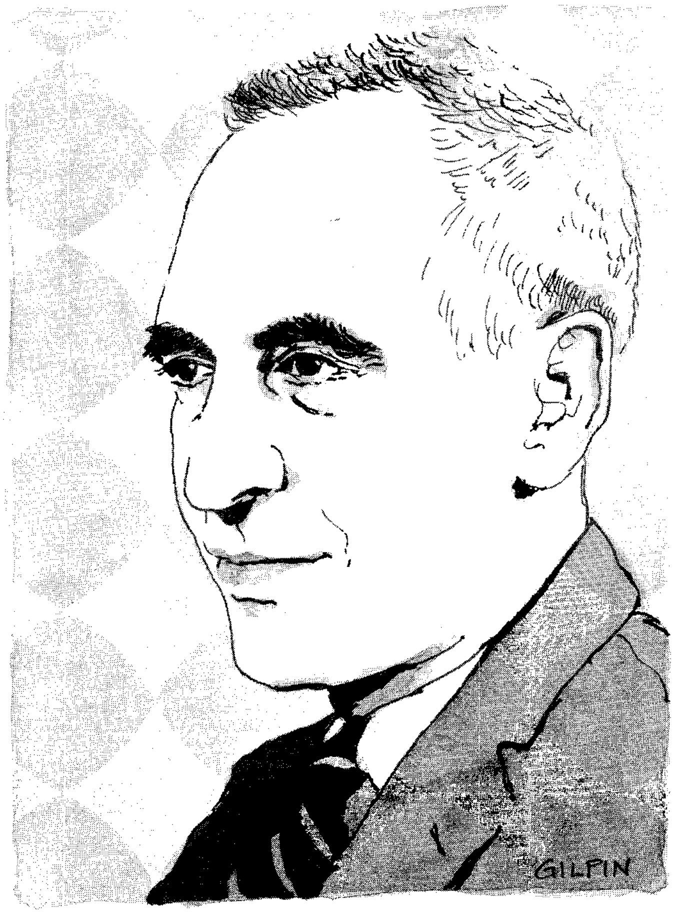
viewing things that the Truth is not for man to know. But he continues to search and to find, and we continue to be enriched. ☐

RICHARD VIGILANTE

FRANK MEYER: AHEAD OF HIS TIME

Of all the founders of American conservatism, it is Frank Meyer upon whom the word "conservative" sits most happily. In the beginning the movement was full of people who thought it had gotten the wrong name. Classical liberals, libertarians, traditionalists, theocrats, and others argued that however politically useful the conservative coalition might be, at bottom conservatism was a contradictory eclecticism based not on shared principle but on shared enmities. Any attempt, in particular Frank Meyer's attempt, to "fuse" the factions into philosophical unity would be based not on clear analysis but on intellectual compromise.

But Frank Meyer's analysis, as presented in the early *NR* columns and *In Defense of Freedom*, was very clear. He wasn't fusing anything. A conservative was precisely what he was, and he knew precisely what he was conserving: "the Christian understanding of the nature and destiny of man," which, in the political realm, had been best realized in the founding of the American Republic.



That Christian understanding, Meyer argued, was disserved by libertarians and traditionalists alike. The traditionalists, he explained, began with a leg up on the libertarians, because they started from the correct premise that virtue was the end of man. But they concluded from this, wrongly in Meyer's view, that virtue must also be the end of politics and freedom at best a means—as in the utility of the market—to be sacrificed as prudence dictated. The libertarians charged statism, but for their own part often sounded as if they didn't care about man's end at all, so long as they could show that in his beginnings he was free.

Meyer's answer was simple and conclusive. Freedom is neither end nor means but fact. Freedom is not a tool of men or a privilege of men, not even—not primarily anyway—a right of men. It is a condition of men. Like the God in Whose image they were created, men are persons, and freedom is an integral aspect of personality. Politics should facilitate men's pursuit of virtue. But since virtue is the fulfillment of nature, a politics that, by attempting to compel virtue, disregards that "innate freedom [that] is of the essence" of man's nature will frustrate its own purposes.

Meyer insisted that unless good acts were freely chosen they could not be truly virtuous, an argument that seemed like chop-logic to some: Weren't good acts good in themselves regardless of motivation? But Meyer was making a metaphysical and psychological point of enormous importance. If man is to pursue virtue, i.e., fulfill his nature, he must do it through that nature, not against it. It is no accident that Bolshevik attempts to compel virtue produce evil and corruption on a Bolshevik scale.

The traditionalists viewed themselves as the protectors of the Christian tradition in politics. But Meyer, coming to Christianity through atheism and Communism, found the traditionalists insufficiently appreciative of Christianity's uniqueness. They still did political philosophy in the manner of the Greeks, who, knowing nothing of the Incarnation, held that men found their true being in the *polis* and the communal pursuit of virtue. To Meyer, such transcendent statism, however informed by virtue, was all but blasphemous. After the Incarnation "only the person can be the earthly pole of the discharge between the transcendent and the immanent. The sanctity is drained out of all institutions of an earthly nature . . . Only persons . . . can receive the beatific vision or be redeemed by the divine sacrifice of love."

To find politics truly imbued with the Christian understanding of man, Meyer argued, one should look to the founding of the American Republic. If the essential political dilemma is that man can achieve the good only if he is free to reject it, then the Founders grasped it by both horns. They accepted both man's essential freedom and the reality of an objective moral order and "made the most effective effort ever . . . to articulate in political terms the Western understanding of the interrelationship" of the two. They envisioned a government that

THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN DEFEAT THE RUSSIANS.

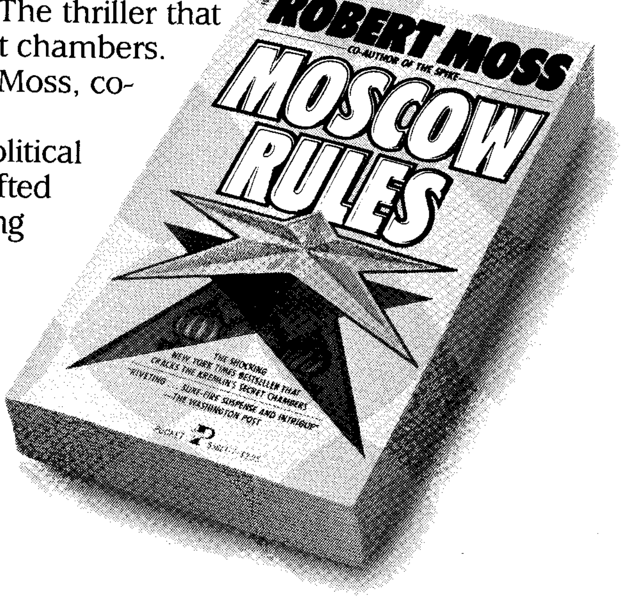
Meet Major General Sasha Preobrazhensky.

He's done everything to work his way up in the Soviet bureaucracy. He fought in Afghanistan. He established ties within the KGB. He even married the daughter of a high-ranking Soviet officer.

But he didn't do it out of loyalty. He did it to get revenge. The Communists killed his father and his lover, and now he won't stop until he's destroyed their government.

Read *Moscow Rules*. The thriller that cracks the Kremlin's secret chambers. *Moscow Rules*, by Robert Moss, co-author of *The Spike*.

"A breath-stopping political thriller. . . . The skillfully crafted plot keeps the reader racing toward the final chapter."
—*The Wall Street Journal*.

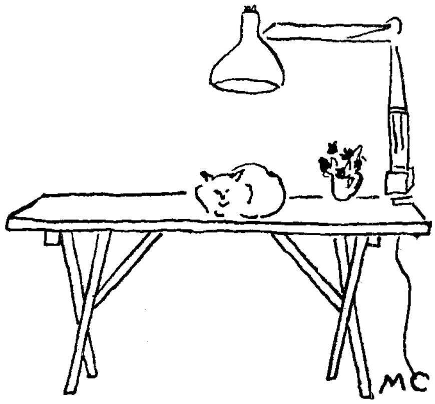

ROBERT MOSS
CO-AUTHOR OF THE SPIKE
MOSCOW RULES
THE SHOCKING NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER THAT CRACKS THE KREMLIN'S SECRET CHAMBERS
"RIVETING . . . SURE-FIRE SUSPENSE AND INTRIGUE"
—THE WASHINGTON POST
POCKET

POCKET BOOKS
The national bestseller, now in paperback.

would conform itself to the freedom and dignity of persons and thus envisioned a nation whose politics would foster the public virtues of personality: responsibility, self-reliance, self-governance, moral accountability. It is from "the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the debates at the time of its adoption" that "irradiates the present active scene of American conservatism."

In the Fifties and early Sixties, the jibe of the intellectual establishment was that there was no legitimate conservative tradition in American politics. To all its roots America was a liberal nation. A distressing number of conservative intellectuals, perhaps intimidated by conservative political failures, seemed to concede the point, striving at best to graft conservatism onto American politics. Frank Meyer not only thought conservatism had a place in the American tradition, he lay claim to that entire tradition on conservatism's behalf.

That is precisely what conservatives need to do today. The vast and successful conservative political enterprise has become, almost overnight, subject to all the vices and temptations of power politics. That enterprise, not to be confused with the movement from which it sprang, is too large and too busy for philosophical reflection. If it does not find, or is not given, a clear, simple sense of what holds it together, it will split apart, ruptured by confusion and opportunism. Defending the Founders' vision is not only a good definition of what American political conservatism has in fact been doing, it is also a unifying principle both simple enough and profound enough to hold together a mass movement.



Three decades ago, a thousand flowers bloomed in the conservative garden. Frank Meyer, ahead of his time, planted an oak. In the next few years, its shade will be most welcome. ☐

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

RICHARD WEAVER: STRANGER IN PARADISE

GLANCING THROUGH the manuscripts for this testimonial back-of-the-book section, I am struck by the number of contributors who were personally acquainted with their subjects. I never knew Richard Weaver—had in fact never heard of him until perhaps a dozen years ago—and even today cannot claim to regret the fact. (How many modern authors would one actually *care* to know? I can think of maybe three: William Faulkner, Flannery O'Connor, and H. L. Mencken. The rest I am perfectly content to meet only in their shelf lives.) While Weaver's writings suggest a strong vein of affability and even sweetness of spirit, nevertheless crankiness keeps breaking in: the special brand of cantankerousness that hangs like stale tobacco-smell about middle-aged bachelors who work and live out of residential-hotel rooms, taking their meals at restaurants around the corner or reheating them in Pullman kitchens shared with roaches and illuminated by the neon bar signs across the street. It is, partly, the irritability of a man who has made his choice between writing and living, and stuck with it; also, I suspect, it represents the tempered disgruntlement of one who, while deploring the tendencies of a wayward world, remains wise enough to comprehend that everything has a part and a place in God's creation.

The truth is that Richard Weaver appears—at least to this reader—to have been one of those men for whom that modicum of balance called Happiness is to be found, intellectually speaking, neither in temperament nor in activity, but in the philosophical and moral process of reconciliation. He considered negativism and despair pusillanimous, yet his fundamental incapacity for worldly optimism would, I imagine, have made Weaver—who died in 1963—a marginally dour and sharp-elbowed presence in the 1980s.

Two decades of continued Yankeefication in the Sunbelt South would be more than sufficient to stir something not unlike misery in the soul of this native son of North Carolina, who argued—in *The Southern Tradition at Bay* (Arlington House, 1968) and other places—that the Old South represented the last feudal society in the Western world; a society fundamentally conservative in thought and habit that would—as the nation in large aged and in aging grew more susceptible to the frailties and woes that beset societies as well as men in their maturity—teach patience and fortitude in adversity, even perhaps tragedy, to its less-experienced brethren in the North and West. That the facts of recent history show the influence to have flowed in the opposite direction—with the Southerner partaking of the crassest materialisms of the Yankee while inculcating, apparently, nothing in return—would inevitably have come as a dreadful disappointment, which many casual readers of Weaver might be tempted to ascribe to his "agrarianism": meaning, his well-known preference for the feudal over the industrial, the rural over the urban milieu, the rustic over the city man.

That Weaver entertained such preferences—or, as he would say, "prejudices"—is indisputable. Over and over again—particularly in *Ideas Have Consequences* (Chicago, 1948) and *The Southern Tradition* but elsewhere as well—he uses "urban" as a synonym for "mass," and "mass man" for "contemporary society" or "modern man," upon whom "all higher values are as good as lost" (Rauschning as quoted by RW, *Ideas*). There is, therefore, an easy tendency to see Weaver as a dyed-in-the-wool back-to-the-land agrarian (he studied for a year under John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt) more than eager to take his stand with

"Buckley at his brilliant, biting best."

—Publishers Weekly

William F. Buckley, Jr. is an American institution. Witty, well-informed, opinionated, Protean: at one moment, a satirist as scathing as Swift; the next, an essayist as measured as Montaigne; and the next, an affectionate eulogist, or a surgically precise critic, or a commentator who is sure to take his place in the American pantheon beside Thoreau, Tom Paine, and Mark Twain.

RIGHT REASON displays every facet of his mercurial, but always lapidary mind. His first collection since the acclaimed *A Hymnal,* its hundred pieces range from Stalin to "Saturday Night Fever," from Hugh Hefner to John Hinckley, from Pericles to the Pope to peanut butter. And whether you agree with him or not, you'll have to concede that he is challenging, clever, funny, philosophical, provocative... a Renaissance Man for the modern age.

RIGHT REASON

Jan Lukas

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr.

EDITED BY RICHARD BROOKHISER

"What Buckley has is a sort of sparkle and grace... in our time free minds are desperately rare and precious, and in him I detect one."—Malcolm Muggeridge

"It is Buckley's unique triumph over a disposable culture that he has always tried to be an ideologue and yet never managed to be a bore...he is an example to all of those who try to change the public way of thinking by argument; he is a reminder that the point is not what you may find, but the zest of how you search."—Murray Kempton

"More often than not, he is the conscience of the libertarian, all ideological labels aside.... Coming at us out of right field, he is doing for America today what Orwell was doing out of left field in the 1930's."—Alistair Cooke

"Buckley deserves his reputation as one of the wittiest political satirists writing today."

—New York Times Book Review

"In his philosophy, certain lines and points are fused: his God, his country, his faith in a free society. His writing curves accordingly, with grace and wit and the flex of a rapier."
—James Jackson Kirkpatrick

Just published—already in its second printing.

DOUBLEDAY

the yeoman farmer, the sharecropper, and perhaps (as critics have darkly muttered) the slaveholder himself. Support for this reading is to be found in many passages from his work, such as this (from *Ideas Have Consequences*):

> What humane spirit, after reading a newspaper or attending a popular motion picture or listening to the farrago of nonsense on a radio program, has not found relief in fixing his gaze upon some characteristic bit of nature? It is escape from the sickly metaphysical dream. Out of the surfeit of falsity born of technology and commercialism we rejoice in returning to primary data and to assurance that the world is a world of enduring forms which in themselves are neither brutal nor sentimental.

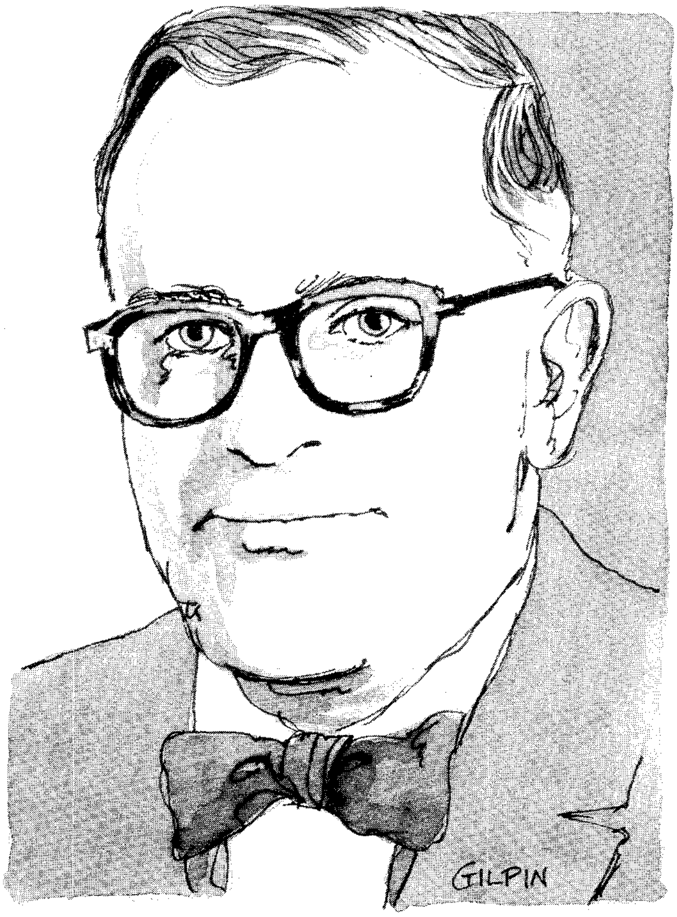
Or this (from the same source): "No one can be excused for moral degradation, but we are tempted to say of the urban dweller, as of the heathen, that he never had an opportunity for salvation."

Now, that sounds like a hopelessly archaic mode of speech in many conservative—as well as most Republican—circles in the 1980s, a period of conservative ascendancy unfortunately infected at the national level by a boisterous right-wing optimism, entirely devoid of the tragic sense, by which America in the late twentieth century is made to appear as a sort of historical Nirvana owing to its potentially fecund economy, its enormous technological ingenuity, and its alleged rediscovery of "basic values" (which, upon inspection, too often reveals itself to be an illusion created by populist fundamentalism employing all the dishonest and manipulative practices learned from its sworn enemies, the mass media). According to new "conservative" (and particularly "neoconservative") creeds, the sky is the clear, clear limit, with no cloud to be seen threatening disaster from resource depletion, environmental depredation, crowd culture, uncontrolled immigration from Third World countries, the dehumanizing effects of technology, or metaphysical materialism—so long, of course, as all the proper prescriptions, as handed down by Republican politicians and "conservative" think-tanks, are conscientiously applied.

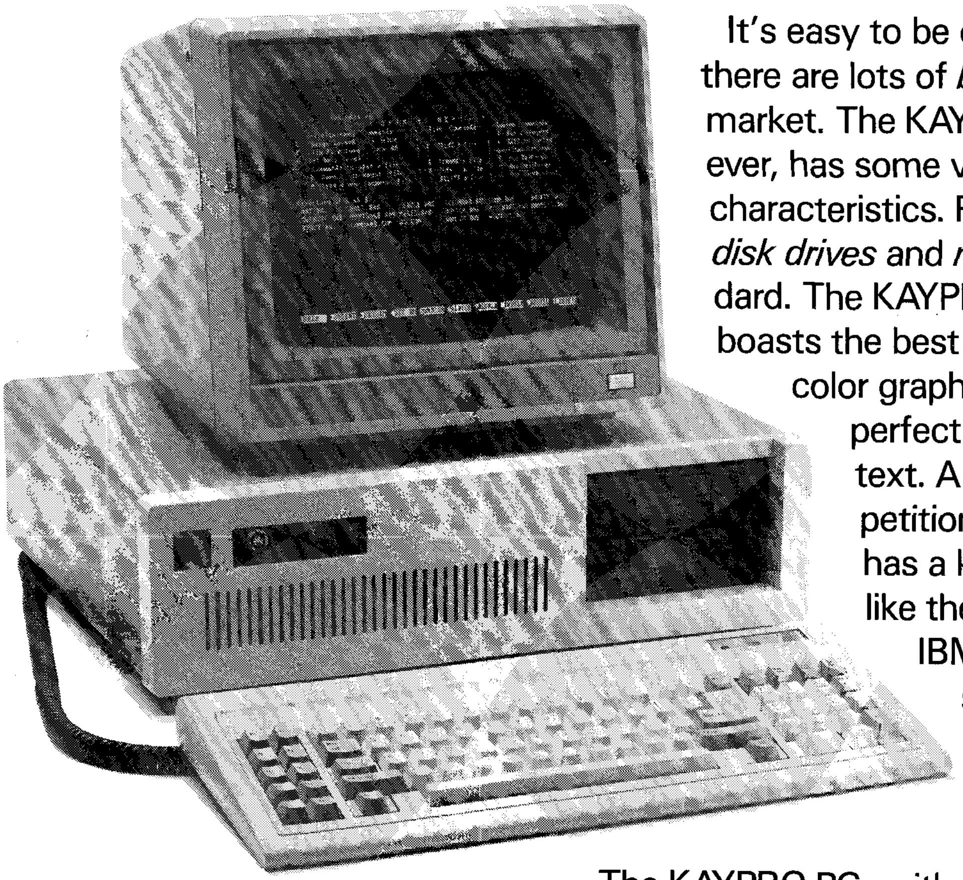
Richard Weaver could not be comfortable in company with this new breed of conservative. I will insist, though, that his reply to it would have nothing in common, either, with that of the "New" Left, or of the Sierra Club—or, for that matter, of many of the contributors to the volume *I'll Take My Stand* (the famous Agrarian Manifesto of 1930). Perhaps he might not have any reply—in the sense of an "answer"—at all; though I believe he would certainly have a word of caution, amounting to a reminder of what conservatism *is* and to what it attempts to point.

Writing in 1953, Weaver complained that the Republicanism of the 1920s had taken the promotion of prosperity to be the chief end of government and that, as of the Fifties, it still did. Seeing more deeply than do the GOP boosters of the Eighties into the socially and morally destructive aspects of that form of industrial capitalism we call the West and, by extension, Freedom, he would doubtless have been horrified by the extent to which the Right has purloined—with adaptations—the economic argument from the Left, so as to exchange the Great Society of Lyndon Johnson for the Cornucopic Society of George Gilder. Doubtless too the author of *The Ethics of Rhetoric* (Regnery, 1965) would have understood how this came about: How Burke, in preferring the liberal mode of argument "from circumstance" to the conservative one *a priori* with which to condemn the French Revolution, foreshadowed the position of today's commonsensical "conservatives" in opposition to the "idealists" of the Left. Understood—and probably sympathized, too, as he sympathized with Burke while himself preferring Abraham Lincoln's unfaltering instinct for the argument "from definition." Sympathized—while never losing sight of the truth that what is really of value in industrial-capitalistic democracy is the independent freedom of self-realization, the freedom to translate the ideal into the actual whether by drilling oil wells or manufacturing micro-chips, rather than the goods actually produced or the comforts secured—those goods and that comfort being, in the long run, subversive of freedom and self-realization. Because, when all is said, there remains a sense in which an obsession with "trickle-down" is supererogatory. "As far as I'm concerned," Flannery O'Connor observed, "we are all The Poor."

What Weaver took the West to task for was what, finally, he reproached the Old South with as well: the failure to "define its way of life." In the case of the former, he located the fault in diffidence and unconcern; in the case of the latter, in negligence. And yet the antebellum South *did* possess a moral sense of itself that, lingering on almost to the present day, held out a glimmering hope that it might finally—either with its last breath or in the gathering force of a longed-for convalescence—transmit it to the North, to the nation, to modernity. That sense did not, definitionally, proceed from what Weaver called "total immersion in nature"



Don't Be Fooled By Expensive Imitations



It's easy to be confused. After all, there are lots of *beige* PCs on the market. The KAYPRO PC, however, has some very distinguishing characteristics. For starters, *two disk drives* and *monitor* are standard. The KAYPRO PC screen boasts the best of both worlds—color graphics capability and perfect high-resolution text. And, unlike the competition, the KAYPRO PC has a keyboard just like the expensive IBM PC AT—security lock and all.

The KAYPRO PC, with its 8088 CPU and 256K RAM (expandable to 640K), provides 100% IBM PC or PC XT compatibility. It's got nine slots for easy expandability and service. Plus, every KAYPRO PC buyer gets a generous collection of quality business software, such as WordStar, absolutely free. But, best of all, you can distinguish the KAYPRO PC from the others by the sticker on the box that says "Made in the U.S.A." See the KAYPRO PC difference at your Kaypro dealer. You'll know that ***KAYPRO Means Business***— No Fooling!

PRICE: $1595.*

Ask about **Kaypro Quick Credit.**
You can finance a Kaypro PC for as little as $60 per month (excluding sales tax on a revolving charge, 10% down).

KAYPRO®
CORPORATION

Innovators of Electronic Products for Over 33 Years

Call Toll Free 1-800-4-KAYPRO (1-800-452-9776) or call 1-619-481-4300

Trademarks: IBM, International Business Machines; WordStar, MicroPro International

*Suggested Retail Price

(leaving man "sentient but unreflective") but from tangible (kinship; the land) and spiritual (God; tradition) reality. Properly addressed, it might indeed have impinged upon the consciousness of the land of "total abstraction" where all roads "[lead] philosophically to denial of substance ([which] may be symbolized by flight to the city)."

There was, of course, no proper address, and the flight to the city continues, to the point where the South now contains many megalopolises itself. Perhaps the life of man is not so arbitrarily fixed as it might seem at three score and ten (and Richard Weaver's was nearly a third less); perhaps it is simply that, in seventy years, a man can see too much. Perhaps too, from where this wise and unassuming man stands now, Atlanta, Georgia, *looks better* (if, in fact, it "looks" at all). □

NON RANDOM NOTES: *A Selective Bibliography of NR Authors*

L. Brent Bozell: *The Warren Revolution: Reflections on the Consensus Society* (Arlington, 1966).

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.: *God and Man at Yale* (Gateway, 1977); *McCarthy and His Enemies*, with L. Brent Bozell (Arlington, 1970); *Up from Liberalism* (Stein & Day, 1985); *The Unmaking of a Mayor* (Arlington, 1967); *Four Reforms* (Putnam, 1973); *United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey* (Putnam, 1974); *See You Later Alligator* (Doubleday, 1984); *Right Reason* (Doubleday, 1985).

James Burnham: *The Managerial Revolution* (Greenwood, 1972); *The Machiavellians* (Regnery, 1963); *The Struggle for the World* (John Day, 1947); *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (Greenwood, 1968); *Containment or Liberation?* (John Day, 1953); *The Web of Subversion* (John Day, 1959); *Congress and the American Tradition* (Regnery, 1965); *Suicide of the West* (Regnery/Gateway, 1985); *The War We Are In* (Arlington, 1967).

John Chamberlain: *The Enterprising Americans* (Harper & Row, 1974); *The Roots of Capitalism*, revised ed. (Liberty Fund, 1977); *A Life with the Printed Word* (Regnery/Gateway, 1982).

Whittaker Chambers: *Witness* (Regnery, 1985); *Cold Friday* (Random House, 1964).

Brian Crozier: *The Rebels: A Study of Postwar Insurrections* (Beacon, 1960); *Struggle for the Third World* (Dufour, 1966); *De Gaulle* (Scribner, 1973); *Strategy of Survival* (Arlington, 1978); *The Minimum State* (David & Charles, 1979).

M. Stanton Evans: *The Future of Conservatism: From Taft to Reagan and Beyond* (Holt, 1968); *The Liberal Establishment* (Devin-Adair, 1965); *The Politics of Surrender* (Devin-Adair, 1966).

George Gilder: *Sexual Suicide* (Quadrangle, 1973); *Wealth and Poverty* (Basic, 1981); *The Spirit of Enterprise* (Simon & Schuster, 1984).

Jeffrey Hart: *The American Dissent: A Decade of Modern Conservatism* (Doubleday, 1966); *When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties* (Crown, 1982).

Henry Hazlitt: *Economics in One Lesson* (Crown, 1981); *The Failure of the "New Economics": An Analysis of the Keynesian Fallacies* (University Press of America, 1984); *Man v. the Welfare State* (University Press of America, 1984); *The Foundations of Morality* (Humanities, 1980).

Will Herberg: *Faith Enacted as History* (Westminster, 1976); *Protestant-Catholic-Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology* (Chicago, 1983); *Judaism and Modern Man* (Atheneum, 1980).

Willmore Kendall: *The Conservative Affirmation* (Regnery, 1963); *Willmoore Kendall contra Mundum* (Arlington, 1971).

Hugh Kenner: *The Counterfeiters* (Johns Hopkins, 1985); *The Pound Era* (North Carolina, 1971); *A Homemade World* (Knopf, 1975).

James Jackson Kilpatrick: *The Foxes' Union* (EPM Publications, 1977); *The Writer's Art* (Andrews McMeel, 1984).

Russell Kirk: *The Conservative Mind* (Avon, 1968); *Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered* (Sugden, 1985); *Enemies of the Permanent Things* (Sugden, 1984); *The Roots of American Order* (Pepperdine, 1974); *The Portable Conservative Reader* (Penguin, 1982); *Eliot and His Age* (Sugden, 1984).

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn: *Leftism* (Arlington, 1974); *The Timeless Christian* (Franciscan Herald, 1976).

Frank Meyer: *The Molding of Communists* (Harcourt Brace, 1961); *In Defense of Freedom* (Regnery, 1962); *The Conservative Mainstream* (Arlington, 1969).

George Nash: *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945* (Basic, 1976); *The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Engineer (1874-1914)* (Norton, 1983).

Gerhart Niemeyer: *Between Nothingness and Paradise* (Louisiana, 1971); *Communists in Coalition Governments* (AEI, 1963); *Deceitful Peace: A New Look at the Soviet Threat* (Arlington, 1971).

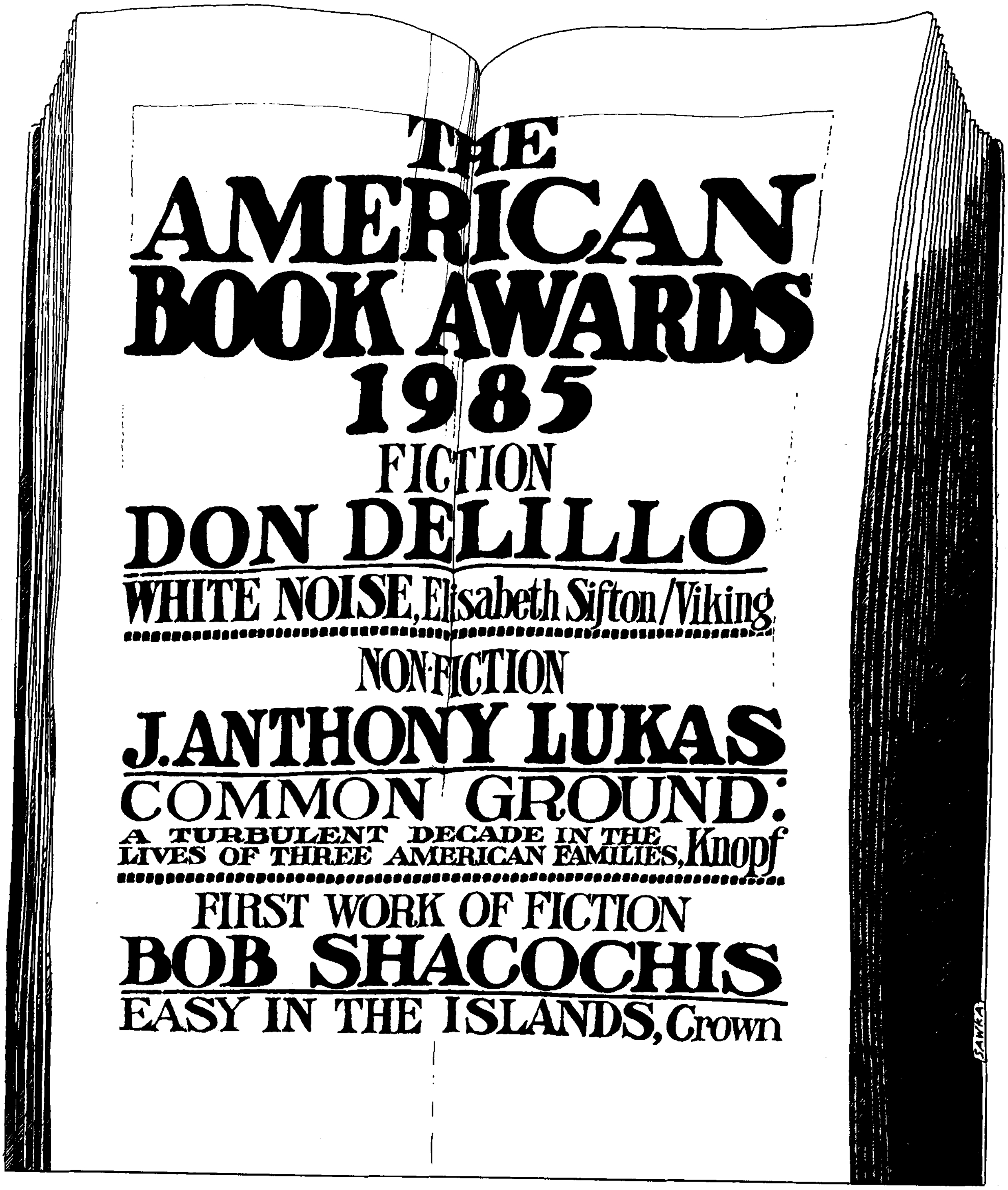
William A. Rusher: *Special Counsel* (Arlington, 1968); *The Making of a New Majority Party* (Sheed & Ward, 1975); *The Rise of the Right* (Morrow, 1984).

Francis Russell: *Tragedy at Dedham* (McGraw-Hill, 1962); *The Shadow of Blooming Grove* (McGraw-Hill, 1968).

Joseph Sobran: *Single Issues: Essays on the Crucial Social Questions* (Human Life, 1983).

Richard M. Weaver: *The Southern Tradition at Bay* (Arlington, 1968); *Ideas Have Consequences* (Chicago, 1984); *Life without Prejudice* (Regnery, 1966); *The Ethics of Rhetoric* (Hermagoras, 1985).

George F. Will: *The Pursuit of Happiness, and Other Sobering Thoughts* (Harper & Row, 1978); *The Pursuit of Virtue, and Other Tory Notions* (Touchstone, 1983); *Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does* (Touchstone, 1984).



THE AMERICAN BOOK AWARDS 1985

FICTION

DON DELILLO

WHITE NOISE, Elisabeth Sifton/Viking

NON-FICTION

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

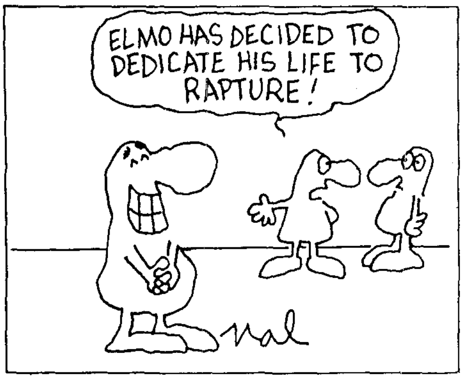
COMMON GROUND: A TURBULENT DECADE IN THE LIVES OF THREE AMERICAN FAMILIES, Knopf

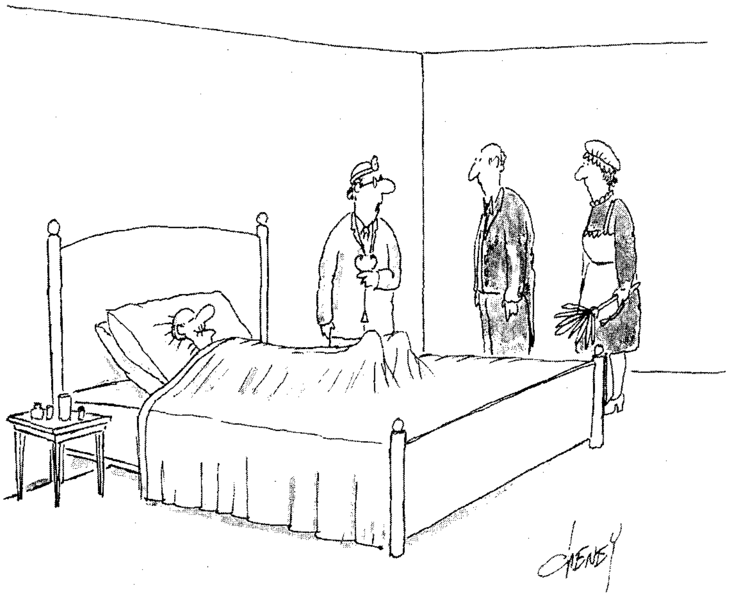
FIRST WORK OF FICTION

BOB SHACOCHIS

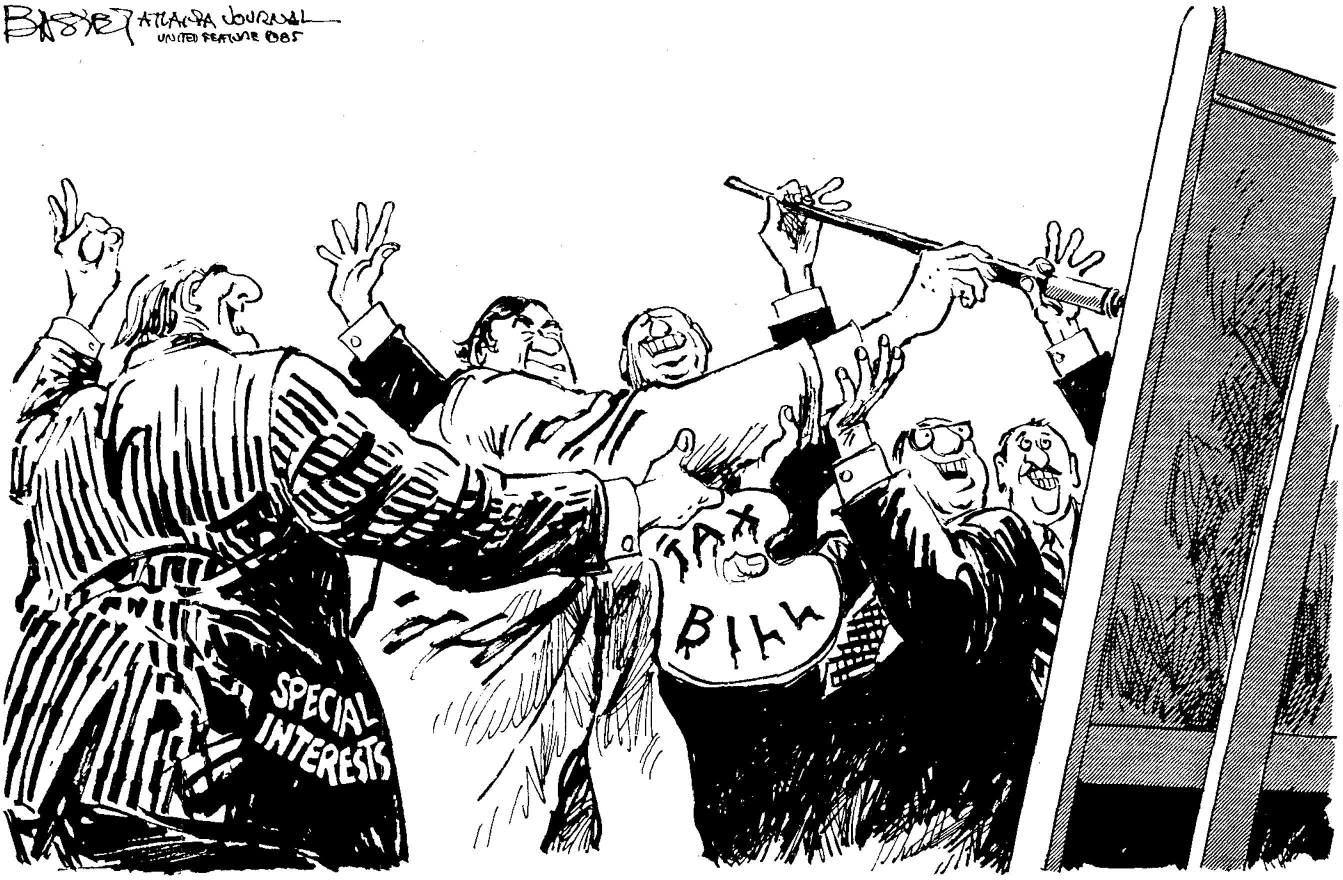
EASY IN THE ISLANDS, Crown

help!!!!

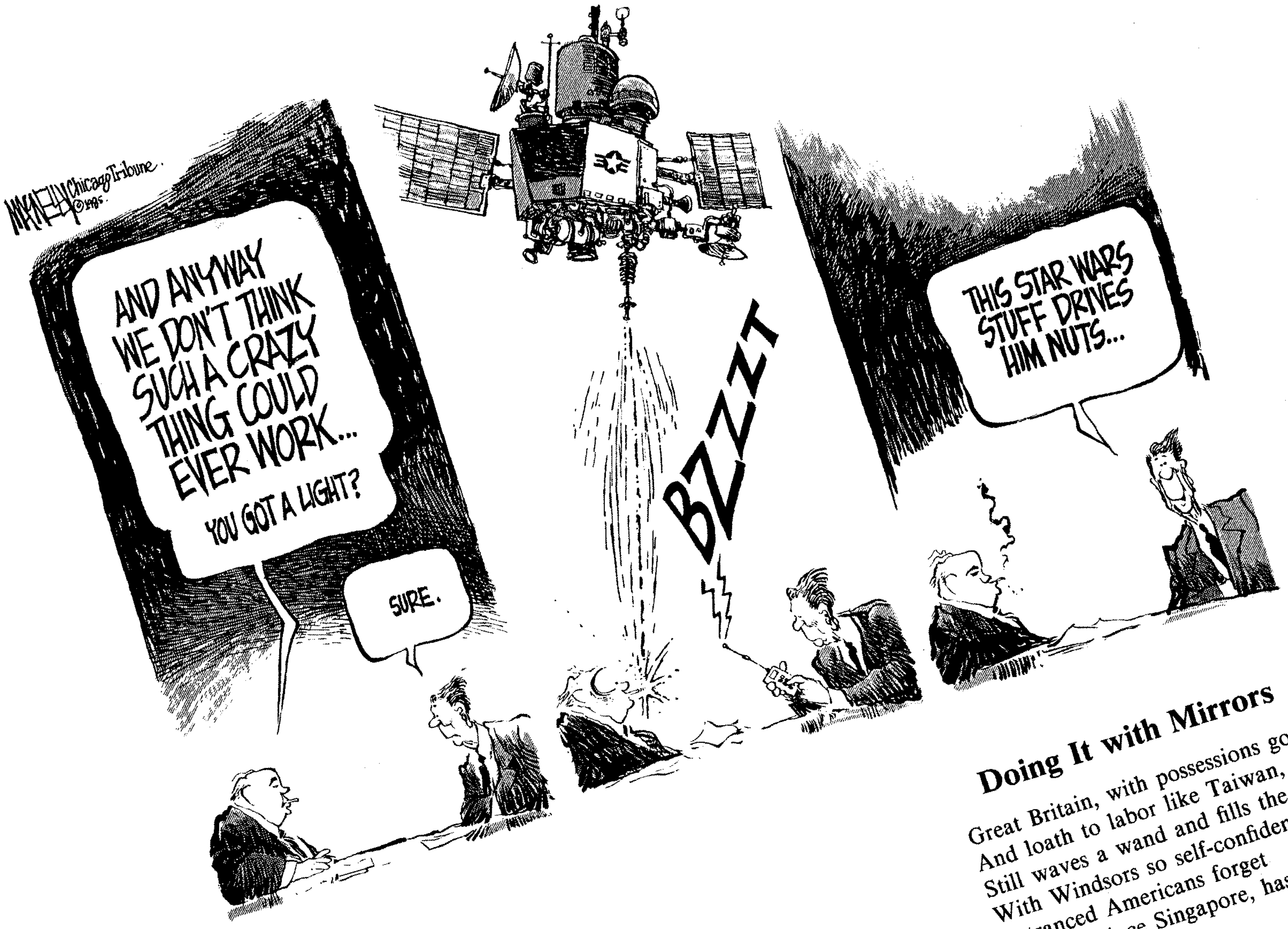

ELMO HAS DECIDED TO DEDICATE HIS LIFE TO RAPTURE!
val



"His last words were, 'Tell the Surgeon General to go jump in the lake.' "


BASSETT ATLANTA JOURNAL
UNITED FEATURE 1985
TAX BILL
SPECIAL INTERESTS

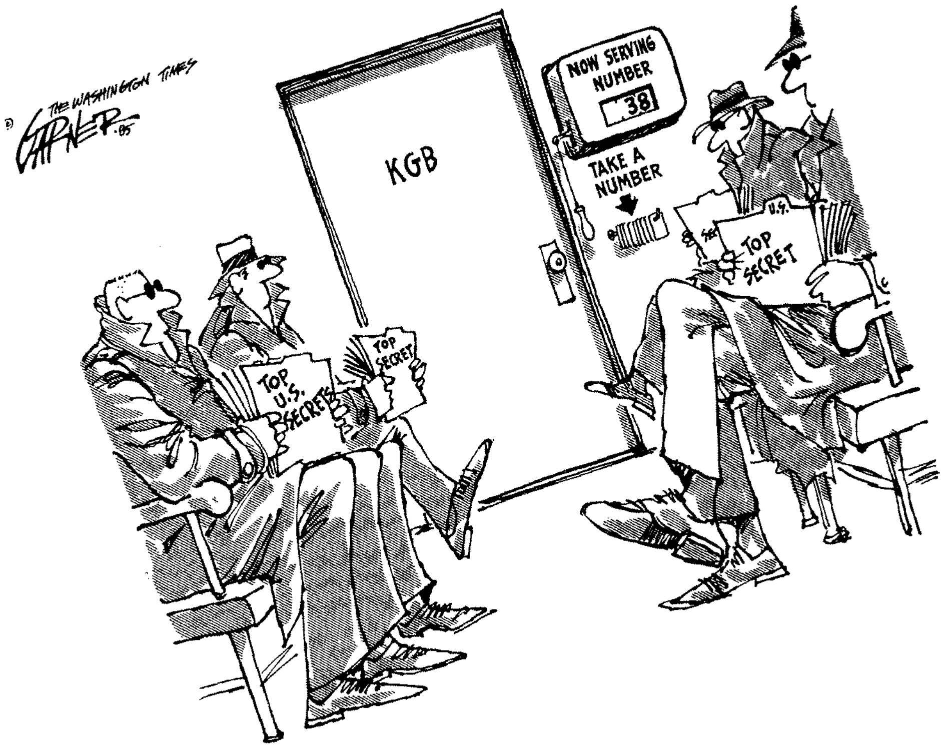
"BRILLIANT STROKE, ROSTENKOWSKI!"

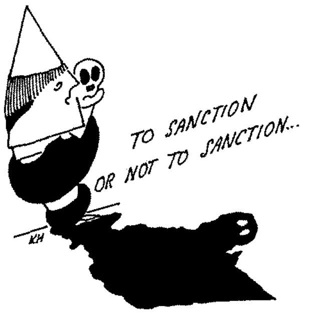

MacNELLY Chicago Tribune ©1985
AND ANYWAY WE DON'T THINK SUCH A CRAZY THING COULD EVER WORK... YOU GOT A LIGHT?
SURE.
BZZZT
THIS STAR WARS STUFF DRIVES HIM NUTS...

Doing It with Mirrors

Great Britain, with possessions gone
And loath to labor like Taiwan,
Still waves a wand and fills the tent
With Windsors so self-confident,
Entranced Americans forget
The sun, since Singapore, has set.

W. H. von Dreele


© THE WASHINGTON TIMES GARNER '85
KGB
NOW SERVING NUMBER 38
TAKE A NUMBER
TOP U.S. SECRET
TOP SECRET
TOP U.S. SECRET
TOP SECRET


TO SANCTION OR NOT TO SANCTION...
KH

THE COLUMNISTS

A Walking Book Of Knowledge

◇ WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. ◇

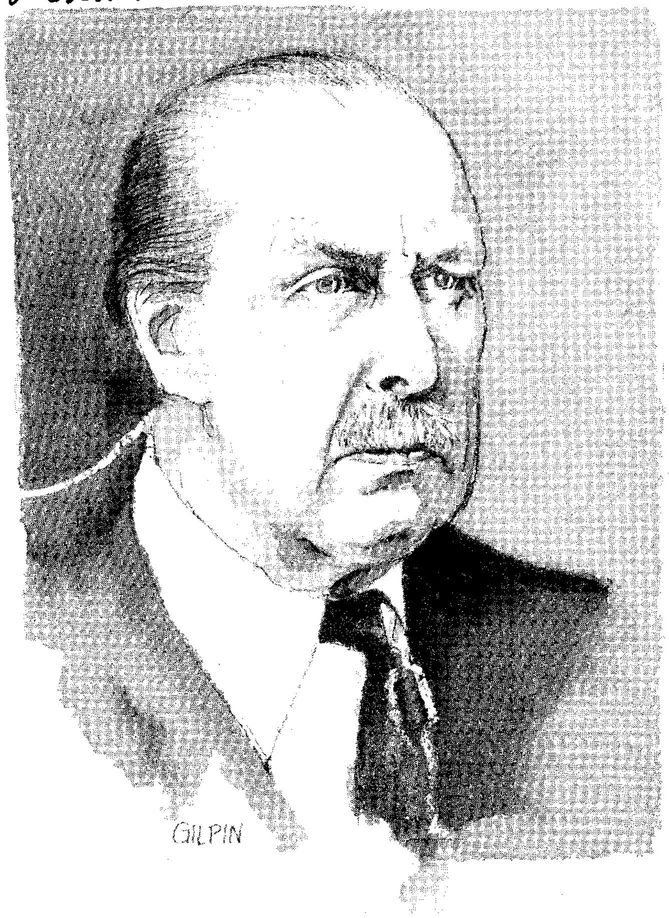
IN THE immediate postwar years, conservative-seeking editors would hear, every now and then, about a fresh work on the free market (Mises, Hayek, the cadre who formed the Mont Pelerin Society), and there was political journalism here and there of interest. But during those years there weren't many arresting scholarly political scientists around concerned with tradition and the natural law and Western idealism, so that at NATIONAL REVIEW, starting in, we were elated on enlisting the services of two to join us as columnists, appearing alongside resident Senior Editors James Burnham and Willmoore Kendall. They were Russell Kirk (who, to be sure, wrote about the academy and about educational policy) and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. Willmoore Kendall is of course dead. James Burnham suffered a stroke seven years ago and has been inactive ever since. Russell Kirk wrote regularly for us for 25 years, after which—I quote *him*—he said that, really, 25 years was a reasonable indenture for a writer/journalist and, to our great regret, terminated his regular column. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn is with us yet; age 76; and, as far as anyone can see, absolutely ageless.

In contemplating EKL, I think of the father in his mid-thirties who, pursuing his scientific curiosity, undertook one day to follow exactly the movements of his six-year-old son: every move, every motion, every turn of the head or of the foot. Some time just after noon the father collapsed from exhaustion and was taken to bed. It would be so, I warrant, if any 21-year-old undertook to follow Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn around, say for the three months he spends in the United States every year. (His lecture brochure reads in part, "For arrangements covering several days, up to a week, with three to five lectures a day, I offer a special rate." And he lists as possible lecture topics 17 themes, which include, "Sex, Eros, Friendship, Charity," "The Five Wounds of Latin America," and "Work Ethics and Commercialism: A World Problem.")

It is a revelation to see him off to an airport. He meticulously avoids the problem of overweight: 44 pounds. His baggage (for thirty days) weighs 43.5 pounds. That does not, to be sure, *include* the carpetbag he carries with him aboard the plane as hand luggage. And that bag is the greatest cause of international friction since the Balkanization of the Holy Roman Empire—because, you see, EKL has to have enough books to keep his mind occupied. One time, a few years ago, he ran into an iron airline lady who said no, she positively would not permit him to board the airplane with a bag full of that many books. To which EKL countered, Was it not the policy of the airline to permit a passenger to board with reading material? Yes, she said: but how many books did Herr Leddihn have in that bag? Erik answered: Seventy-five.

He then explained that he could not imagine that carry-

Leddihn



ng aboard one book would be objected to by the airline or a trip, correct?

Correct.

Whereupon he extracted his travel folder from his pocket and produced a ticket with 75 coupons. He was off on one of his regular circuits, returning to his Alpine home in Lans, Tyrol, after lecturing in the United States, Canada, Latin America, Australia, Asia, and the Near East. Obviously, for 75 airplane rides one needs 75 books, correct? The point arrives when one does not argue with Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. The poet Roy Campbell, when away from his home in South Africa, shared a flat in London with his friend Alfred, another journalist. "When Erik comes to stay with us," Roy smiled, "we take him in shifts. Four hours on, four hours off."

Well, you have to have that kind of energy, don't you, to learn to speak eight languages fluently? And to achieve a reading knowledge of 17 more languages? And to write dozens of books and hundreds of articles, and to act as principal consultant to an encyclopedia?

He does all these things, and manages never, ever to be boring, intrusive, or tedious. There is all that energy, a desire to share knowledge that fairly bursts at the seams; and to cultivate a cultivated following, a world to hear him out. To tell why he really doesn't believe that democracy is a particularly good political arrangement. Why, like Montalembert and Tocqueville and some of the Founding Fathers, he feels that on the whole, monarchy works better. To say why he feels that a free people ought to have an "ideology"—a word greatly suspected by empiricists who shun fanaticism; an ugly word, in my reckoning; a structure of values, priorities, thought, in the reckoning of EKL. To advertise why in so many situations one must choose either liberty or equality (the title of one of his massive, masterful books).

Showing Off?

His knowledge is, in scope and particulars, unlike that of anyone else this editor has ever encountered. Once, several novels ago, I sneaked into print (in my column "Notes & Asides") Erik's avuncular private letter enumerating, after reading my book, just a few little historical, geographical, ethnic, dynastic, lexicographical, and philosophical solecisms I had committed—a listing of about 117 that had got by me and the 15 editors who review my work between the time it leaves my typewriter and the time it appears in print. Erik was distressed that I had published his letter, and when I asked permission to publish his freshest comments, on my most recent novel, he flatly refused: "It makes me like to show off." I said it didn't make him like to show off at all; but he was resolute. Looking back on his very first column in NATIONAL REVIEW, a "Letter from the Continent" (January 25, 1956), I notice, "Mendès-France, who is of Portuguese-Jewish ancestry and belongs to a party which fifty years ago was the Masonic vehicle of violent anti-clericalism (the 'Radical Socialists,' who are neither radicals nor socialists), today

Happy 30th Anniversary

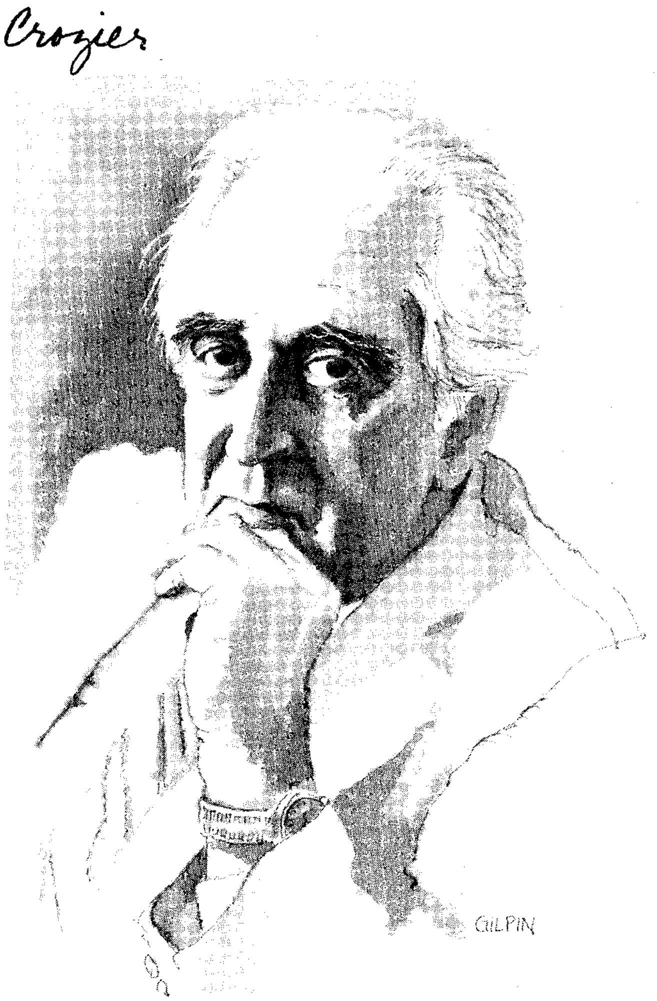
NATIONAL REVIEW

Thanks for giving us Mr. William F. Buckley Jr.
With great pride we have been serving him
and his staff for the past 27 years.

Semper ad Maiora

has the support of a fanatical group of liberal Catholics led by François Mauriac." The kind of thing you get from Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

We have a lot of fun at the office when we hear from EKL, often passing about one of his gratuitous aperçus or historical reminiscences: which are always scholarly, never mean; inevitably illuminating, however obliquely—esoterically, even. The young editors imitate him, the older ones wish we could. He lives in a simple white wooden house just outside Innsbruck, with his lovely Countess (herself a PhD) Christiane, from whom he was separated during the world war (he could not get to Austria, she could not get to America). There they raised three children, and there they are visited by seven grandchildren. EKL is proud, hospitable, and very poor. During the war, he thought to offer his services as a butler. ("The reason I travel second class," he once explained, "is that there is no longer any third class.") No man alive has worked harder than he for what he calls Christian civilization, and no civilization could ask of any man of any disposition however chivalrous more than Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn has given in behalf of the culture he loves and longs to preserve. ☐



Student Of Subversion

◇ DAVID REES ◇

As a SELF-ACKNOWLEDGED disciple of James Burnham, Brian Crozier seeks political and strategic truth through a search for the "real" as distinct from the "formal" meaning of political utterances. Thus, before we can examine Crozier's immense contribution to modern strategic thought, we must begin as he would, with his debt to Burnham. Crozier himself explained that debt most thoroughly in a 1976 article in the *Lugano Review*, later condensed and updated for *NR* (April 15, 1983).

In this tribute to Burnham and his works, Crozier singles out *The Machiavellians* (1943) as Burnham's most fundamental contribution to political thought (far more so than the much better known *Managerial Revolution*). It was in this book that Burnham made his famous distinction between *real* and *formal* meaning. In a bold comparison across six centuries, he drew a parallel between Dante Alighieri's political treatise, *De Monarchia*, and the Democratic Party platform of 1932. When Dante called for a unified world state and universal peace, the real issue was whether the Florentine Republic was to be governed by its own citizens or taken over by a reactionary foreign monarch. When the Democrats in 1932 promised a balanced budget, what they really meant was that they saw themselves as the ones who were best fitted to control the federal money supply.

Thus, Crozier goes on, "it is the job of the political commentator or analyst to discern the real behind the formal meaning . . . the truth behind the rhetoric, the facts behind the myth, the intentions behind the promises." In Burnham's view, Machiavelli and his modern successors, such as Michels and Pareto, were "defenders of freedom," because, as Crozier summarized, "it is only when the people are told the truth that their interests are safeguarded." It was not for his cynical advice to his Prince "but for his scientific observation of political realities" that Burnham praised Machiavelli and the tradition he had originated.

From Burnham, Crozier has borrowed not only a method of analysis but a specific application of it to the East-West conflict. Broadly, Crozier accepts Burnham's contention that "the Third World War" began with the Communist-sponsored mutiny in the Greek navy in Egypt in 1944. This was not just an incident in the closing stages of the Second World War but the start of an entirely new conflict, political and subversive, waged by Moscow against the West in line with Leninist teaching. It still continues. (In this concept, a nuclear war would be World War IV.) In World War III, the Soviets have suffered countless setbacks, as in Azerbaijan, China, Egypt, and Chile, "but each defeat is tactical, and the forward strategy continues." Defeat in this protracted contest would mean that the West could find itself "on the short cut to the Gulag." "Armed with Marxism-Leninism, the Russians know themselves to be opposed by [a West as described in] Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. In that knowledge, above all else, lies their power." Crozier is not, however, a determinist, and he hopes that it may not be too late for the West to save itself. But a policy of "counteroffensive" will be needed if the West is to survive.

(Crozier discusses current applications of these principles each issue in the "Protracted Conflict" column in *NR*, which he took over after James Burnham's illness in 1978.)

Burnham's and Crozier's concern with the politics of reality is part of a wider strand of modern political writing, common to both Britain and America: conservative realism.

In the United States, the strand of conservative realism may be traced back to Admiral A. T. Mahan, the famous analyst of sea power, to Henry and Brooks Adams, and to Walter Lippmann (in his younger years). It was Lippmann, for example, who pointed out during the First World War that President Wilson's stated motives for entering the war, however idealistic, were in fact inseparable from the strategic necessity of preserving the "Atlantic system" linking American and British interests.

A Matter of Will

In Britain, the more visionary prophets of empire in the second half of the nineteenth century had their realistic counterparts, not only in the immense practical talents of a Milner or a Cromer, but in the works of Sir Charles Dilke, J. A. Froude, and Sir J. R. Seeley, whose concerns included a cool analysis of the strategic problems facing the British Empire.

The link between these disparate thinkers and men of action and Brian Crozier today lies not only in a shared concern with strategic realities and the balance of power, but also in their recognition of the practical necessity of moral self-confidence in rulers with worldwide responsibilities. Dilke, for instance, argued that British rule in India rested not on force but on self-confidence. Similarly, Brian Crozier sees the realities of world politics today as only partially strategic. The survival of the West—of its peoples as well as its pluralistic and representative systems—calls not only for military power and geopolitical assets but even more, perhaps, for the will to survive.

If Crozier's realism owes much to the Burnham influence, it owes much as well to his fifty years of working journalism, nearly forty of which he has spent as a foreign reporter. Born in Australia in 1918, Crozier was brought to France in 1923, at age five. He spent his early school years there, and was fully bilingual by the time he moved to England. In 1935, Crozier won a scholarship to study piano and composition at Trinity College of Music in London. Within a year he was drawn into journalism, writing not about terror and subversion but about music and art. He joined the London staff of Reuters in 1943, soon moved to the now defunct *News Chronicle*, and then, in 1951, returned to Australia and the *Sydney Morning Herald*. A year later he was in Southeast Asia as a foreign correspondent for Reuters.

He hasn't stopped traveling since. In 1953 he joined *The Economist*. For ten years he wrote that magazine's confidential bulletin "Foreign Report," during which time he traveled constantly not only for *The Economist* but for the English, French, and Spanish services of the BBC. He left *The Economist* in 1964. But leaving neither lightened his schedule nor reduced his output, as he continued to work under contract for print and electronic media organizations too numerous to list. Over the course of his career he has interviewed 56 heads of state or government, an

THE UNCENSORED GRACE COMMISSION STUDY

PORKBARREL

NOW AVAILABLE!

When the Grace Commission on government waste issued its final report on members of Congress who block attempts to cut spending, it succumbed to intense political pressure and published the volume with all the names deleted. Now the complete unexpurgated report is available in this volume—containing every name from the original report along with a new introduction by the authors, and a foreword by Eugene McCarthy.

The Unexpurgated Grace Commission Story of Congressional Profligacy

by RANDALL FITZGERALD AND GERALD LIPSON

"*Porkbarrel* vividly describes how theoretical commitments to economy are overwhelmed by parochial concerns."
—Robert Walters
Houston Post

ONLY $7.95 from
LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

"*Porkbarrel* is must reading!"
—Tom Diaz
Washington Times

Please send me ______ copies of Porkbarrel for only $7.95 each, plus $1.00 postage & handling ($2.00 foreign orders). Send me your 48-page catalog of books on liberty. My check or money order is enclosed for $__________.
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State/Zip ____________________

Order CU1529 (paper) for $7.95 plus $1.00 postage & handling ($2.00 foreign orders)
ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-238-2200 ext. 500
and charge your VISA or MasterCard
Continental U.S. ★ 24 hours a day ★ 7 days a week
or send your order to
LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS, Dept. NR15 532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If for any reason you are unhappy with your order, just return it within 30 days for a refund.

achievement that has been accepted by Guinness as a record for a journalist.

In 1970 he founded the Institute for the Study of Conflict, the first private think-tank devoted to the study of terrorism and subversion. Under his direction (he left it in 1979) the institute specialized in the study of the "peacetime" strategy of the Soviet Union. Its analyses, including the *Annual of Power and Conflict* it published for ten years, have been used in war colleges throughout the West. Lately, Crozier has taken up writing realistic spy thrillers. The first, *The Andropov Deception*, will be available in the U.S. next spring.

Crozier's combination of theoretical and practical realism was evident in his very first book. *The Rebels: A Study of Postwar Insurrections* (1960) was the fruit of mature reflection prompted initially by his first-hand reporting of insurgencies in Southeast Asia. It was also the first in a long series of books that may be said to constitute one of the two major strands in Crozier's work: the study of subversion against the background of Soviet expansion, and the defense of the threatened societies.

The canvas of *The Rebels* is vast, encompassing the anti-colonial rebellions against French rule in Indochina and Algeria, and against British rule in Burma, Malaya, Kenya, and Cyprus; the "post-colonial" rebellions in Cuba and Indonesia; the uprisings against Communist rule in Hungary, North Vietnam, East Germany, and Tibet; and the Communist insurgencies in Southeast Asia in the late 1940s.

In the non-Communist colonies a pattern of official ineptitude emerges, which, interwoven with genuine grievances, produced a series of historic insurrections. A key element was the collapse of the moral authority of colonial empires in the wake of the Second World War. Yet everywhere except in Indochina, where Ho Chi Minh succeeded in combining nationalism with the dedication of the professional Comintern agent, the Communist insurgencies were defeated with the advent or promise of independence.

Of particular interest is Crozier's account of contrasting British and French policies in Malaya and Indochina. The British outbid the Communist terrorists in the early 1950s by accelerating the timetable for independence, while French reluctance to do likewise led to the protracted conflict that still continues to convulse Indochina.

Crozier's next book, *The Morning After: A Study of Independence* (1963), was a natural sequel to *The Rebels*. Independence, after all, was what many of his rebels had fought for, in Burma, North Vietnam, Algeria, Tunisia, and the black African countries. The conventional wisdom was that independence was a good thing, to be supported uncritically by liberal Western opinion. Crozier's purpose was to compare the expressed ideals of the erstwhile rebels with the often unpleasantly repressive nature of the newly independent states they had created.

Crozier foresaw that events of the early 1960s were laying the foundations for political and military instability in the Third World, especially in Africa. The West had mistaken technical sovereignty for true sovereignty: Soviet and Chinese penetrations were made far easier by independence. Crozier observed that it was beside the point whether neutralism was moral or immoral (a reference to John Foster Dulles's famous remark); "what mattered was whether or not it was the setting for a Communist takeover."

One of the most incisive of Crozier's many books is *Since Stalin*, published in 1970. It is an examination of the power realities inherent in Soviet strategy at the end of the 1960s. Brushing aside the fashionable view that the cold war was over, Crozier looked at the new reality of Soviet global power. By the end of the decade, the USSR, having achieved nuclear parity with the United States, was ready to take advantage of Chancellor Willy Brandt's readiness to improve relations with Moscow, and of France's withdrawal from the integrated military machinery of NATO (though not from the treaty). Flexing its newly developed naval power, the USSR was already preparing to fill the impending American power vacuum in Southeast Asia. In the Western Hemisphere, the Soviets were bringing Fidel Castro more fully under their control in the interests of a more effective strategy in Latin America. The Soviet Union was thus now in a position to challenge the West in Africa, Southeast Asia, and Latin America. *Since Stalin* stands as a most able synthesis, accurate in diagnosis and prophetic in analysis.

Unretouched Portraits

In addition to his strategic works, Crozier has publishe three major biographies of military statesmen: Franco, d Gaulle, and Chiang Kai-shek. Each of these biographie shows Crozier's concern for the real as opposed to th formal version, which, as he demonstrated, has often bee accepted uncritically. Objective but never neutral, he win nows out the complicated facts and the real personalitie beneath the legends.

In *Franco*, his ultimate judgment is that, however unat tractive a figure the Caudillo may have been, the order h created in Spain in the 1950s and 1960s made possibl modern industrial—and democratic—Spain.

De Gaulle is almost certainly Crozier's most importan book. A long and comprehensive study, it convincingl argues that de Gaulle's tactically brilliant campaigns to re tain France's great-power status were far more successfu than they ought to have been. But they were based o a self-indulgent misunderstanding of the strategic impera tives of the twentieth century, a misunderstanding that en dangered France's allies.

Crozier's biography of Chiang is bluntly titled *The Ma Who Lost China*. It is a penetrating and unromantic ac count of Chiang's inadequacies as a leader and strategist His defeat and flight to Formosa at the end of 1949 wa not only a personal catastrophe but "one of the greates tragedies of contemporary history."

Crozier, as I say, is not a philosophical or Spenglerian determinist. He does not regard the destruction, or even self-destruction, of Western societies as inevitable. But hi prescription for their survival is the *will* to survive. He note the incapacity of liberal intellectuals to distinguish betweem good and bad, between better and worse. But an even more important failure is their intellectual pacifism when they are confronted with the realities of totalitarian subversion.

One of Crozier's most important strategic works, *Strat egy of Survival* (1978), addresses this failure and analyze its causes. In this partly polemical study of world politic since 1945, the continuing tension between East and Wes is explicitly analyzed in terms of Burnham's "Third Worl

War." In Crozier's view, the Third World War is a war of politics and subversion, terrorism and psychological warfare. Through such techniques, Crozier maintains, the USSR has partly paralyzed the will of the West to respond to "the war called peace." This is a unilateral war of aggression waged by the USSR against the "target areas" of the West. Although Soviet forces have never directly clashed with those of the U.S. since 1945, the Soviets have made significant strategic advances. As Crozier convincingly demonstrates, Soviet gains have been facilitated by the policy of containment that has enfeebled the West since 1947.

The "strategy of survival," Crozier suggests, is counterattack, a deliberate effort to regain lost ground such as Cuba and Angola and, ultimately, the Eastern European satellites. This strategy would also include an internationally based struggle against new instances of Soviet-backed subversion and terrorism. But neither attempts to regain lost ground nor the active defense of target areas against current subversion would require direct conflict of arms between the U.S. and the USSR. Soviet strategy for fighting World War III assiduously avoids such conflicts—that is the very nature of World War III. It is possible to fight back, Crozier would argue, without precipitating World War IV.

Some five years after the publication of *Strategy of Survival*, the United States' intervention in Grenada provided an example of the strategy in action. Grenada was both a Marxist-Leninist regime and a Soviet imperial base. The intervention was thus a true rollback of Soviet power. It demonstrated, for once, U.S. willingness to act on the real truth about world politics rather than on the formal version enshrined in official communiqués. Indeed, "It is only when the people are told the truth that their interests are safeguarded." □

The Evolving Thought Of Michael Novak

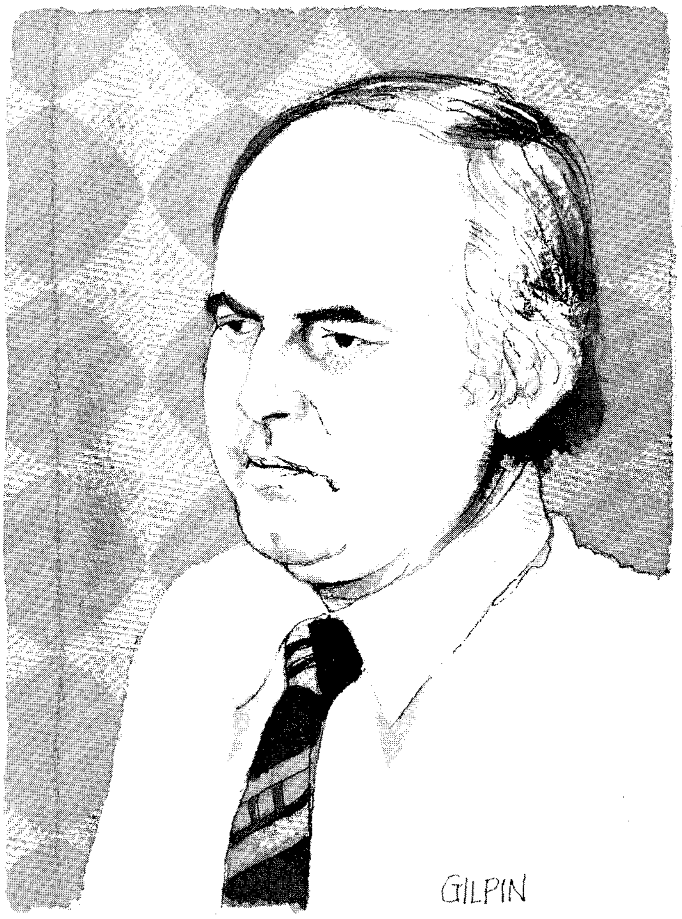
◆ **JAMES FINN** ◆

For those who have become acquainted with Michael Novak and his work only in the last two decades, it may come as a shock to learn that he first came to New York desiring to "be introduced to the word." Could such an introduction ever have been necessary?

That, however, is one of my first memories of Michael. While studying for the priesthood at the Gregorian in Rome, he had written some articles for *Commonweal*, where I was, at the time, an editor. It was in a letter explaining that he had decided to leave these studies that Michael said he hoped to visit our editorial offices and "be introduced to the word." Before we could decide how best to respond to Michael's hope, Michael himself appeared: young, quietly energetic, openly inquiring, interested—it seemed—in everything.

Deciding to introduce Michael to some of the possibilities of life in New York, my colleague Bill Clancy and I invited him to join us at a small party for Paul Tillich. Tillich was then probably at the height of his popularity and prestige as a theologian, and we waited for Michael to be impressed at meeting him so early in his visit to New York. We waited in vain. As if such encounters should be the stuff of everyday life, Michael met the great man with an aplomb that has rarely since deserted him.

Novak



These were pre-Vatican II days, and Michael was writing a number of articles about changes that would be necessary to rescue the Church from a "non-historical orthodoxy." He returned to Rome during the Council to write about these changes in the making. Lodged in the *pensione* Baldoni, where a number of journalists stayed, he and Karen Laub Novak, recently married, were a special concern of the proprietress, who said prayers—or cast a spell—over their nuptial bed that it might prove fruitful. The spell proved effective, as it happened, not for the Novaks but for the next couple to occupy that room. As a result, Molly Finn and I have a child whose informal middle name is Baldoni.

Michael produced instead a large, impressive book, *The Open Church*, an early entry in what has become an extensive and still growing corpus. It was immediately recognized as a major contribution to the discussion about the renewal of the Church. His course from that point on is easy to trace but difficult to describe, for the activities in which he engaged and the writings that he produced seem too varied and abundant to be the work of a single person. Graduate studies at Harvard, a faculty appointment at Stanford (where he was elected "most influential professor" in 1967 and 1968), judge for National Book Awards and juror for the Du Pont awards in Broadcast Journalism, executive director of EMPAC (Ethnic Millions Political Action Committee), syndicated columnist, contributing editor to several magazines (including NATIONAL REVIEW), speechwriter for candidates for national office, head of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, and currently resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. This merely suggests the range, and is far from exhausting the list, of his titles and appointments.

And along the way, Michael's many books—novels; treatises on theology, sports, politics, economics, ethnic concerns—and articles in a myriad of publications, some of which he inspired or founded, such as *This World* and *Catholicism in Crisis.*

There was time, too, to be a political activist in ways not suggested by these positions. Michael has engaged himself deeply in the major issues of our time. Highly critical of the U.S. engagement in Vietnam, he not only joined protests in this country but visited and reported from that war-torn land. At the same time, and for some of the same reasons, he supported early student protests and political candidates on the Left. But Michael has shown by example as well as by precept that to be deeply engaged in issues is different from being submerged by them. The disruption in the Catholic Church after Vatican II, the experience of mindless student radicalism in the late Sixties and early Seventies, the genocide in Cambodia and the desperate straits of the "boat people"—all these led him (as they led many others) to change his mind and his political positions.

Somewhat Short of Sainthood

To the dismay and excruciating discomfort of some of his former admirers, he has spelled out the reasons for his change in highly articulate and detailed accounts. From his newly won position he has continued his engagement with major issues, most recently those of war and peace, of the U.S. economy and capitalism, not entirely coincidentally issues that have been the subject of recent pastoral letters of the Catholic bishops of this country.

In all of his writings, Michael has been concerned to develop his reflections within the Catholic tradition of moderate realism. This entails a reliance on, among others, Aquinas (including his commentary on Aristotle), Jacques Maritain, and the American Jesuit John Courtney Murray. He has been particularly innovative in his later books in showing how the American experience relates to these writers and to the social teachings of the Church and how they can serve to fructify each other. This remains an uncompleted task.

This is the impressive and public record. It does not tell us of what everyone who knows Michael must have experienced: his almost unfailing concern for the individual person, not only for his friends and colleagues but even, and maybe especially, for his critics, for those who have fiercely attacked him for his "apostasy" from the political Left. Nor does it tell us that Michael and Karen did what would have pleased the proprietress of the Baldoni and have joined for years in raising their three children, Richard, Tanya, and Jana.

It has been said that to improve is to change and to become perfect is to change often. Daniel Patrick Moynihan once referred to Michael as "the beatific Michael Novak," elevating him to a level somewhat short of sainthood. Those few of us who believe that Michael Novak yet falls short of sainthood or perfection can look forward to seeing in work yet to come the fruit of further change, further development. As I'm sure Michael must have written someplace, "The restless mind moves on." Even now Michael must be moving on. □

Man In a Hurry

TOM BETHELL

John McLaughlin does not suffer from nerves before he goes on television every week, but sometimes he does get hot and bothered if things don't go according to plan. Clipboard in hand, he was striding about the lofty TV studio in northwest Washington, trailed by aides who were expected to meet any contingency. "Mark!" he barked. "Where's Mark?" By his side, attentive and dutiful. In a few minutes *The McLaughlin Group* would be televised. Its regulars, Morton Kondracke of *Newsweek*, and syndicated columnists Robert Novak and Jack Germond, were in their chairs. McLaughlin is a busy man. After this half-hour talk show he would be interviewing Senator Lloyd Bentsen for his other weekly TV program, *One on One*. McLaughlin also does a weekly commentary for National Public Radio, gives about 75 speeches a year, and of course writes "From Washington Straight" for *NR*.

"I'm not saying this is cruising speed," McLaughlin, 58, said. "But I can see the use of that limo."

Finally he took his chair, adjusted his spectacles, and began reading from the Teleprompter in his fluent, self-confident, headmaster's voice. The entertainment commenced.

Most people in Washington agree that *The McLaughlin Group*, now entering its fourth year, has been a breath of fresh air in public-affairs television. (It is carried by about 190 stations nationwide and often beats *Agronsky & Co.* in the Washington ratings.) There is also much Washington analysis of the phenomenon. Custodians of press-corps etiquette, like the *Wall Street Journal*'s Washington bureau chief, Al Hunt, tend to be sniffy ("the format isn't conducive to good reporting"), but Leslie Stahl of CBS noted that McLaughlin brings a dash of humor to the screen ("which we need"), while *New Republic* editor Michael Kinsley detects a "talking heads" sitcom.

"One day after the show Mort Kondracke came into *The New Republic* and said, 'I've got to stand up to that Novak!' " Kinsley recalled.

"I'm one of your fans, Mort," Kinsley told him, "but we don't expect Lucy to stand up to Desi." In other words, Kinsley said, "continuity is the key to the show." On this theory the viewer is attracted by the predictability of the exchanges, not the novelty of the information. "Novak is always mad. Mort is always put-upon. It's like a series of in-jokes that the viewers understand," Kinsley said.

Offstage the characters are true to type. Before the show they powder pates to reduce skin glare. One day Kondracke was in the makeup chair when Novak hurried in. Germond was mechanically filling in a crossword puzzle and listening to the conversation at the same time.

"I was in New York last night," Novak said. "Sat next to your boss, Mort."

Pause. Everyone waited for the story line to develop.

"Boy, I hope you can get your *New Republic* job back."

Pause. Finally Mort couldn't stand it any more. "Why? What did he say?"

Germond (chuckling, stubbing out cigarette, moving out to the set): "If you bite on that one you're a bigger fish than I thought."

Truth-Seeker, Truth-Sayer

"Kondracke's the pilgrim," McLaughlin told me later in his downtown office. "He's searching for the truth. Germond has found it. This is his second time around."

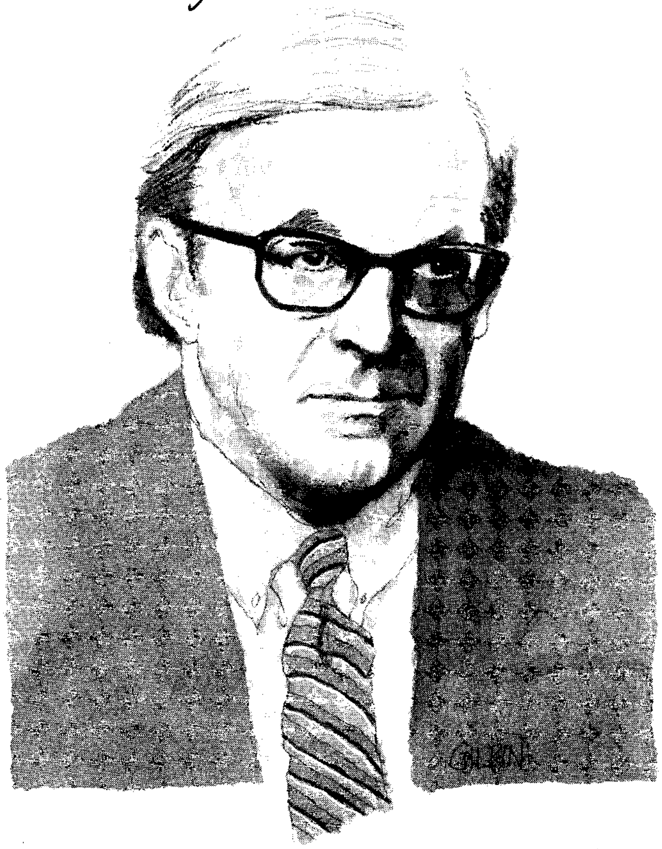
"Novak?"

"*Enfant terrible.* He's like an active god, like a hurricane. You just have to accept him."

The program gets bags of anti-Novak mail, apparently. Germond said strangers stop him on the street and ask him how he can stand that s.o.b.

"I think he feels opprobrium is the price he pays for being a truth-sayer," McLaughlin said. "The more the opprobrium, the more he's telling the truth."

McLaughlin



A few clues were framed on the walls of McLaughlin's office: a Doctor of Philosophy certificate from the trustees of Columbia University, signed the 20th day of February 1967. A photograph very recently signed, "With best wishes, Nancy Reagan." A photograph of "The Group" inside the White House, with Ronald Reagan (a devotee, apparently). A letter from Richard M. Nixon, dated August 29, 1975: "Mrs. Nixon and I were very pleased to receive the announcement of your marriage to Ann Dore . . . We shall always be grateful for your eloquent support of our cause during the years you served in the White House." A letter from Gerald Ford, dated October 3, 1974, accepting McLaughlin's resignation from the White House speechwriting staff. And a 1974 letter to Patrick J. Buchanan, also at the White House, reading *in toto*: "Intending no disrespect, who is the Reverend John McLaughlin, SJ? With warm regards, Wm. F. Buckley Jr."

A Jesuit since 1947, McLaughlin joined Nixon's staff in 1971. A year earlier he had run for the Senate seat of John Pastore of Rhode Island, capturing about one-third of the vote. Ann Dore was his campaign manager. Either fame or notoriety came McLaughlin's way when, at the height or depth of Watergate, he called Nixon "the greatest moral leader of the last third of this century." By then McLaughlin was living in the Watergate, and had forsaken the Roman collar (a "one-inch piece of plastic") for expensive business suits. McLaughlin was mocked: "With his superficial Eastern overlay of sophistication, he is a throwback to the higher Bing Crosbyism of the Fifties," Garry Wills wrote in *Harper's*. Robert Drinan and the Berrigans were one thing, but this McLaughlin was something else! What about the Wall of Separation? The Jesuit Provincial of New England summoned him back to Boston for "prayer and reflection."

McLaughlin left the Jesuits and the White House at about the same time—a "double divestiture," he says today. I asked him why he left the Jesuit order. "Because of my wife," he said. "Because I had to face a decision of staying with her or living without her." This in view of the "Church requirement that a priest be male and single." An aide entered with several items to be included in the McLaughlin briefcase for his trip to Dallas the next day.

"My wife is gifted, lovely, and fulfilling," he went on, "so I sought dispensation from celibacy." That day, incidentally, Novak had "predicted" on *The Group* that Ann McLaughlin was the leading Administration candidate to replace Margaret Heckler as Secretary of Health and Human Services. (In the event, that job went to Otis R. Bowen, former governor of Indiana, and Ann McLaughlin remained as Under Secretary of the Interior.)

McLaughlin stressed that he duly received dispensation. "I am conscious of the importance of institutions," he said. "I didn't want to thumb my nose and flee to Baja California, or bury myself in L.A. giving lectures at a small college." Nonetheless . . . "Nonetheless, there is no theological reason why the priesthood and celibacy have to go together. By the data of one's senses there are hundreds of men and women who would make excellent priests . . . But I am not a crusader on this." And here he couldn't resist a little giggle. At the absurdity of crusading? At the incongruity of his bedfellows in such a crusade? "There *are* crusaders," he added, and one had heard indeed that there are.

"*Mister* Miller, now what is going on?" he boomed at an aide who had entered with a piece of urgent paper.

"The Pope's moral theology was in formaldehyde for many years," McLaughlin said, capping this bold sally with a don't-get-me-wrong afterthought: "But his veiled and not-so-veiled politicking is masterly—and he gets away with it."

Bloodhound for Truth

In ecclesiastical terms, McLaughlin thought, "maybe I'm a liberal. I have a libertarian streak. But I'm far from being a social or fiscal liberal—on prayer, busing, vouchers—the Bennett canon."

Still, one couldn't help wondering, what were John McLaughlin's religious beliefs, really?

"At present," he said, "a matter of personal belief." He added judiciously: "I have found that there are times when one should freely and publicly profess, and times when one's religious belief is strengthened by silence." Nor was this to be construed as an evasion, he continued. "There will come a time when I will write my memoirs, and then I will discuss, probably, what I really believe. And this is not to say that it will necessarily be a shocker . . .

"Come *in*!" he roared at the door.

"I may do a Malcolm Muggeridge," he thought, upon further reflection.

For some reason he then recalled that when he became a Jesuit, "we had a practice of self-flagellation. And we wore pieces of barbed wire around the leg between knee and thigh, as a form of mortification." Here arrived an abrupt and perhaps incongruous explosion of laughter. "Look at where the Church is today!" Then he returned to the 1940s: "The discomfort didn't draw blood. It was meant to subdue the flesh." Its effect? "Fortunately, the novices had a leavening of human risibility, I guess you'd say. They were pretty well-balanced people. So it didn't cause neurasthenia."

His wife called. There was a party they would be going to, and John would pick her up later. He told her about Novak's HHS prediction (the program is taped on Friday but not shown until Saturday), but he gave no indication of her reaction.

McLaughlin told me that he spends 12 hours a day in the office. Sometimes more. He does his indoor track and he does his steam room. He works hard at what he does. And to this he attributes his success. It is hard to disagree with him. There's a good deal more preparation in *The McLaughlin Group* than in *Agronsky & Co.*

He enumerated one or two other points in his favor. "Intellectual curiosity," for starters. "I'm like a detective trying to find out where more of the truth is." He had a "thirst for knowledge." He gave credit to his TV director, George Light, who controls the cameras, and to his "support team." But there was something striking about his claim to intellectual curiosity—a key of sorts.

Quite apart from the sitcom aspects of *The Group*, McLaughlin does convey a genuine enthusiasm in his fast-paced recap of the week's events. This is not merely rare among Washington's journalists. It is very nearly taboo. For the Washington pro the jaded mien is itself the very badge of professionalism ("So what else is new?"). By contrast, McLaughlin's artless gusto ("Gee whiz, gang, listen to this!") is attractive, and of course runs slap up against the pros—Germond's "Calm down, John," and Novak's "John, I know you don't understand what's happening, let me explain it for you . . ." Hence the comedy. McLaughlin plays the stern headmaster who is forever being instructed by his pupils. And taking it in good grace.

McLaughlin drove home in his Lincoln Continental. "I like the fast track," he told a friend. "Thrive on it. Right now the months go by like weeks, the weeks like days. Life is more intense, fulfilling, consequential when it is high-stimulus . . ."

The phone rang. A phone in the car! It was his wife, beginning to worry because he was at least an hour late. But he had already checked with their host that night, he told her, and everything was running late, so the guests would still be there. He would be home any minute. "Bye-*b-y-e*," he said, in his well-known, parodic closing line. ☐

EPITAPHS

Melville
He had no fun
With bass or cray,
But just the one
That got away.

Stevenson
Stevenson (R. L.)
Was colorful as hell,
And wrote romantic plots,
And died with Hottentots.

Browning
Bold Robert Browning
Kept Lizzie from drowning
In the paterfamiliar
And things even silliar.

Coleridge
For Mariners Ancient
He founded a home—
If they had a penchant
For narrative pome.

Gloria A. Maxson

AMONG OURSELVES

The Last Five Years: THE STAFF AT WORK AND PLAY

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

At 25, *NR* was the tops. Our man was headed for the White House. As George Will put it at the gala 25th Anniversary Dinner, "It took approximately 16 years to count the votes in the 1964 election, but finally they all came in, and Goldwater won."

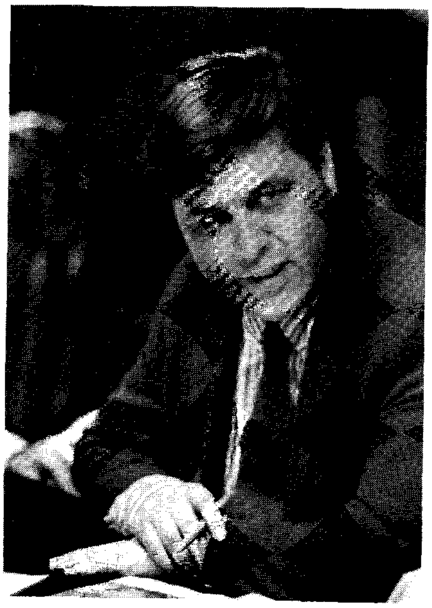
So why was there a sense of desolation around the joint? Because so many of our pals were leaving town to follow the Pied Piper to Washington. Marvin Liebman—who had staged the party at the Plaza—arrived in the capital practically ahead of Ronald Reagan, lured there by the National Endowment for the Arts, which would soon conscript *NR*'s art critic, Ruth Berenson. Former Executive Editor Dan Oliver was gone . . . to serve first as General Counsel for the Department of Education, then for the Department of Agriculture; he will soon become chairman of the FTC. Copy Editor Jeanne Wacker went to the Voice of America, which, last summer, also took Articles Editor Kevin Lynch, a 16-year *NR* veteran, everyone's best friend, a Rock of Gibraltar. Kevin was replaced by *Washington Times* editorial writer and author Richard Vigilante, causing Joe Sobran to comment: "You know it's got to be a right-wing magazine when an editor named Lynch is succeeded by one named Vigilante." Joe didn't take a job in Washington; he merely moved there. Cheaper to commute from Washington to New York than to pay his phone bills to Washington-based *NR* Contributing Editor Tom Bethell.

Longtime *NR* contributors already in Washington had another problem: overwork. Stan Evans was forced to relinquish his "Dark Horses" column (today's "The Right Books") to Book Editor Chilton Williamson and to drop his "Lawmakers" column. The change from Neal Freeman to John McLaughlin on the Washington beat was traumatic. Neal's column was distinguished by its sensitivity, its indirection, its revelation of the underlying currents that make the waves that affect the Washington scene. McLaughlin—a former Jesuit, Nixon White House aide and loyalist—comes on, well, strong. His column is hard-hitting, abrasive, impudent, spicy, informative, bumptious—and read by all: the difference between a Dresden figurine and a Rodin bust.

* * *

A year later, John nudges us into opening a Washington office, and we celebrate the occasion with a party at Washington's posh Madison Hotel. *Le tout* Washington comes. *El Presidente* stays twice his allotted 15 minutes. Bill Buckley's speech is entirely in Latin (of the pig variety). McLaughlin holds up a framed letter from Bill Buckley to Pat Buchanan dated nine years earlier, which he reads out loud to the audience. In it Buckley asked: "Who *is* John McLaughlin?" "Bill Buckley," McLaughlin tells the laughing crowd, "had penetrated my personal problem: obscurity." The Whiffenpoofs sing, laughter abounds, the President tears himself away. The *Washington Post*'s Style section the next morning publishes a picture of the President, Buckley, Rusher, and McLaughlin under the headline: "The First Fan and His Magazine."

Priscilla Buckley stays in Washington overnight to attend the next day's White House luncheon at which senior editor emeritus James Burnham (along with Clare Boothe Luce and other distinguished Americans) will receive the Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian honor in the land. She sits at Jim's table, so happy for him, so sad that Marcia Burnham could not be there with their children, Marcie and Jim and John, to see her husband so honored. That bright and forceful woman had died of a pulmonary collapse the previous summer. Marcie told Priscilla later that at a family supper that night, John had re-read his father's highly complimentary citation. Jim had cocked his head, smiled, and commented, "Perhaps a bit overblown, but on the whole . . ."



Joe Sobran, shown without a telephone, on one of his fortnightly visits to New York

* * *

We launch an important series on ideology, opening our pages to all shades of scholarly thought on conservative theory.

The doughty Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn (the only survivor of the original columnists, other than WFB, still writing regularly for *NR*) was to kick off the project with a provocative challenge: "Is Ideology Useless?" Unaccountably, what appeared—announced with trumpets and drumrolls—was "The Portland Declaration," a galvanizing statement to be sure but, it turned out, a document actually composed by a dozen learned folk of whom Erik was but *primus inter pares*.

Erik is understandably embarrassed. Not since Joe Sobran, many years earlier, had based an entire review of a tome of Erik's on a statement Erik had not only not made in its 1,432 pages but was incapable of making, so contrary was it to any belief he holds, had anything so baffling happened to our friend. As a Christian, Erik has long since forgiven Joe, but once in a while he looks at him in a how-could-you? sort of a way. Contributors to the (ongoing) ideology series have included Jeff Hart, George Gilder, Stephen Tonsor, Russell Kirk, Charles Kesler (a former *NR* summer assistant, now making his mark as a political scientist), and those Bobbsey Twins of constitutional debate, Harry Jaffa and Walter Berns.

* * *

The confusion over "The Portland Declaration" points up certain weaknesses in *NR*'s handling of incoming articles. The progression upward, from arrival in office and check-in, to initial reader, articles editor, managing editor, editor-in-chief, is smooth and uneventful, as is the return journey to Articles Editor Kevin Lynch of about 90 per cent of the pieces. But here's how former staffer Mona Charen explains, in an anxious letter to Priscilla, what *can* happen to a manuscript:

> I imagine the scenario. You send it up to Bill in the dumbwaiter. Months will pass. You'll ask him in a note what he thought of it. "Of what?" he'll ask. You'll explain and he'll swear he never saw it. He'll be right. It will have been left in a hotel room in China. An officious Chinese will have forwarded it to New York, by which time Bill will be somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic. A kindly Coast Guard cutter will pull alongside to deliver the missing briefcase, but just as the captain is handing it over, the catches on the case will pop open and my manuscript will float lazily out to sea. If you need me I'll be in my room with a hot-water bottle on my head.

There *are* these problems, at *NR* . . .

* * *

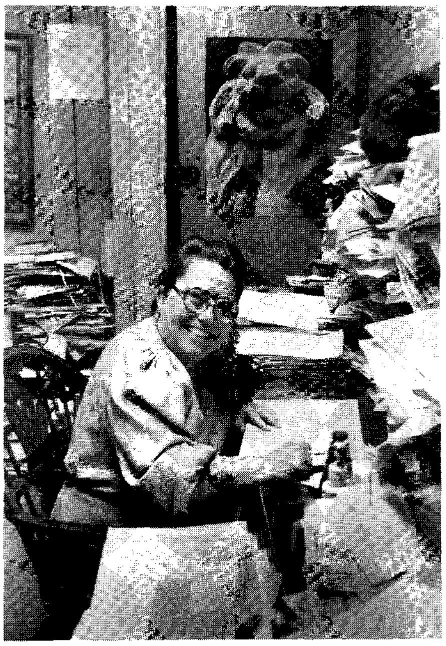
Editorial staff changes are few at the higher levels at *NR*, but there is considerable motion in the editorial-assistant job, a fresh-out-of-college slot in which the young editor spends a year or two mastering basic editorial skills: writing and rewriting, fact-checking, copy-reading, proofreading, makeup, and, these days, computer typesetting to help out with the "strip-ins." A strip-in is a pesky, easy-to-lose-or-misplace line or two of corrected type, set in great haste, at the last possible second. Marilyn and Colleen—the mechanical artists, whose job it is to paste the strip-in onto the completed mechanical (page) that should have left five minutes ago in a package for Newark Airport (Piedmont Flight 373 to Charlottesville, Virginia, which is where our plant, American Press, resides)—hover anxiously in the background.

In 1981, Mona Charen (Barnard) left us to go to law school (George Washington), and was replaced by Mary Schwarz, co-founder of *The Yale Lit*, a quiet blonde, something of a poet and occasionally dreamy in the hurlyburly of our press days. Mary is thoughtful and soft-spoken; she writes a couple of first-rate reviews for Chilton and a splendid piece on Jeane Kirkpatrick at the UN. She is succeeded by tall Susan Smith (Williams) of the wide smile, deep voice, and quick mind. Susan is a feminist and holds tight to her beliefs despite considerable good-natured bantering. It's *NR*'s first mother-daughter combo. Susan's mother, Jane Buckley Smith, has answered *NR* editorial mail for 25 years and is better known to a host of readers than many editors. Then comes Lacey Washington (Bryn Mawr), small, dark-haired, with enormous brown eyes and a contagious giggle that cheers all who hear it emanating from the small back office she shares with Catherine Shea, assistant book editor and czarina of Classifieds. Lacey looks about 16, but appearances are deceiving. She's got a big grown-up mind, an inbuilt orderliness that makes her performance seem easy. Lacey left for a pre-med course last summer. Hello, Steve Weeks (Emerson). . . . Another sad departure, in June '85, was of Special Projects Assistant David Brooks, a blithe spirit who is now an editorial writer at the *Washington Times*. A portion of the book on school discipline that David is writing for the Educational Reviewer appeared in *NR*, December 13, entitled "Order in the Classroom."

All the above learn everything they need to know about *NR* from Assistant Managing Editor Linda Bridges and Copy Editor Dorothy Humanitzki. Linda inhabits a dark warren of an office with a rolltop desk so stuffed with paper that it appears the slightest tremor could topple tons of it on her head, obliterating one of the finest minds and most effective and engaging personalities ever to have graced our enterprise. Dorothy's desk, in contrast, is spic and span; she knows where everything is at every moment and her work reflects it. She is unflappable.

* * *

These five years have their sorrows. We lose some longtime anti-Communist fighters, friends like Gene Lyons, Brutus Coste, Leopold Tyrmand, David Rowe; contributors and colleagues—Suzanne La Follette (a founding editor of *NR* and its Managing Editor during the first three years), Norbert Muhlen (our man on the German scene), and



Linda Bridges, looking unconcerned about the danger d'avalanche

Alec Waugh (who—with Nika Hazelton—initiated our Delectations and Travel sections); a movement giant, Eric Voegelin; a staunch supporter of this enterprise, John Olin; family and close friends: Never will Bill Buckley write a more suitable obituary than his farewell to Aloïse Steiner Buckley, earlier this year; never was a man better characterized than by Bill when he wrote of a departed friend: "If ever there was a man who winked at the homely girl, it was David Niven."

What devastated *NR*, from mailboy to publisher, was the death, in the early summer of 1983, of Jimmy O'Bryan, our Art Director, a man beloved. He died of a painful cancer, age 65, just two months after his retirement. "What was distinctive about him . . . was his manner," we wrote, "the gentleness and gentility; the eagerness to help, to ease others' burdens, to come up with agreeable and original work, to register—unfailingly—his enthusiasm about the work of others." That was written two years ago. He is as deeply missed today.

How do you replace a James O'Bryan, or for that matter a James Burnham? The answer is, you don't. Magic of a certain sort can't be transmitted like genes. Whoever takes over from such a man survives only by making the job into something, well, different.

Colleen Lawlor (now Hartman, a recent, happy change), beautiful, Irish, tall, hot-tempered, and talented, had worked under Jimmy for seven years. But her covers are as different from his as night is from day. They hit their stride the minute she stopped trying to intuit what Jimmy would have done; and did, instead, her own thing.

* * *

Cover conferences at NATIONAL REVIEW are held on magazine Monday (that Monday every other week when the senior editors convene to write the final segments of the magazine, "The Week" and "For the Record"). In attendance are Bill and Priscilla Buckley, Kevin (or, more recently, Richard), Associate Publisher Ed Capano, and Colleen. Kevin presents the ready-to-go cover articles and describes them. Would one of Jan Lukas's photographs be appropriate? someone asks. Should it be a panel or a design cover? A collage? Inspiration strikes the editor. He composes the cover titles, suggests

The Federalist Society
for law and public policy studies
presents
A SYMPOSIUM on the FIRST AMENDMENT
March 7-9, Stanford Law School

Public Participation
All persons interested in the philosophy and policy applications of the First Amendment are invited to attend. In addition to a semi-formal banquet on Saturday evening, opportunities for outdoor recreation in sunny California will be available. Delegations of law students are especially welcome. Travel scholarships will be offered to defray student expenses. Where possible, students will be housed in Stanford students' dwellings.

Topics and Guest Speakers
Panelists will discuss a variety of important First Amendment issues including: pornography and freedom of speech; the freedom of association; the religion clauses and government neutrality; commercial speech; telecommunications and broadcast deregulation. Approximately 20 speakers, including prominent judges and academicians, will appear. Early commitments to speak have been received from U.S. Court of Appeals Judges Robert Bork and Antonin Scalia, Stanford Dean John Hart Ely, Harvard Professor Paul Bator, and Mr. Walter Berns of AEI.

The Federalist Society is a nationwide organization of conservative and libertarian lawyers and law students dedicated to the principles of limited government and a limited judiciary. The Society is represented at over 64 law schools.

Information
For information about the Society or registration for the symposium, call or write:

Mr. Mitchell L. Edwards
President
Stanford Federalist Society
Stanford Law School
Stanford, Calif. 94305
415-497-1551

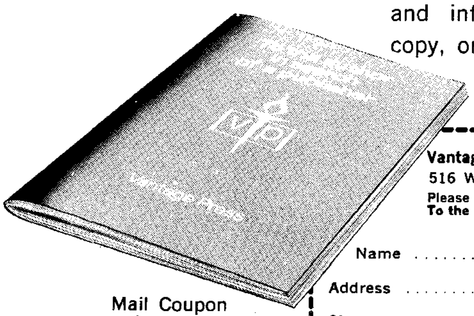
Mr. Eugene Meyer
Executive Director
The Federalist Society
1625 Eye Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006
202-822-8138

To the author in search of a publisher

YOU ARE INVITED to send for a free, illustrated brochure which explains how your book (or your organization's) can be published, promoted and marketed.

Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized (even controversial) this handsome 40 page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.

Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. For your free copy, or more information, fill in and mail the coupon.



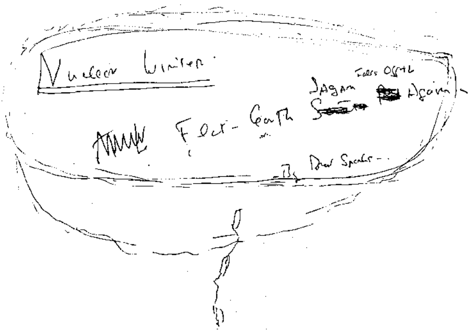
Mail Coupon
for your
Free Copy

Vantage Press, Inc. Dept. AO-1
516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001
Please send me a complimentary copy of
To the Author in Search of a Publisher.

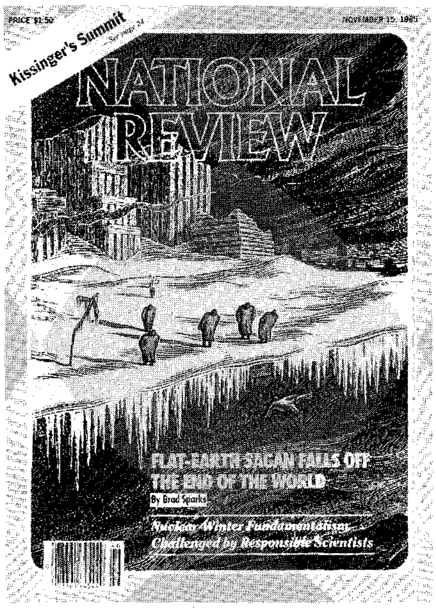
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... Zip ......

Offices in Washington, D.C. and Hollywood, Calif.

a design. How about a picture of the flat earth, maybe with a polar cap somewhere? It's got to look cold. That's it, a polar cap. But flat, of course. He scraggles a facsimile of what *he*'s thinking about on a sheet of yellow paper. Looks at it critically. Let's have Carl Sagan falling off. He grins, leans back in his chair, delighted. How about that? Ed may suggest a different positioning of the type, Kevin or Priscilla a word change. Bill takes notes, and then pushes the sheet of yellow paper over to Colleen. Colleen grins back, gamely, and retreats, yellow paper in trembling hand. Why should such a young girl have palsy? Because this is what Bill's drawing looks like:



And this is Colleen's cover:


PRICE $1.50
NOVEMBER 15, 1985
Kissinger's Summit
See page 24
NATIONAL REVIEW
FLAT-EARTH SAGAN FALLS OFF THE END OF THE WORLD
By Brad Sparks
Nuclear Winter Fundamentalism Challenged by Responsible Scientists

NATIONAL REVIEW

Colleen Lawlor Hartman shows Priscilla Buckley a cover designed without WFB's help: the Thirtieth Anniversary Issue cover

The issue dated June 15, 1984, marks a great day for photographer Jan Lukas: his one-hundredth NATIONAL REVIEW cover, a picture of Catholic bishops deep in conversation in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, illustrating John Tagg's fine piece, "Breakfast with the Bishops." Jan Lukas had come a long way. In Communist Czechoslovakia he was much sought after as a photographer, but he was "politically unreliable," and his wife and daughters remained in Czechoslovakia whenever he traveled on foreign assignment—hostages for his return. But, once, the watchful eye of Jan's Communist overlords blinked, and Jan, dispatched in an emergency to cover a meeting in Budapest while his family was vacationing in Yugoslavia, slipped away. He scouted the border crossings between Yugoslavia and Italy and spotted one in the hills where the traffic was light. On a Sunday morning, in a rented car, Jan Lukas charged past the Yugoslav border post after another car had gone through, before the guards could lower the barrier. The guards shouted to the Italian patrol, at a post a hundred yards down the road, to stop the car. An Italian guard pulled Jan over: "*Passaporto?*" he asked.

"*No passaporto*," stammered Jan.

"*Avanti!*" said the guard.

Last August, Jan Lukas, his wife and daughters, and *their* children, American citizens all, returned for a nostalgic visit to the border post where exactly twenty years earlier an Italian policeman had made Jan's dream of freedom come true with a word that meant: Come on in.

The editorial paragraph—those short, sharp mini-editorials that introduce the solemnities of "The Week"—are, can be, the most fun of all to write. In the early days they tended to be orotund, convoluted, as in Willmoore Kendall's salute to "Arden House, which, by the way, why doesn't someone burn it down. . . ." But these days the word is brevity, crispness, with Joe Sobran and Tim Wheeler (whose packet arrives every fortnight from Shelbyville, Indiana) the reigning monarchs of the genre. Paragraphs can be bunched together for effect, appear first and last in a section, or as punctuation to more serious thought. Examples: A nomination. First paragraph: "☐ But can she type?" Last: "☐ No, but she makes great coffee."

An abrupt change of Party line: First: "☐ Mao Tse *Who?*" Last: "☐ Ciao, Mao."

A celebration on a glorious November Wednesday a year ago. First four paras:

"☐ Heh, heh, heh."

"☐ Looks like a mandate for Armageddon."

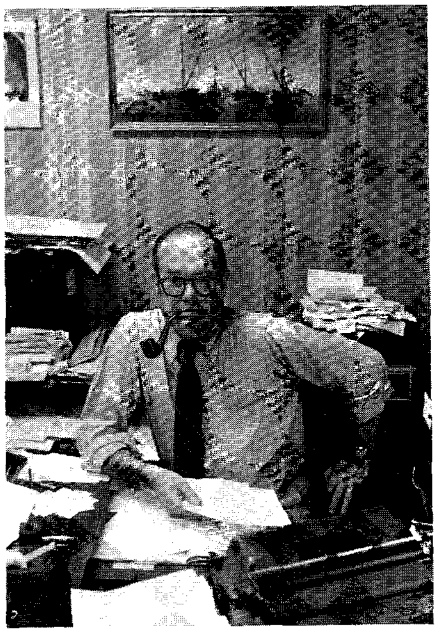
"☐ Or is it a mandate for greed and selfishness?"

"☐ Meet Walter Mondale, the Great Communicator. He succeeded completely in getting his message across."

On events great and minor: "☐ So the Democrats will hold the convention in San Francisco. We absolutely refuse to make any ribald remarks." On the matter of the Capitol Hill pages: "☐ Why the fuss and feathers? All the Honorable Gentlemen [of Congress] did was treat the pages as if they were taxpayers." On KAL 007: "☐ The only thing the Soviets said all week that wasn't a lie was that they'd do it again."

1983, and a new round of important staff changes. Twenty-seven years later, Associate Publisher James P. McFadden announces his retirement from *NR* to work full time as editor of the prestigious *Human Life Review*—the best publication by light-years in the anti-abortion battle—and to run the saucy *Catholic Eye*, *Lifeletter*, and a number of related publications and organizations. The best thing about Mac's move is that he stays right on the premises, in his eighth-floor offices, ready to lend a hand when needed, which is about four days a week. He is succeeded by Ed Capano, who has been at *NR* nearly as long. The transition is smooth, as is the transition down on the first floor, where the Circulation Department passes from John Syze to Bob Garvey to Sylvia Wolinsky with scarcely a stutter. The Editorial Department is saddened by the departure of Evelyne Kanter, our feisty, funny, French-Alsatian typist-turned-typesetter, who walks out one evening never to return, finally immobilized by a heart condition she has suffered from since childhood. She is missed. Quiet, competent, sardonic Mary Edson is now in charge of clerical chores for Editorial (ably assisted by Barbara Meskill), having made the mistake of answering a "part-time typist needed" ad one fine day. A very fine day for *NR*.

Michael Novak and Tom Bethell are by now regular columnists, and Michael Scully, of *This World*, writes a quarterly column on the quarterlies. Bill Rickenbacker disappears as author of "Land of the Free" and re-emerges with "At Home with Wm. F. Rickenbacker," an indication of the latitudinarianism of *NR*'s management. Ralph de Toledano joins Nika, John Simon, Joe, and Keith Mano as a back-of-the-book regular with a distinguished column on recorded music. "The Week," meanwhile, is much strengthened by regular contributions from *Regulation* editor Walter Olson, who writes on economics as they are understood on the Hill, succeeding in that slot such illustrious predecessors as Alan Reynolds and Paul Craig Roberts. . . . And in the Help!!! spread, two young cartoonists who came up through the new campus conservative papers now appear regularly in *NR*: Dartmouth alumnus Steve Kelley of the *San Diego Union*, and Princeton alumnus Harry Payne of the *Charleston* (W.Va.) *Daily Mail*. Jeff MacNelly will provide the cover art for Joe Sobran's "The Party of Compassion," and Bob Gorrell, of the *Richmond News-Leader*, for Joe's stem-winder, "The Natives Are Restless," on the Bernhard Goetz affair.



Jim McFadden, in charge, as always, from his eighth-floor eyrie

* * *

And always there are the office jokes, the putdowns and sendups. Bill Buckley drops a note in the dumbwaiter that connects his office to Priscilla's on the floor below:

"(Hilarious). 1) I write, *mea sponte*, a review of Peter McWms' word-processor book, a brief. 2) I transmit it to Chilton, but apparently forgetting to sign it. 3) Chilton reads the review and writes on it what you will see attached. (Don't tell Chilton I found out.)"

And attached, in large block letters, is the note, "LINDA: HOLD UNTIL THE TURKEY SENDS HIS NAME."

A week or so after the President suggests he may bomb Moscow in five minutes, a postcard arrives from Moscow that makes the morning for Benny in the mailroom: "Blackford," it reads, "where are you? The bombing starts in two minutes for Christ's sake. I'll be in the Metro. /s/ Rufus."

Then there is the day when William A. Rusher ("the WAR Department" to the junior staff, as in: "We'd better call in the WAR Department on this one") has lectured us—the converted—at too great length and max passion on a) his dislike of inscrutable photographic covers and b) the inevitability of Reagan's victory in 1984. Once he is out of the room WFB calls in Jimmy O'Bryan and we design a bogus cover, a Jan Lukas photograph of a statue of a voluptuous Socialist Realist-type naked woman with a yellow streamer pointing at her groin and the slashing headline: "WHY REAGAN CAN'T WIN IN 1984." We wait for an explosion when Henry Fasciani delivers the doctored magazine to Bill. But the WAR Department is too wily to be taken in by such a heavy-handed deception, although Claire Wirth, our spy in his office, reports that he paled for an instant. He thinks it a great joke and sends his copy on to RR,

Here's what

Jesse Helms

thinks about

MASH Central America

a new collection of scalpel-sharp vignettes from
Eugene V. Grace, M.D.

"It is impossible to be unimpressed with what Gene Grace is saying to us. It would be folly to try to ignore his message.... It flows like a thousand scalpels, slicing away at the growing malignancy of confusion and misrepresentation and pretense, leaving exposed the real truth about communism, Central America...."

And syndicated reviewer Raymond Stuart:
"From his own years in military and missionary medicine, Dr. Grace speaks through the eyes and heart of an Army doctor serving in the jungles of Central America. The reader is granted a deeper meaning to M*A*S*H of TV fame.... It has left this reviewer indebted to a doctor-writer he may never meet but will forever know."

Request signed copy from Special Printing at $9.95 directly from the publisher.

SCRIBERE PRESS
P.O. Box 3036☐Durham, NC 27705

Please send ______ signed copies of **"MASH, Central America"** at $9.95 including all tax and shipping.

Name

Address

City State Zip

The Scribere Press
P.O. Box 3036/Erwin Square
Durham, North Carolina
(919) 286-2471

who, predictably, finds it funnier than do various members of his staff, poor things.

* * *

In March 1983, we do the unprecedented: Bill calls in from Switzerland with the astonishing idea that we devote the entire April 1 issue to Michael Novak's stunning analysis of the Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on disarmament, "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age," thus dramatizing the seriousness of the debate. The (favorable) reaction is overwhelming.

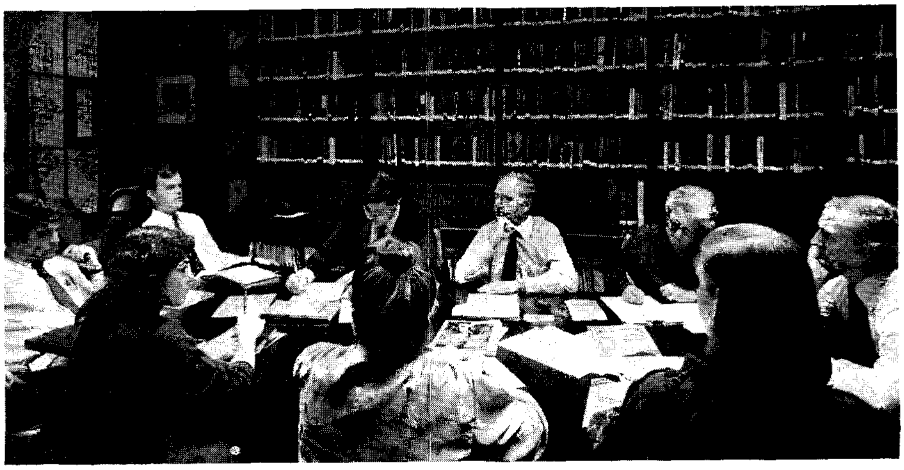
We beef up the articles section in a number of ways. We recruit Professor Werner J. Dannhauser of Cornell to commission serious articles for us on developing trends in the academic world. He performs magnificently, enlisting the talents of such scholars as Allan Bloom, Harvey C. Mansfield Jr., Lino A. Graglia, and Thomas Pangle, to name just a few.

Often we're on the scene before the news is made. We publish three articles by Geoffrey Wagner on the increasing Castroization of Grenada in the years before the invasion. From Mexico, George Byram Lake, that super-entertaining and mordant critic of the Mexican *dolce vita*, writes amusingly and astutely on the political and personal corruption there that will lead to the catastrophic Mexican economic collapse in the early Eighties. Edmund Morris returns to South Africa and "Weeps for a Beloved Country." Before protectionism became the big issue of the season on the Hill we were debating it: Anthony Harrigan *v.* Walter Olson, William R. Hawkins *v.* Messrs. Friedman and Galbraith (the evil Galbraith). Solzhenitsyn gets in touch with Kevin Lynch and offers us an American exclusive on his Templeton Lecture. Walter McDougall introduces our readers to the complexities of space lasers and particle beams before the Soviets made space technology—Star Wars—the centerpiece of their Geneva negotiations. John Virtes, our Librarian, is a major help to Editorial in checking out facts, figures, and obscure references in all the above.

And in 1984, *NR* provides the fullest and best coverage of a presidential election since James Jackson Kilpatrick retired from that beat in the Seventies, with a series of brilliant, perceptive articles by Richard Brookhiser. Young Brookhiser is a pro. He carries his full load as an editorial writer, contributing to "The Week" on magazine Monday and Tuesday, then takes off Tuesday night to join a presidential candidate on the stump. After a grueling three or four days on the road he returns to New York on Sunday, and by Tuesday, or Wednesday morning at the latest, hands in a resonant three- to four-thousand-word piece on what makes candidate Glenn, or Cranston, or Hollings, or Jackson, or Mondale tick. Doubleday will be bringing out his book on the 1984 campaign, *The Outside Story: How Democrats and Republicans Re-elected Reagan*, in the spring.

* * *

Keeping the magazines coming issue after issue is hard work, but at *NR* there's always the chuckle. Today's chuckle is a note from Bill von Dreele attached to the poems he brings in every other Monday morning for "The Week." "You'll be relieved to know," he writes, "that in the interests of good taste, I just tore up 'Ding-Dong the Witch Is Dead,' my RIP for Mrs. Gandhi." Or the cable from Paris for Priscilla: "You may fire me when ready, Gridley. /s/ Bill." Bill had departed for Europe carrying in his briefcase the only copy of "Notes & Asides" for the issue that goes to press tomorrow. . . . We manage.



When Rick Brookhiser speaks, NR *listens: an editorial conference with, clockwise from right, WFB, Dorothy McCartney, Linda Bridges, Anna Lieber, Steve Weeks, Brookhiser, Joe Sobran, Jeff Hart, Priscilla Buckley*

The season's Fearless Fosdick Prognostication Award goes in 1984—as indeed in many years—to Bill Rusher for a column that starts: "After mature reflection, I have concluded that it's time for us conservatives to get off Teddy Kennedy's back and welcome him as the obvious Democratic standardbearer in the 1984 election," on the very day the *New York Daily News* banners: TEDDY QUITS.

* * *

In the fall of 1983, what had quit was our computer-typesetting equipment, after five long, hard, rambunctious, anxiety-filled years. The anxiety has been all ours.

We skip a couple of computer generations and install new equipment that will, we are told by the same salesman who got us on the hook the first time, work miracles for us. This time we vow to do it right. Everyone spends a week in computer school, including our omnicompetent Production Editor, Anna Lieber, who thinks it wise to acquaint herself with the capabilities of the new units. The indispensable Ione Whitlock—Ione is to the flow of copy at *NR* what tower control is to air traffic at O'Hare International—orchestrates the changeover with Linda's help.

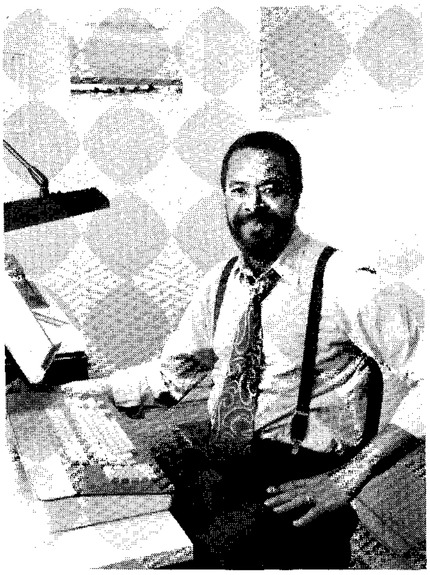
We are ready to go. Michael Watkins, our full-time typesetter—a twenty-year *NR* veteran—sets the first galley. What is this? The *l*'s careen about the page like drunken giraffes, while the *t*'s lean for support on the letter to their left. When Michael Ashton straightens that out, every hyphen on the page tiptoes over to embrace the letter to its right. In due course, by a process called "dressing the type," we get it to act responsibly, but it's still hard to read (the type, not the prose). Sharp-eyed Linda figures out what's wrong. When developed, our new Times Roman font has a distressing tendency to shrink. We go up half a point, from 9 to 9½ in the body of the magazine, from 10 to 10½ in "The Week," and, hey presto, readability is restored.

* * *

But now the editors, in their wisdom, decide the moment has come to redesign the magazine. We call in Sheila Wolfe, who has done a splendid touch-up on *The American Spectator* and designed the new *Harper's*. At a preliminary working lunch, Sheila tells Priscilla that if we want her to redesign the magazine from start to finish, she won't do it. Why? Because we'd go broke. Readers, she explains, reject the unfamiliar. They will accept a facelift, but in general feel ill at ease with a radical redesign. We introduce the new look in January 1984, which gives us an extra week—over the Christmas break—to work out the snags, which are many. The body type and headline fonts Sheila would have liked aren't available. We choose the next closest thing, but the heads look bigger, blacker than in her design, so we play around with different type sizes. It's Sheila who suggests we number our pages afresh each issue, and Sheila who urges us to place the name and date of the magazine on each page, which gladdens the heart of 82-year-old Sister Mary Lawrence Riley in Saint Louis, who has been recommending we do this for years.

The first redesigned issue is handsome, but on the ragged side. We hold a post-mortem with Sheila and make small adjustments. It will take us three months to get it right. But we know we're on track because Gerhart Niemeyer tells us so, and Gerhart is always right. He writes from Notre Dame: "To Sheila Wolfe and whoever else was in on the job, I blow a kiss for the superb page design of the January 27 issue. NATIONAL REVIEW must be the best-looking girl among the country's many splendid magazines. Don't blush now!"

* * *

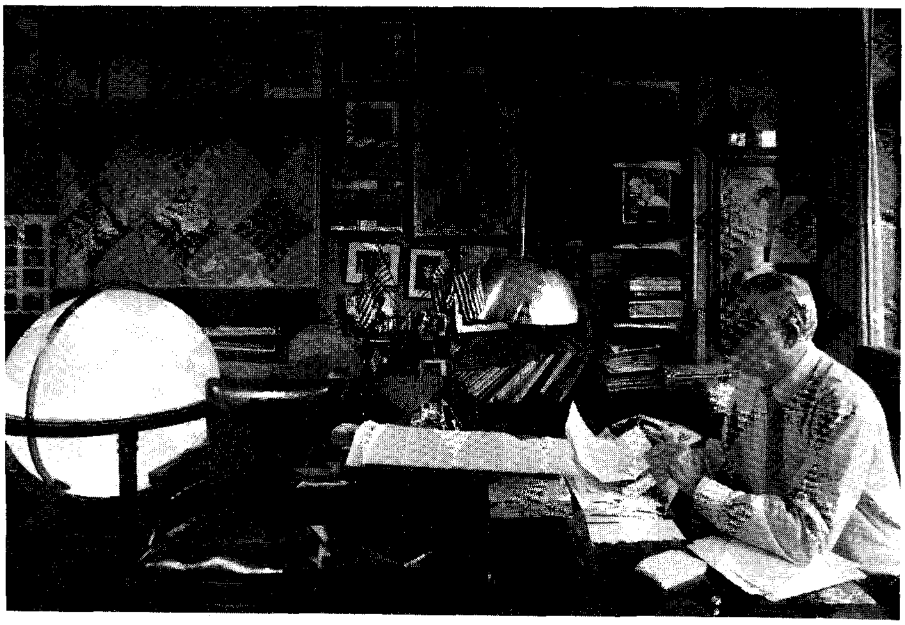


Mike Watkins can relax: the t's and l's have agreed to straighten up and fly right

It's a quarter to four on a magazine Tuesday, press time. Helen Miller at the switchboard, Helen the Imperturbable, Helen the Terror of the Kook (Helen, who is even then thinking of deserting us for the calmer climes of Atlanta), calls for help. There is a Mr. Gottlieb in her office, and he won't go away, he *must* see an editor. At Once. Life or Death. The eye falls on Kevin (the eye often falls on Kevin because dear Kevin—how we miss him—never says no). Mr. Gottlieb has in tow Mr. X, a pencil-thin gentleman of obvious Transylvanian descent, a Rumanian. Mr. X, Mr. Gottlieb explains, is being harassed, pursued, badgered, threatened, and terrified by—New York's yellow cabs. Mr. Buckley *must* do something about it. *NR must* write an article. This has *got* to stop. Kevin murmurs that we will need proof of the harassment. Gottlieb & Co. stalk out. Two days later they return with a brand-new tape recorder. "Proof," says Mr. Gottlieb, triumphantly, and turns it on. A cacophony of traffic noises: brakes screeching, horns blowing, fenders crunching, men shouting. Mr. Gottlieb smiles. "There is your proof, Mr. Lynch." "But that's not proof," says Kevin. This knuckle-headedness galvanizes Mr. X. He speaks for the first time. "That is because you do not understand Rumanian," he says scornfully, and they turn on their heels and stalk out, never to return.

* * *

And so it goes at NATIONAL REVIEW, day in, week, month, and year out, mixed joys and sorrows but always a thick underlay of kindness, humor, and laughter. And so ends this final report card on the comings and goings in what James Burnham once called Miss Buckley's Finishing School for Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Conservative Persuasion. The time has come for a partial changing of the guard. As of January 1, Priscilla will join Jeff Hart and Joe Sobran as a Senior Editor. Chilton Williamson and Richard Vigilante will continue as Book and Articles Editors. Linda Bridges has been named Executive Editor, in charge of the Editorial Department, and Rick Brookhiser will be the new Managing Editor. ☐

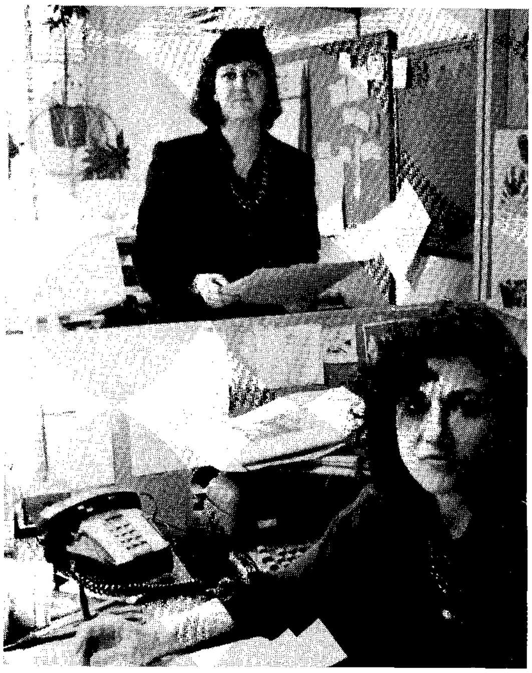


Bill Buckley goes through his mail, looking up once in a while to lighted globe on which last summer's trans-Pacific sail was charted. Center, a Rube Goldberg contraption that sets five flags furiously a-waving, the gift of a reader many years back. It's called a Triple Bifurcated Chauvinator

Assistant Book Editor Catherine Shea conveying last-minute instructions from Book Editor Chilton Williamson (in Wyoming) to Copy Editor Dorothy Humanitzki

NR*'s fortnightly editorial conference is held on Monday, as soon as Senior Editor Joe Sobran arrives from Washington. The editorials for "The Week" are discussed and assigned to the writers. Publisher William Rusher has the floor. To his right, Assistant Managing Editor Linda Bridges, Production Editor Anna Lieber, and Associate Editor Stephen Weeks*

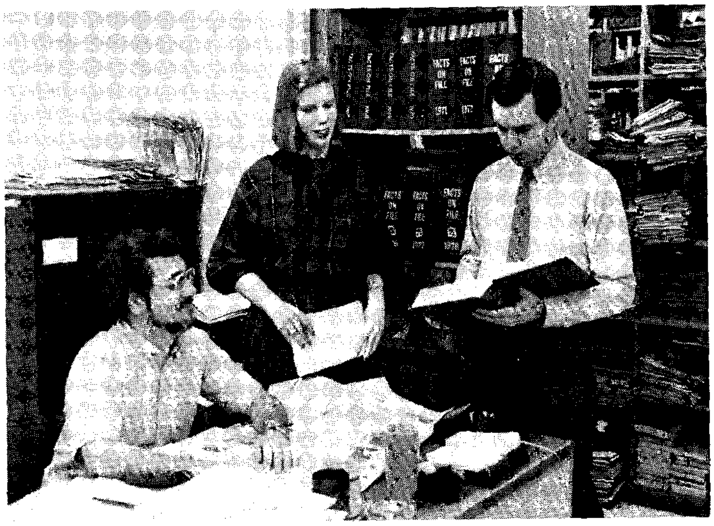
Bill Buckley has just raised a point about the latest cover. Clockwise from Linda Bridges (right foreground): Anna Lieber, Stephen Weeks, Art Director Colleen Lawlor Hartman, Articles Editor Richard Vigilante (peering out from behind Colleen), Associate Editors Catherine Shea and Ione Whitlock, Joe Sobran



Bulletin board behind Ione Whitlock (top) plots progress of each issue of NR. *Below, Anna Lieber wishes Advertising would decide whether a missing ad is in or out*

Money rolls in, but mostly, at NR, *money rolls out. How we stay afloat only Treasurer Rose Flynn DeMaio (seated) knows. Assistant Maria Traina is* very *popular. She passes out the weekly paychecks*

"NATIONAL REVIEW. *Good morning." Receptionist Nora Wayson manages the switchboard with a smile, even at the full moon, when the cranks are out*



"We need this fact right away." Call Research. No sweat with these pros: Henry Fasciani (seated), Research Director Dorothy McCartney (center), Librarian John Virtes

Cover conference. Bill Buckley scraggles a facsimile on a sheet of yellow paper. Looks at it critically. "Let's have Carl Sagan falling off." He grins, leans back in his chair, delighted

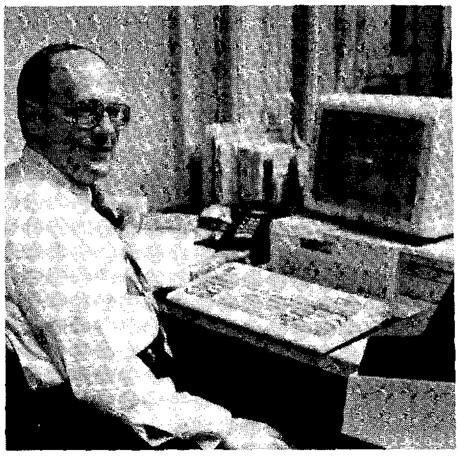
Executive Secretary Frances Bronson looks startled. Bill, she's just discovered, is scheduled to speak in Juneau, Rio, and Minneapolis on the same day. Will she please straighten it out, Bill asks

Leadership Network President Rob Sennott, practicing his "slay-'em" look, suitable for corporate giants reluctant to advertise in NR *and other Leadership books*

"You say 18 tons of paper [one NR *issue] costs $16,000?" Associate Publisher Ed Capano is aghast. He has been known to shame our printers*

Sylvia Wolinsky keeps her cool, which is remarkable given that as Circulation Manager she is on permanent flak patrol

Mechanical artist Marilyn Musler looks over Colleen Lawlor Hartman's shoulder at final touches on Anniversary Issue. Background right: WAR bogus cover (naked lady)

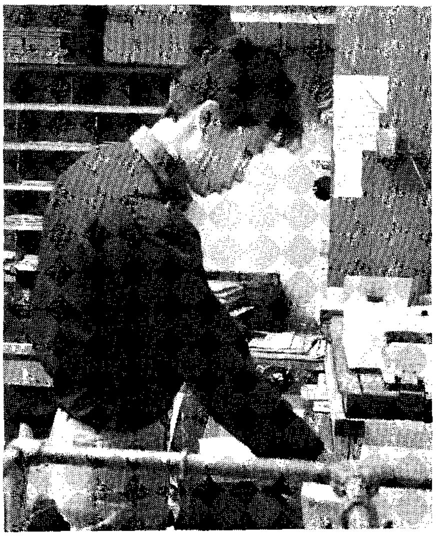


Arthur Stetzner once handled NR*'s fund appeal with multi-colored cards. Now he's into computers. His office hums like a beehive—but not* that *beehive!*

Senior Editor Jeff Hart (center) runs the editorial section when Bill Buckley is abroad. Assigning an edit to Joe Sobran (left). Priscilla Buckley (right)

Peter Garvey (seated) and Jason Ng of the Circulation Department were not flustered when a two-minute TV ad in which Ronald Reagan and *Charlton Heston* and *Tom Selleck urged everyone to read* NR *brought in an avalanche of new readers*

Tony Savage is NR*'s computer king. Why, he has a laser printer that spun out the last Blackford Oakes in twenty minutes. Or was it two hours?*



Benny Moy is NR*'s appointed courier, our man in the mailroom*

Lucienne Vallès and Joyce Walcott of the Circulation Department check out change-of-address notifications

Michael Ashton, typesetter, even knew what they were talking about when we were told that we had to "dress" our type

Lucienne Vallès, left, and Susan Alicea. Susan is a pinch hitter around these parts, spelling Nora at the switchboard at lunch hour, as does Darrell Canty (not shown)

Mary Edson made the mistake one day of answering a "part-time typist needed" ad. Without her the Editorial Department could not operate

THE PARTY AT THE PLAZA

CHARLTON HESTON

Mr. President. Mrs. Reagan. Ladies and gentlemen. I'm Chuck Heston. I'm your master of ceremonies this evening. Actually, my prime function was to ensure a pleasant evening, and I'm happy to take the credit for it. If you'd gone to as many picnics as I have over the years and when it rains they look at you reproachfully, you'd understand my comment.

Actually, this is the first time I've ever attended a birthday party for a magazine. I'm a little embarrassed—I forgot to bring a gift. But really, it's hard to know what to bring a magazine that's got everything except the circulation of TV Guide. *As for me, I'm here because a few weeks ago I got a phone call from Bill. "Chuck," he said, "how do you feel about free speech?" Now, I thought he was going to quote me an editorial or something. And so I hastened to assure him that of all the freedoms I treasure as an American citizen, the one I hold most precious is free speech. Bill said, "That's wonderful, Chuck. We'd like you to come East and make one." So while you're all here to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of* NATIONAL REVIEW, *I'm here to make certain my subscription's renewed.*

NATIONAL REVIEW *over the past thirty years has not merely recorded but stimulated, even impelled, the political maturation, the coming of age, of this country. I can bear personal witness to this reality in my own political argosy beginning, as so many of us did, as a Roosevelt liberal. But enough of that.*

Ladies and gentlemen, please continue to eat, but I hope you will be very, very silent during the next eight minutes, because we are going to hear Dick Wellstood, a pianist who will stop you dead. During his eight minutes, Dick Wellstood will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Jerome Kern by playing three tunes not written by Jerome Kern. The first is "Jingle Bells." Do you think you know "Jingle Bells"? No you don't. The second is "I've Got a Crush on You." Why? Because the First Lady asked him to play that song for her a couple of years ago, and Dick Wellstood never forgets anything. He even remembers that the Constitution was written by the Founding Fathers, not by the Warren Court. His closing tune will be "Russian Rag," written in 1918 by George L. Cobb. In 1918, the Soviet Union was only one year old. It was at its peak. So is Dick Wellstood.

THE HON. JACK KEMP

THERE IS a wonderful confluence of events at work here, as the President has returned from his historic and successful meeting with Gorbachev in time to be here for NATIONAL REVIEW'S Thirtieth Anniversary Dinner. For, thirty years ago when NATIONAL REVIEW was being founded, democratic socialism was still the accepted world view of most Western intellectuals. But we stand here tonight at a time when it is democratic capitalism, and not democratic socialism, that is the model for the world.

A great many people have dedicated themselves to the conservative revolution in this country, many of them sprinkled throughout this august crowd. But still, in twentieth-century America, who says "conservatism" says "NATIONAL REVIEW."

In 1952 the conservatives lost all the floor fights at the Republican convention and couldn't get their man nominated. *NR* was born in 1955, and by 1964 we had captured the grass roots of the Republican Party as well as the nomination. It took 16 more years before we were able to capture not only the nomination but the Presidency as well. . . .

What will the world look like thirty years from now, when *NR* celebrates its sixtieth anniversary, in the year 2015, and conservative Presidents have been in office all that time?

Bill Buckley will be the only ninety-year-old *enfant terrible* in history.

We will file our income taxes on a postcard. The maximum rate will be around 10 or 15 per cent. Interest rates will be 5.5 or 6 per cent. And the dollar will be as good as gold.

America will have tested, developed, and deployed President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative.

NR's Sixtieth Anniversary Dinner will be held in the free city of Havana. The editors decided to save Moscow for the Diamond Jubilee.

The bad news is that William J. Brennan, at 109, will *still* be contemplating retirement from the Supreme Court. The good news is that Jim Buckley will be the longest-serving Chief Justice in history.

For thirty years NATIONAL REVIEW, its founders and editors, writers and staff, and financial contributors, have told the truth. The people of America —indeed, of the world—owe an enormous debt of gratitude to NATIONAL REVIEW. You have been instrumental in changing the political face of America for decades and, as I believe, for all time to come. ☐

RICHARD BROOKHISER

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, Mr. President . . . In thinking about the future, my mind kept returning to an incident five years in the past. It was an incident that directly concerned you, Mr. President.

It came at a moment when it was not at all certain that you were ever going to be President. The 1980 Iowa caucuses had just occurred, and the New Hampshire primary was several weeks away. I was traveling with the Reagan press—and the consensus was that you were on the ropes, with a strong minority holding that you had been technically knocked out.

You had taken a three-day swing, from Illinois to South Carolina, to Miami, to New Orleans, and finally to Minneapolis. You went to the Minnesota Club for a powwow with your advisors, and the press went on to a place called Stem Hall where you were scheduled to speak.

You were late. There was a little pick-up band in plastic boaters that played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" about a dozen times. I had a chance to look over the crowd.

Finally, you arrived, and they gave a whoop. There had been a string of warm-up speakers—worse than average —but they hadn't paid any attention to them. They wanted you.

At the time, I thought the burden of being a politician was an enormous one. Because a democratic politician has made a pledge, to all of his supporters, that he will stand by certain ideas. It seemed a very solemn pledge to me that night—a pledge a politician dare not break.

But I think now that the obligation does not run from politician to voter. It runs from both of them, to the common idea. It was the ideas that brought the people there that night, every bit as much as the politician.

NATIONAL REVIEW, and those who support it, took their own pledge to certain ideas thirty years ago. They are more important than any President we elect, or any writer we run. In three years, Ronald Reagan will retire from public office. In time, all of us will retire from our jobs. In a hundred years, there is not a person or a thing in this room that will remain.

But our ideas will remain. They will have to remain if a respect for freedom and order—for the laws of nature and nature's God—are to survive in a dark and doubtful world.

We have a lot of work ahead of us in the next thirty years—and a lot to work for. ☐

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I'VE BEEN working at NATIONAL REVIEW for 13 years, and I have the honor to be listed as a senior editor now, but I must say I still sometimes feel like the college boy I was twenty years ago.

Remembering my first intoxicated discovery of NATIONAL REVIEW I recall most strongly the delicious shock of finding things said I'd assumed it was practically illegal to say. I didn't realize it was even possible to say them, or think them, let alone agree with them. And NATIONAL REVIEW said these things with a wonderfully audacious humor. If you were drinking a beer while you read, there was a terrible danger that the beer would come out your nose. I read it with an exhilaration that was in equal parts a sense of delight and a sense of deliverance.

In those days, right after what was

called the Goldwater debacle, the idea of a conservative President seemed worse than farfetched. For conservatives there was no prospect of victory. We were immediately busy convincing ourselves that we weren't an endangered species. And yet NATIONAL REVIEW never lost the serenity of a man who is utterly resolved to be himself, win or lose. It espoused unpopular ideas until they were popular ideas, but it never sold out in order to sell.

So here we are, enjoying as happy an ending as this life ever affords. To a group disinclined to expect progress, progress has come as a happy shock. One of our readers has even proved that if you'd rather be right than be President, you can wind up being President! ☐

JEFFREY HART

By a strange chance of fate, I found myself thinking about these remarks in Whittaker Chambers's old office at NATIONAL REVIEW, where I now work when not at Dartmouth. It seems appropriate for me to be using Chambers's office, because his memoir, *Witness*, was one of the principal books that made me, while in college, a conscious, as distinguished from an instinctive, conservative.

The whole Hiss affair had been shocking enough, but it was the more so because of the respectable support Hiss—even after his conviction—had on the Columbia campus. It remained for *Witness* to give the whole thing historical and even cosmic resonance.

If the word "seriously" can still be made to retain something of its old power, Chambers took Communism seriously. He viewed it as a comprehensive negation, a coherent structure of anti-values, saying no to everything the West had said yes to. It was as if an intricate mask of Western culture had been designed, and then turned inside out. Not God but materialism. Not freedom but necessity. Not liberty but total control. Not independent truth but truth contingent upon power.

I recalled that St. Augustine had defined evil as the absence of good. We were looking at, yes, Mr. President, an evil empire.

Alger Hiss was the perfect metaphor for all this: a man spawned by the West—Johns Hopkins, Harvard Law, Justice Holmes's law clerk, high up in government—but a man who had been turned inside out, and therefore lived a lie, because he believed in a lie.

Nothing that has happened to this hour contradicts Chambers's view of the matter. His mind and spirit haunt my little office at NATIONAL REVIEW. ☐

GEORGE WILL

It is my privilege tonight to serve as a kind of Aaron Copland, composing a fanfare for an uncommon woman: Priscilla Buckley, who is ending more than a quarter of a century as NATIONAL REVIEW's managing editor.

When considering how best to salute this woman of comprehensive interests, I turned for advice to someone whom the President himself consults daily. I sought advice on how to do justice to the political sophistication of this woman. And Donald Regan said to me: Whatever else you say, say she is interested in throw-weight. Well, of *course* she is, but that is not the point. The point is that Priscilla has shown us all how to combine such serious interests with an undiminished and irrepressible flair for fun. Priscilla is the flute in our conservative orchestra—subtle, complex, yet always on the verge of merriment. Exactly thirty years ago, as the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW appeared, Secretary of State Dulles gave a speech asking: Is the spirit of Geneva dead? *NR*'s answer was: "We certainly hope so." Obviously, diplomacy has not changed, but conservatism has, and for the better, thanks in large part to Priscilla. She has taught, by example, the compatibility of political commitment and generosity of spirit. She has, in equal measure, passionate conservatism and overflowing good humor.

I collect oxymorons, those internally contradictory phrases such as "married bachelor," or "Lebanese government," or "Jack Kemp Deficit Reduction Plan." Here is a phrase that may sound contradictory, but is not. The phrase is "healthy infection." That is a plain description of Priscilla's gift to conservatism: the gift of infectious laughter.

For thirty years, NATIONAL REVIEW has not been known for its lackadaisical approach to orthodoxies. But neither has it been merely like the Catholic bishop of Little Rock who, a generation ago, was asked his opinion of the ecumenical movement. He replied: "My opinion is that we're right and they're wrong and they've got to admit it."

For thirty years, NATIONAL REVIEW has kept the faith, but has also kept its sense of humor. To Priscilla goes much of the credit for that fact, and hence the fact that many of those who were wrong, thirty years ago, now know in their hearts that NATIONAL REVIEW was right from the start. They have come to right reason, through the allure of conservatism with a smiling face. Indeed, conservatism has sometimes advanced less by logic than by laughter—by the ability to laugh away the kind of extravagant politics practiced by the candidate in Maryland a few years ago who said, "If I am elected, the schools will begin to produce Beethovens and Einsteins." We in Maryland would be pleased if, upon leaving school, our children had *heard* of Beethoven and Einstein.

It was an architect who said that God is in the details. It could have been Priscilla. If an architect gets the details wrong, only a building collapses. If a writer gets the details wrong, a sentence or even an argument comes tumbling down. And we graduates of the Priscilla Buckley School of Journalistic Craftsmanship believe that a poorly constructed sentence is as unforgivable—even as dangerous—as a poorly constructed building.

Some conservatives, I among them, have stained-glass minds. We have a certain sympathy for medieval notions. We are therefore pleased that Priscilla's philosophy rests on the concept of the divine right of editors. When exercis-

ing that right over a rabble of writers, she reminds me of Benjamin Jowett, of nineteenth-century Oxford. He was the head of an Oxford college, and would only occasionally call his dons in to get their opinion. And when ending a meeting with turbulent dons, Jowett would loftily announce: "The vote is twenty to one. I see we are deadlocked." As I understand it, Mr. President, that's called Cabinet government.

Furthermore, a managing editor lives with iron deadlines and plastic writers. She must have unshakable composure in the recurring crises of publishing. Priscilla's composure earns her the John Jacob Astor trophy for composure. It is so named, by me, because Astor was on the *Titanic*, having a drink in the lounge, when the ship hit the iceberg. He turned to the steward and said, "I sent for ice, but this is ridiculous." Among Priscilla's many graces is a similar grace under pressure. The idea of NATIONAL REVIEW without Priscilla Buckley as managing editor induces in many of us a certain vertigo. I have an acquaintance who says his idea of immortality is to live until the Washington subway is finished. *My* idea of immortality is to live until we quit complying with SALT II. Forgive me, Mr. President, an editorialist is never off duty.

But for many of us, our idea of immortality was to live just as long as Priscilla was doing what she does so well. But she is not leaving NATIONAL REVIEW. She will still be a guiding spirit within the *NR* family. In recent years, my association with the *NR* family has been intermittent. For example, in the late 1970s I assisted Bill Buckley in a debate about the Panama Canal Treaties. We were on the wrong side—we supported the treaties. But we so decisively defeated our opponent—a former governor of California—that he has not been heard of since. However, I, like everyone else who has had the inestimable joy of learning from Priscilla Buckley, have never left, will never leave the *NR* family. She is a teacher, and as Henry Adams said, a teacher has a kind of immortality, because one never knows when a teacher's influence stops. Priscilla's influence radiates through American journalism. I am but one of many lucky writers who have the elevating duty of trying daily to live up to my teacher, Priscilla Buckley. And all of us who have warmed ourselves at the hearth of her friendship are thankful for the pleasure of her company. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Priscilla Buckley. ☐

PRISCILLA BUCKLEY

As is well known to my friends and colleagues, I rarely speak in public. But both times I have been forced to speak, the President of the United States has been in the audience. Now I'm getting the hang of it. The Pope of Rome had better watch out.

George Will has been mighty flattering tonight. George, you can come to my party any time.

Years ago Frank Meyer put his finger on my true role at *NR*, which has nothing to do with technical competence. I have been known to commit a solecism. It was at an "Agonizing Reappraisal," one of the quarterly editorial conferences we hold three times a year. The discussion had become heated. Frank was pacing the floor (always a bad sign), when I made a joke or some remark to ease the tension. Frank stopped his pacing, and turned to me. "Priscilla," he said, tenderly, "you are the grease in our crankcase." I was deeply touched.

James Hilton's Mr. Chips looked back on a long line of boys he had taught down through the years. Tonight I look back on 750 blue-bordered issues of NATIONAL REVIEW—"a blue-bordered oasis in a sea of desolation," an early reader called them. Like boys, some issues turned out better than others. It was youthful impetuosity, I think, that led us to write in December 1963: "The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW regretfully announce that their patience with President Lyndon B. Johnson is exhausted."

But it was sheer bad luck, some years later, that our definitive answer to critics of nuclear power should come out the very day Three Mile Island blew. No one—including our publisher—found our Pentagon Papers hoax in 1971 quite so funny as we did. Bill Rusher does not get as easily carried away as the editors by our wit and merriment. He provides the needed ballast to our Ship of State, and takes our occasional ribbing with sunny good humor—because he knows he's right.

With a setback here and there, nonetheless, the magazine grew from its thin, gangly, butcher-paper early self, and matured. The time came when we confounded our critics. One bright November day five years ago, the American people, just as *NR* had been accused of doing, turned the clock back, past the Great Society, the New Frontier, and the New Deal—by electing to the Presidency a man whose vision of a brighter, simpler, more resilient, more self-reliant America they shared.

Since this is a night for a moderate tooting of horns, let's say it right out: NATIONAL REVIEW played its part in that epochal political sea-change. And so did so many of you in and out of this hall tonight—loyal friends and supporters of this enterprise, and unswerving, as the editors and staff of NATIONAL REVIEW seek to be, in a shared devotion to the land we love so well.

Thank you, and God bless. ☐

PRESIDENT REAGAN

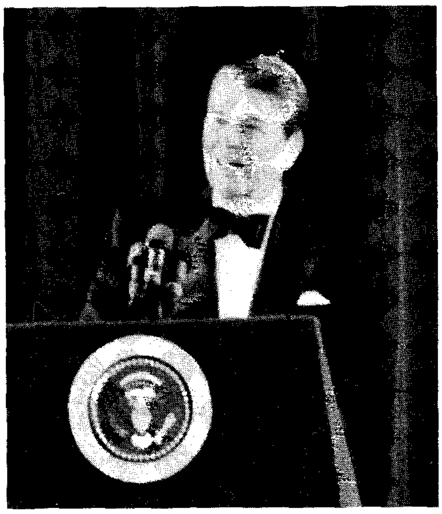
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I mean it literally when I say it is a delight to be here tonight. The editors, associates, and friends of NATIONAL REVIEW are celebrated not just for skillful argument and sound polemics, but for the wit, warmth—even merriment—of their gatherings.

I will admit that like most of his friends, I wonder if Bill Buckley's well-known regard for fun doesn't get a little out of hand. A couple of years ago, I made a congratulatory phone call to an anniversary party for Bill Buckley's television show. Now, as you know, *Firing Line* attracts many important guests, some of whom, however, are also very, very controversial. No sooner had I picked up the phone and said, "Hello," than Bill's voice came ringing through: "Mr. President, I'm standing here with Gordon Liddy on my right and Howard Hunt on my left, and we await your orders, sir."

And once when Bill was asked what job he wanted in the Administration of his friend the President, he replied in his typically retiring and deferential way: "Ventriloquist."

But when you think about it, the word "fun" really is important to the meaning of NATIONAL REVIEW and the conservative movement it fostered, a word, as Bill Buckley might put it, that is "transcendentally freighted, resonant with metaphysical meaning and overtone." By which he would mean (I got used to interpreting in Geneva—so with your permission, Bill) it is a word not very popular in our century. Especially with those who preach the supremacy of the state, who think they can remake man and society in the image of a brave new world. For these serious people, earthly paradise is always just around the corner, and evenings like these are bourgeois distractions. Laughter itself is suspect; and even fun is an act of subversion. It is purportedly why Lenin refused to listen to music.

But it is also why all of us are here tonight—to celebrate thirty years of witty, civilized pages from our beloved NATIONAL REVIEW and the damage, the terminal damage, those pages have done to modern statism and its unrelenting grimness.



Since its beginning in 1955, NATIONAL REVIEW has argued that politics and state power—like all human endeavors—have their limitations, and that acknowledging those limitations is the beginning of political—even earthly—wisdom. It is really an acknowledgment that God means for us—at least sometimes—to take life as it comes: to woo, to laugh, to love, and to make room, as you have tonight and throughout the thirty-year life span of NATIONAL REVIEW, for fun.

If any of you doubt the impact of NATIONAL REVIEW's verve and attractiveness, take a look around you this evening. The man standing before you now was a Democrat when he picked up his first issue in a plain brown wrapper; and even now, as an occupant of public housing, he awaits as anxiously as ever his biweekly edition—without the wrapper. Over here is the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, who, besides running a successful presidential campaign in 1980, is the same New York lawyer who drew up the incorporation papers for NATIONAL REVIEW. Or ask any of the young leaders in the media, academia, or government here tonight to name the principal intellectual influence in their formative years. On this point, I can assure you: NATIONAL REVIEW is to the offices of the West Wing of the White House what *People* magazine is to your dentist's waiting room.

So in standing up, then, for what Russell Kirk might call the metaphysics of fun, I think history will show NATIONAL REVIEW also launched a spirited and decisive defense of freedom. *NR* taught several generations of conservatives that it is this recognition of a higher order that enables the individual

WESTERN UNION

TO: CHARLTON HESTON
PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK

DEAR MR. HESTON:
THE ENCLOSED IS FOR WFB.

DEAR BILL:

WHEN WE FIRST MET, OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO NOW, YOU TOLD ME WITH AN ASSURANCE THAT EVEN THE DECADES HAVE NOT MANAGED TO ENHANCE OF YOUR PLANS FOR A JOURNAL TO EXPRESS CONSERVATIVE THOUGHT AND TO MOVE THE POLITICAL CENTER OF GRAVITY OF OUR COUNTRY. I CANNOT SAY THAT I WAS SEIZED WITH THE URGENCY OF EITHER OBJECTIVE, BUT I WAS NOT TOO CONCERNED BECAUSE, FRANKLY, I DID NOT BELIEVE YOU COULD BRING IT OFF.

FORTUNATELY, I WAS WRONG ON ALL COUNTS. NATIONAL REVIEW HAS EXCEEDED EVEN YOUR VISION. IT HAS LEFT ITS MARK ON OUR NATION. IN THE PROCESS IT HAS ALSO LEFT A FEW MARKS ON ME, NO DOUBT TO THE ULTIMATE BENEFIT OF ALL THOSE WHO CHERISH LIBERTY.

YOU HAVE DISARMED YOUR CRITICS, INSPIRED YOUR FRIENDS, AND SERVED THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID EXCEPT THE PRIDE ALL YOUR FRIENDS FEEL AT THEIR GOOD FORTUNE THAT YOU TOUCHED THEIR LIVES.

AS ALWAYS,
HENRY [A. KISSINGER]

to stand against the massed power of the modern state and say: No, there is more to life than your budgets and bureaus, your camps and constraints.

All of this was against the trend of the times and drew its share of disapproving stares. Just when political commentary had become so ponderous, along comes this spirited, captivating little journal pledging in the now familiar words of its first issue: "It stands athwart history, yelling, Stop . . ."

Let me now simply and briefly do what I came here to do tonight, and that is, as President of the United States, to salute the editors, associates, and friends of NATIONAL REVIEW; and on behalf of America, the Free World—and especially the not-so-free world—to thank each one of you for your extraordinary work, your sacrifice, your daring and devotion.

I want to assure you tonight: You didn't just part the Red Sea—you rolled it back, dried it up, and left exposed, for all the world to see, the naked desert that is statism. And then, as if that weren't enough, you gave to the world something different, something in its weariness it desperately needed, the sound of laughter and the sight of the rich, green uplands of freedom.

But if tonight we celebrate NATIONAL REVIEW as a force for change of hurricane force, we also note tonight that the eye of the hurricane is retiring. Priscilla Buckley is known for her adventurous spirit; nowhere has that spirit been better evidenced than in her willingness to be at the center for almost thirty years of the whirlwind at 150 East 35th Street. That she has come through all this with a reputation unchallenged for journalistic skill and professionalism, as well as the sweetest disposition on the Eastern Seaboard, is testimony to her work and to her life. Tonight, Priscilla, America and its President and all of us honor you and thank you.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, recently a message from Bill Buckley was sent through the White House staff about my remarks here—and I quote—"Bill says this is the Thirtieth, and you should say something important like announcing a new Marshall Plan."

Well, we shall see about a Marshall Plan; but for the moment, perhaps a few concluding remarks on the future of this journal and the conservative movement it fostered are in order. I think most of you are aware that there is now in the nation's capital a consensus on the need for reducing marginal tax rates—even the Ways and Means Committee proposal, though it is not the bill we asked for, agrees that such high rates are an obstacle to economic growth and initiative.

On another front, not only has the House of Representatives agreed to humanitarian assistance to the Nicaraguan freedom-fighters, it has lifted, largely on its own accord, the ban against helping anti-Communist insurgencies in Africa. I think you will agree that it is a long way to travel: from "Dear Comandante" to spontaneous repeal of the Clark Amendment.

Believe me, there were few articles of faith in the liberal credo more fervently held than: first, a belief in government as the great redistributor of income through punitive tax rates; and second, an adherence to post-Vietnam isolationism and the adolescent notion that anyone brandishing a rifle, wearing green fatigues, and calling himself a socialist revolutionary was worthy of American sympathy or support.

Now the question I want to ask you is this: If at NATIONAL REVIEW's last anniversary dinner someone had told you that in a little over four years tax rates could be cut from 70 per cent to nearly half of that and that we would be not only helping a growing anti-Communist insurgency in Central America but lifting the prohibition against such assistance in Angola—and that in both cases these changes would be effected by a House of Representatives supposedly dominated by liberal Democrats—wouldn't you have tagged him or her a hopeless optimist?

Yet it is all happening and will continue to happen. And for this reason: We have reached that point which military historians single out as critical to the outcome of any battle; the point at which one side begins to display a decisive will to win, a kind of psychological dominance over the consciousness of the other. The point at which the adversary is more preoccupied with countering our next tactical move than with changing a strategic picture that he does not even realize is shifting dangerously against him. How many Northern generals, preoccupied, in General McClellan's words, with what "Bobby Lee will do next," came to naught because they failed to do what common sense or their own strategic plan dictated? As Yogi Berra said once: "90 per cent of this game is half mental."

And today, the adversaries of conservatives seem sometimes more concerned with our agenda than we are ourselves. It is the kind of slide that, once it begins, is almost impossible to halt. Already some young members of the other party have had to face charges that they are me-too Democrats—what a refreshing ring that has to those of us who remember how a

WILLIAM RUSHER

NO AMERICAN journal of opinion has ever made a profit, or even broken even, over any sustained period of time, and NATIONAL REVIEW is no exception to that iron rule. The fact, therefore, that there is any thirtieth birthday party for NATIONAL REVIEW at all is strictly a function of the steadfast and unstinting generosity of NATIONAL REVIEW's friends.

. . . Let me express the debt that Bill Buckley and I feel toward the little group who have served, patiently and without compensation, on the board of directors of National Review, Inc. Truth to tell, Bill and I often felt a bit lonely, and needed—more than we cared to admit—contemporaries in whom we could confide, and from whom we could be sure of getting hard-headed yet sympathetic advice. ☐

similar expression was used in the Fifties. And I wonder if the day is not too far off when some Democratic presidential candidate sweeps the primaries by declaring, "We are all conservatives now." And then proudly boasts of his subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. Again, without the wrapper.

Ladies and gentlemen, the strategic situation internationally is also changing, and decisively so. While democracies are growing in economic strength, the totalitarian world is in decay and disarray. We see that Marx was right: The economic order is making demands on the political order. But he was wrong about where it would happen. China is only the most remarkable and most recent example. Add to this the growth in democratic institutions all around the world. In Asia, the realization that personal freedom means economic growth has made a number of small nations models of economic progress. Even Europe, the birthplace of socialism, is now catching up with the Laffer curve. And it is especially in Europe that we see one of the most important changes I believe this journal has helped to spark: Statism has lost the intellectuals.

So there is, after all, a Marshall Plan to announce here this evening—but not, this time, one confined to Europe or limited to monetary aid. A Marshall Plan of mind and heart and spirit—a Marshall plan of ideas. Ideas that NATIONAL REVIEW first promoted: the worth of the individual, the value of personal freedom, the efficacy of the free market, the wisdom of representative, constitutional government, and the rule of law under God.

We know that the permanent things this journal stands for, if given only the slightest bit of breathing space, must and will triumph; it is this spark of life that this journal and the conservative movement have provided.

When he left Communism for the Western side, one editor of the magazine said he understood his defection to mean he was joining the losers. I can think of no better way to pay tribute to his memory—and frankly nothing he would have liked better—than to say: We can affirm here tonight that Whittaker Chambers was wrong. That civilization will triumph. That freedom is the winning side.

One final note: I think eventually the pundits and analysts are going to catch on to the enormous force and deep roots of the conservative movement. Some of them even seem to have finally realized that I actually *am* one and that I *mean* it. And when that happens, they are going to realize something not only about this journal, but about its founder and editor: that Bill Buckley is perhaps the most influential journalist and intellectual in our era—that he changed our country, indeed our century.

While I am quite certain that this is what history will say, I also know you and I would add something, because you and I remember a time of the forest primeval, a time when nightmare and danger reigned and only the knights of darkness prevailed; when conservatives seemed without a champion in the critical battle of style and content. And then, suddenly riding up through the lists, came our clipboard-bearing Galahad: ready to take on any challengers in the critical battle of point and counterpoint. And, with grace and humor and passion, to raise a standard to which patriots and lovers of freedom could repair.

Like myself, many of you have known and been grateful for Bill's friendship—like everything else he does, he has made of that too an art form.

So, Bill, one last word to you. We thank you for your friendship. You are, of course, a great man. And so we thank you also for NATIONAL REVIEW, for setting loose so much good in the world. And, Bill—thanks, too, for all the fun.

God bless you. ☐

WILLIAM BUCKLEY

EXPRESSIONS OF gratitude can be most awfully trying to the ear of an audience, generally captive. But the act of gratitude nowadays is probably more often neglected than overdone. We published recently, in NATIONAL REVIEW, an essay on patriotism, in which the author made the same point rather more ornately than Edmund Burke did when he observed that a country, in order to be loved, must be lovely. Professor Thomas Pangle concluded that there is plenty in the Constitution of America that merits love of country; and, indeed, if the life we live here is not significantly different from the life they live over there, then George Kennan and Company are correct that we oughtn't to keep nuclear weapons in our deterrent inventory.

Jonathan Schell shocked the moral-literary world two or three years ago when he counted up and advised us that the explosive energy of the combined nuclear resources of the superpowers amounts to eight hundred million times the power of the bomb that went off over Hiroshima forty years ago. I remember that when I read that figure it conjured to my mind not so much the awful destructive potential of man as the infinity by which we measure the value of what we have, over against what it is that, otherwise, we would not have. The President, speaking at a great graveyard in Germany last May, reminded us forcefully of the terminal consequences of engaging, whether willingly or by conscription, in massive, ugly efforts to take from others their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

A year before NATIONAL REVIEW was founded, I spent an evening with Whittaker Chambers, and he asked me, half provocatively, half seriously, what exactly it was that my prospective journal would seek to save. I trotted out a few platitudes, of the sort one might expect from a 27-year-old fogy, about the virtues of a free society. He wrestled with me by obtruding the dark historicism for which he became renowned. *Don't you see*, he said, *the West is doomed, so that any effort to save it is correspondingly doomed to failure?* I drop this ink stain on the bridal whiteness of this fleeted evening only to acknowledge soberly that we are still a long way from establishing, for sure, that Whittaker Chambers was wrong. But that night, challenged by his pessimism, I said to him that if it were so that Providence had rung up our license on liberty, stamping it as expired, the Republic deserved a journal that would argue the historical and moral case that we *ought* to have survived: that, weighing the alternative, the culture of liberty deserves to survive. So that even if the worst were to happen, the journal in which I hoped he would collaborate might serve, so to speak, as the diaries of Anne Frank had served, as absolute, dispositive proof that *she* should have survived, in place of her tormentors—who ultimately perished. In due course that argument prevailed, and Chambers joined the staff.

To do what, exactly? The current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW discusses of course the Summit conference, the war in Afghanistan, Sandinista involvement in Colombia; but speaks, also, of the attrition of order and discipline in so many of our public schools, of the constitutional improvisations of Mr. Rostenkowski, of the shortcomings of the movies *Eleni* and *Macaroni*, of the imperatives of common courtesy, of the relevance of Malthus, of prayer and the unthinkable, of the underrated legacy of Herman Kahn. Some of these subjects are greatly attenuated from the principal concerns of NATIONAL REVIEW. Attenuated yes, but not disconnected: because freedom anticipates, and contingently welcomes and profits from, what happens following the calisthenics of the free mind, always supposing that that freedom does not lead the mind to question the very value of freedom, or the authority of civil and moral virtues so to designate themselves. There are enough practitioners in this room to know that a journal concerned at once to discharge a mission and to serve its readers needs to be comprehensively concerned with the flora and fauna of cultural and political life. We have done this in NATIONAL REVIEW, and because we have done this, you are here—our tactical allies, most of you; our strategic allies, all of you.

How is our cause being handled by our guest of honor? Two or three years ago I was asked by the Philadelphia Society to speak on the theme, "Is President Reagan doing all that can be done?" It was a coincidence that my wife, Pat, and I had spent the weekend before with the President and Mrs. Reagan in Barbados, and I remembered with delight a conversation I had with my host on the presidential helicopter taking us to our villa the first evening, before the two days reserved for bacchanalian sunning and swimming on the beach in front of Claudette Colbert's house, where we would spend the day. I leaned over and told him I had heard the rumor that the Secret Service was going to deny him permission to swim on that beach because it was insufficiently secure, and asked whether that were so.

Helicopters, even presidential helicopters, are pretty noisy, but I did hear him say, "Well, Bill, Nancy here tells me I'm the most powerful man in the Free World. If she's right, then I will swim tomorrow with you."

Which indeed he did. I digress to recall that during one of those swims I said to him, "Mr. President, would you like to earn the NATIONAL REVIEW Medal of Freedom?" He confessed to being curious as to how he would qualify to do this, and I said, "Well, I will proceed to almost drown, and you will rescue me." We went through the motions, and I have conferred that medal on him, *in pectore*.

I told the Philadelphia Society that the most powerful man in the Free World is not powerful enough to do everything that needs to be done. But I speculated on what I continue to believe is the conclusive factor in the matter of American security against ultimate Soviet aggression, which is the character of the occupant of the White House, the character of Ronald Reagan. The reason this is so, I argued, is that the Soviet Union, for all that from time to time it miscalculates, has never miscalculated in respect of matters apocalyptic in dimension. And the Soviet Union knows that the ambiguists with whom it so dearly loves to deal are not in power at this time. So that if ever the Soviet Union were tempted to such suicidal foolishness as to launch a strike against us, suicidal is exactly what it would prove to be. The primary obstacle to the ultimate act of Soviet imperialism is the resolute determination—to repeat my own formulation—to value what we have, over against what they do not have, sufficiently to defend it with all our resources.

Ronald Reagan, in my own judgment, animates his foreign policy by *his occasional diplomatic indiscretions:* because, of course, it *was* a diplomatic indiscretion to label the Soviet Union an "evil empire." *Ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse*: It is only the truth that wounds. And he correctly switches gear, as required, when wearing diplomatic top hat and tails. He did not talk the language of John Wayne—or of Thomas Aquinas—while in Geneva. But how reassuring it is for us all, every now and then, to vibrate to the music of the very heartstrings of the leader of the Free World, who, to qualify as such, has, after all, to feel a substantial commitment to a free world.

The receiving line. Three shifts had been planned to expose party sponsors Luce, Buckley (James), and Brady equally, but security prevailed

Now all you have to do to give NATIONAL REVIEW this Christmas is

DIAL

800-341-1522

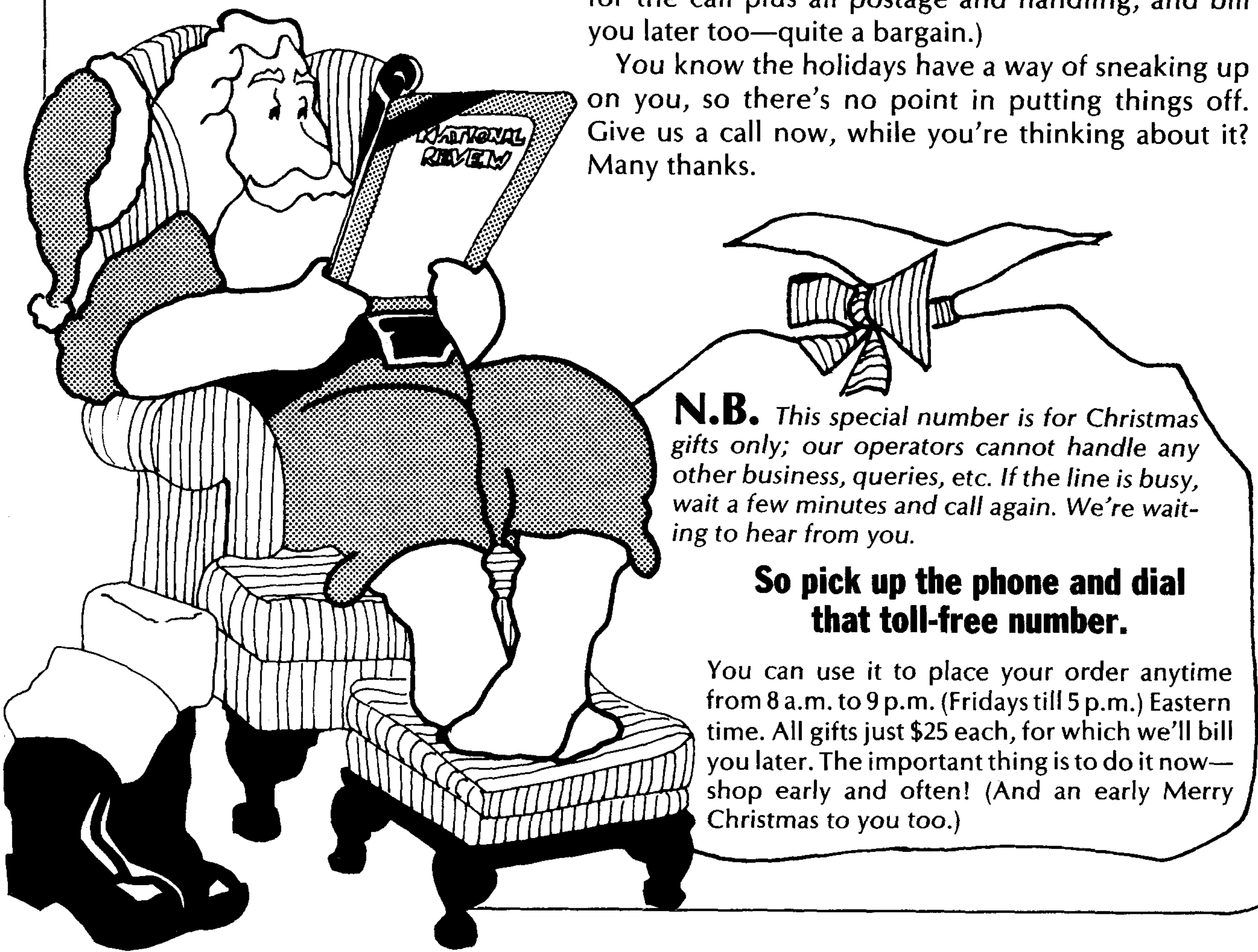
DATATEL 800 TM

(TOLL FREE)

Really, nothing could be easier. This year solve your Christmas gift problems simply by picking up your phone and dialing our special gift hot line. That's all it takes to give someone *National Review* for Christmas—a gift even the hardest-to-please person on your list is sure to appreciate. And they'll remember you for it all year, every time a new issue of NR arrives. Surely *National Review* would make an ideal gift for many people on your list? For friends, relatives, business associates—certainly students—NR is an especially impressive (indeed, flattering) way to express your Holiday Greetings. And obviously this new dial-a-gift service is the quintessence of convenience (no wrapping, mailing, standing in line, etc.). You can handle the whole thing right from your own home or office.

So shop early and easily. Just call 800-341-1522, and order as many full-year subscriptions as you please at our special holiday price of just $25 each. We'll time the first NR issue to arrive just before Christmas along with a handsome gift announcement card in your name. (We'll also pay for the call plus all postage and handling, and bill you later too—quite a bargain.)

You know the holidays have a way of sneaking up on you, so there's no point in putting things off. Give us a call now, while you're thinking about it? Many thanks.



N.B. *This special number is for Christmas gifts only; our operators cannot handle any other business, queries, etc. If the line is busy, wait a few minutes and call again. We're waiting to hear from you.*

So pick up the phone and dial that toll-free number.

You can use it to place your order anytime from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Fridays till 5 p.m.) Eastern time. All gifts just $25 each, for which we'll bill you later. The important thing is to do it now—shop early and often! (And an early Merry Christmas to you too.)

When the President ventures out to exercise conviviality with the leader of the Soviet Union, the scene is by its nature wonderful, piquant. It brings to mind the Russian who, on discovering that his pet parrot is missing, rushes out to the KGB office to report that the parrot's political opinions are entirely unrelated to his own.

Mr. President, 15 years ago I was interviewed by *Playboy* magazine. Toward the end of the very long session I was asked the question, Had I, in middle age, discovered any novel sensual sensation? I replied that, as a matter of fact, a few months earlier I had traveled to Saigon and, on returning, had been summoned by President Nixon to the Oval Office to report my impressions. "My novel sensual sensation," I told *Playboy*, "is to have the President of the United States take notes while you are speaking to him."

The cadre that produces Firing Line. *From the left, Producer Warren Steibel; SECA's Tinka Tiemann from Columbia, South Carolina; Paul Sweeney; and Jim McQuinn*

You need take no notes tonight, Mr. President. What at NATIONAL REVIEW we labor to keep fresh, alive, deep, you are intuitively drawn to. As an individual you incarnate American ideals at many levels. As the final responsible authority, in any hour of great challenge, we depend on you. I was twenty years old when the bomb exploded over Hiroshima. Last week I became sixty. During the interval I have lived as a free man, in a free and sovereign country. I pray that my son, when he is sixty, and your son, when he is sixty, and the sons and daughters of our guests tonight will one day live in a world over which that awful shadow has finally dissipated. Then they will be grateful that, at the threatened nightfall, the blood of their fathers ran strong. □

MSGR. EUGENE CLARK

LORD, OUR gratitude is flawed. We ever ask for more. Thank You, Lord, we say, for thirty years; may we have thirty more. But You, Lord, know this completely. You allow us to thank You in prayer; but to console us, You graciously allow us to thank You through delight in Your gifts.

David danced for joy. Joshua reveled in victory. The Book of Wisdom celebrates inspiration, and the Song of Songs, sensuous beauty—all saying thank You by loving the gift.

Lord, we have these thirty years loved those in NATIONAL REVIEW who led us through our desert and cheered us with their legend-making roundtable. They kept our minds and spirits high.

Lord, bless every one of them, those with us and those with You; prosper NATIONAL REVIEW for another generation; bless Bill Buckley, our founder, and all those who have sustained him these thirty years. Give him and them grace, joy, and protection.

Bless especially our President, who knows how much he needs Your guidance and help, to fulfill the noble purposes of his splendid service to the nation.

We pray this, secure and happy in Your providence.

Amen. □

NR *versifier Bill von Dreele, in an unusually serious mood*

Clare Boothe Luce, hostess par excellence. *This is her fourth* NR *party*

Chairman of the Export-Import Bank, William Draper

Rick Brookhiser, Mrs. Patrick Buchanan, and "Morley Safer," as Rick addressed him. "It happens all the time," Mike Wallace said, not really meaning it

Lew Lehrman et ux. chatting with fellow NR *Director Van Galbraith.* Comment le retiendront-ils dans la ferme, ayant vu Paris? *By* NR *parties!*

CIA Director William Casey telling WFB the one about the Sandinista caught in Tel Aviv by triple-agent Yurchenko after he was re-kidnapped and tortured. What then happened is a state secret

The First Lady, adjudicating a theatrical exchange between Chuck Heston and WFB. George Will looks on. Sinister man-with-mustache is Washington Post*'s Lloyd Grove*

A frontal shot of the President's table. Suzanne Garment of the Wall Street Journal. *Monsignor Clark of* Osservatore Romano. *The retiring ME. The leader of the Free World*

Saying goodnight. The President's entourage was a mere one hundred. "Glad you brought them along," the host said, "—we were afraid you might be lonely." He wasn't, but we will be lonely without him

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Employment Opportunities

FULL-TIME clerical position open in *NR* Research Dept. Duties include filing, clipping newspapers, light typing. Write NR Box 4188.

PH.D. CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST to join established group providing professionally competent, Biblically based psychotherapy in multidisciplinary private practice. Ambition and spiritual maturity crucial. Vita to J. C. Hammock, Ph.D., Christian Growth Center, 723 North Weber #200, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903.

WANTED: SALES REPRESENTATIVES for established company in furniture accessory, household, gift line, to service local retailers. Part-time, commission basis. Ideal for retired person, homemaker. Reply to: HWM, Box 445, Hillsboro, Ohio 45133.

Real Estate

FOR SALE: 1,100-acre North Carolina farm. Stately, 6-bedroom residence is complete with large guest house for gracious living. Lovely setting. Top-quality farmland. Sportsman's paradise. Reply with name, address, and telephone number to NR Box 4196.

For Sale

AUDIOVISUAL DOCUMENTARY of the life of Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty. 148 slides, cassette tape, booklets. Write: Franciscan Fathers, Box 2464, Youngstown, Ohio 44509.

"POL" POLISHES ALL METALS. $8 for 7.04-ounce tube. Send check or money order to Southern Refulgence Ltd., 1023 Franklin Ave., New Orleans, La. 70117.

AUTOMOTIVE ANALYSIS. Before buying a new or used car, obtain our comprehensive report on reliability, workmanship, safety, and value. Compare any 3 models for $25. Value Research Inc., Box 4963, Miami, Fla. 33169.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. Invitations to personal relationships must specify at least 3 interests. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

PROFESSIONAL RESUME KIT. Instructions; career evaluation checklist; cover letter and resume examples. $6.95. Xebec, Box 56606, Houston, Tex. 77256.

PROFIT FROM ECONOMIC UNCERTAINTY. Follow in the footsteps of a professional commodity trader, via weekly futures letter. Send $1 for the next 2 issues to *The Elder Viewpoint on Futures*, Dept. NR, Box 20555, Columbus Circle Station, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Vacation

SKI CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO. Uncommonly reliable snowfall plus 145 acres of snowmaking. Walk to lifts or free shuttle. Beautiful condominium. Fantastic restaurants. Direct flights from Dallas, L.A., Chicago, and Houston to Gunnison County. Special seasonal rates: 7 nights, $525. Write: Snow Castle, 134 Greenwood, Topeka, Kan. 66606. Call 913-235-5210.

SKI ASPEN—Spacious, sunny 3-bedroom, 2½-bath chalet. Sleeps 6. Caretaker, fireplace, laundry, garage, sauna. Call 217-222-9389.

BERKSHIRES BED AND BREAKFAST. Shaker colonial, quiet hill, private baths. Two miles from Stockbridge or turnpike. Donahoes, Lee, Mass. 413-243-1496.

HAVE AN ADVENTURE in central Idaho on snowmobiles. Everything furnished for 5 days: snowmobiles, clothes, meals, lodging, transportation between Boise and Smith's Ferry. Beginners welcome. Price: $750 per person. Season: Christmas through March. Contact: Investment Designs Realty Inc., Jack Kitchens CCIM, 5424 Samson, Boise, Idaho 83704. 208-375-3704, Boise. 208-382-3326, Smith's Ferry.

Situations Wanted

YOUNG HOUSTON ARCHITECT seeks aesthetically ambitious, discriminating clients. Princeton, Cantab., licensed, experience in Europe and U.S. Write NR Box 4207.

HOUSE-SITTER: Responsible think-tank staffer will feed pets, water plants, maintain house in D.C. area. 703-527-1758.

CONSERVATIVE CRITICAL SCHOLAR/teacher/writer, Ph.D. philosophy (Boston University), seeks affiliation with conservative university, private or military school, think-tank. Extremely versatile abilities in research, writing, management. Background in philosophy, Greek, German, history, music, organizing. Resume, references. Write NR Box 4156.

CONSERVATIVE, M.Sc. (almost Ph.D.) mathematical physics (educated in France), with plenty of teaching experience (physics, maths) in colleges and preparatory schools (International Baccalaureate) in U.S. and abroad, seeks teaching position in school/college where disrespect for Marxism is tolerated. Write NR Box 4197.

24-YEAR-OLD college graduate, B.S. biology/earth science, looking for work in related areas, in the Midwest. Hard-working, dedicated, and ambitious; all I need is a chance. Write NR Box 4204.

MEDIA. Looking to hire someone experienced, but afraid of getting a closet liberal? Former YAFer, 24, campaign volunteer, NYU film degree. Experience includes: WNBC-TV; wrote film articles (published!); produced/directed music video (aired!); directed live CATV; research. Positions sought: associate producer, writer, PR, other? Prefer N.Y./L.A. areas. Write NR Box 4198.

Financial

FIND OUT WHICH KRUGERRANDS most likely won't be confiscated. Call Aristotle. 714-752-5311.

Music

BASIC LIBRARY of the World's Greatest Music on 24 cassettes, beautifully packaged. Histories of the composers and background information on the music. The greatest classical music in history for all ages. 56 masterpieces, $230. Credit cards and financing available. P.O. Box 25212, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33320. 305-742-3269.

Services

PRIVATE DETECTIVE. Investigations and case preparation. Estates, *liability, malpractice, criminal,* matrimonial, witness location, prevention, security. Fully licensed and bonded. New York and San Francisco. David Barrett and Associates, 212-777-7258.

ENTREPRENEURS and established firms wishing to expand to Canada can obtain expert advice from experienced government-relations consultant. William Kennaley, M.B.A., 47 King Street West, Suite 606, Kitchener, Ontario N2G 1A2. 519-743-3463.

Literary

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1324NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

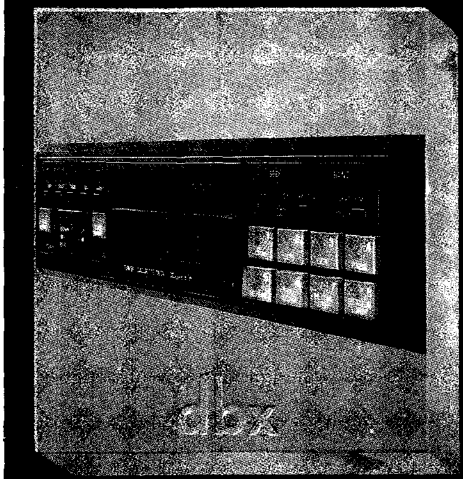
Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

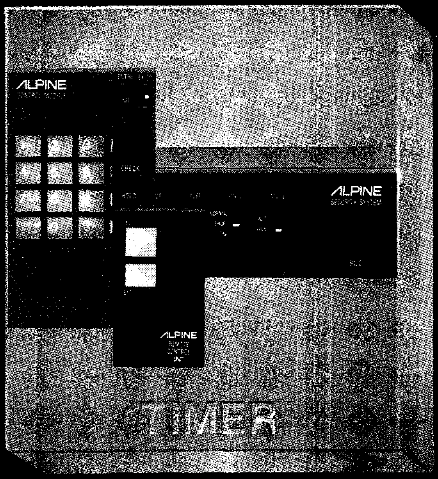
PHIL GRAMM:

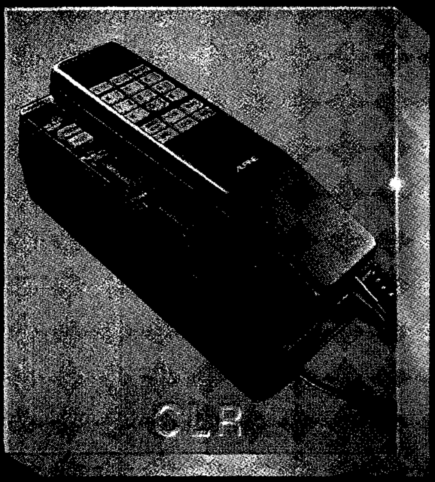
Facing the Deficit

Those who fear the political impact of Gramm/Rudman/Hollings do so because if they continue failing to do their jobs, they will have ample opportunity to explain themselves directly to their voters in the final, critical days of their re-election campaigns.

ENTER THE WORLD OF ALPINE MOBILE ELECTRONICS







That Lamborghini has chosen Alpine for so many years is understandable. Alpine offers mobile audio, security and cellular telephone systems of extreme quality, precision and performance.

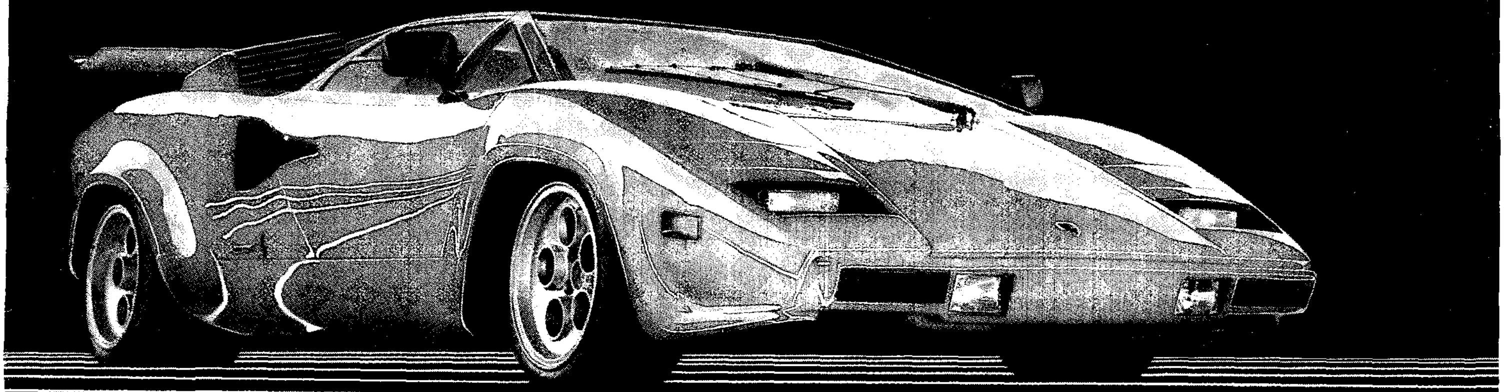
Through them all runs an uncommon denominator: The Alpine Touch, an attitude of uncompromised quality from design inception to final installation.

It creates car audio systems equal to the finest home electronics. Mobile security systems able to outsmart the smartest thief. And mobile cellular telephones of unsurpassed efficiency.

Alpine Dealers, justifiably called Mobile Electronics Specialists, are equally strict in system selection and installation. For such carefully-selected professionals, only flawless fit and finish will do.

Not every driver demands such precision and performance. But for those who are so demanding, there is The Alpine Touch. Enter the world of quality mobile electronics. Call 1-800-ALPINE-1 to reach an Alpine Mobile Electronics Specialist near you.

The Touch
ALPINE
mobile electronics systems



Lamborghini Has The Alpine Touch

Alpine Electronics of America, 19145 Gramercy Place, Torrance, CA 90501

DOCUMENTARY OF THE HUNGARIAN Holy Crown. *The Last Battle for Saint Stephen's Crown*, by Attila Simontsits. Cloth, 1,141 pp.; 500 illustrations. $33. Write NR Box 4210.

MYSTERY-DETECTIVE BOOKSEARCH, Box 15460, Orlando, Fla. 32858-5460. Locate any book. Send $4 for catalogues.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send requests to 2035NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Educational Opportunities

BECOME AN AUCTIONEER at American Auction College. Endorsed by Colonel Joe Reisch. Free catalogue. Box 1069, Dept. E-1, Mason City, Iowa 50401. 515-424-1148.

BACHELOR'S, MASTER'S, DOCTORATE. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 11447-NR10, Marina del Rey, Calif. 90295.

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Financial-aid program. Applications from students with previous college studies encouraged. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: Director of Admissions-NR, Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93060; or call 805-525-4417.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

BROTHER (30, S. Calif., Ph.D.) would like to introduce someone of accomplishment or promise to his attractive sister (31, N.J., Ph.D.), not to mention himself. We appreciate books, music, sports, low-key religion. Write NR Box 4200.

CONNECTICUT WOMAN, college-educated, divorced, 42, who enjoys music, golf, bridge, skiing, would like to meet a professional divorced or single gentleman, white, non-smoker, who shares same or similar interests and is a person who is capable of letting a relationship deepen and grow. Write NR Box 4202.

L.A.-AREA MAN, 25, bets at least one incredibly attractive, intelligent, well-adjusted woman answers this. Likes arts, outdoors, pets. Write NR Box 4201.

REACTIONARY JOURNALIST/WRITER, NYC, tall, dark, 37, expatriate Californian, seeks pretty girl ready for marriage, kids, country life. No smokers. Photo please. Write NR Box 4209.

NEW JERSEY ATTORNEY, 32, family values, never married, wishes to meet Catholic lady, in her 20s, with college education. Interests: running, attending local theater, politics. Write NR Box 4203.

MISSING PERSON. Cleopatra had her Antony. / Marie had her Pierre. / Will & Ariel, such harmony! / Other half*: you there? . . . *Interesting, intelligent male, about 40. Would (be) complement(ed by) attractive, intelligent lady with eclectic interests: *NR*, history, etc. Area of search: Pacific Northwest. With pertinent information, write NR Box 4208.

LIVELY, GOOD-HUMORED, ATTRACTIVE professional woman, Catholic, 41, NYC, seeking successful, savvy, single gentleman to share laughs, music, sports, travel. Write NR Box 4205.

ORTHODOX CATHOLIC MALE, 25, 6', 175 lbs. Computer operator, Fortune 500 firm, M.A., marooned in modernist Midwestern diocese. Handsome, articulate, *Wanderer* reader. Interests: literature, music, travel. Seeking orthodox Catholic young lady. Photo to NR Box 4206.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, man, 27, 6'1", Ph.D. engineer. Introverted, non-materialistic, ambitious; enjoy bicycling, movies, free-market economics. Seek female friend, empathetic, athletic, similar age, with some common interests. Write NR Box 4195.

EYE-CATCHING NYC-AREA professional, unencumbered Catholic divorcee, 5'8", 33, M.A., seeks attractive, non-neurotic, non-smoking, taller professional gentleman to share the arts, movies, travel, and romantic adventures. Write NR Box 4193.

SINGLE COLLEGE GRADS/PROFESSIONALS: Correspond nationwide with penfriends who share your interests and values. Enclose stamp to Sheltering Tree, P.O. Box 61310, Seattle, Wash. 98121.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Miscellaneous

10 YEARS OF *NR*—free to anyone willing to fetch them or ship them. Northern California. Write NR Box 4199.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HUNDREDS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT books. Over 20 topics. $1 (refundable) for listing. Harcom Enterprises, Dept. 42A, 53 Sherman Street, Patchogue, N.Y. 11772.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, TECHNOLOGY wanted! Presentation to industry/national exposition. Call free 800-528-6959. Canada, 800-528-6060, ext. 831.

FREE BROWN SCAPULAR and explanation of its benefits to those who wear it, as told by the Mother of God. Send S.A.S.E. to Box 3057, Casper, Wyo. 82602.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ New subscription
☐ Renewal

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Initial here ______

☐ 1 year $34.00 (U.S.A.)

☐ 1 year $45.50, U.S. currency (Canada and all other foreign)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

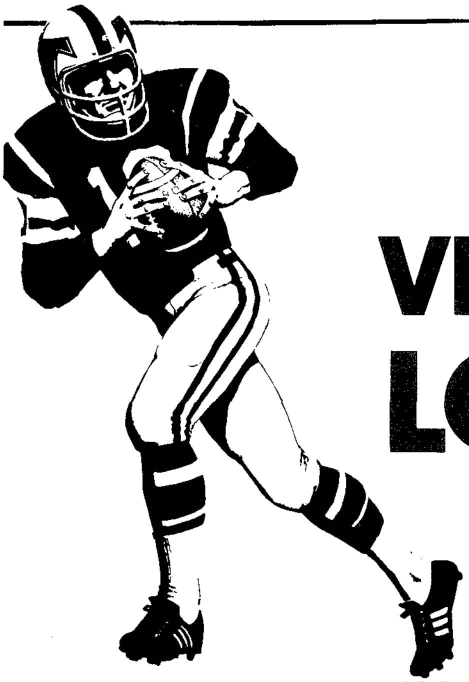
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Rates:
$1.00 per word
$2.25 for NR box number

Enclosed $ ______
Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

AD COPY ______



NOW ON
VIDEO CASSETTE

VINCE LOMBARDI
THE SCIENCE AND ART OF FOOTBALL

VINCE LOMBARDI was a great coach. He was an even greater human being. Daily communicant that he was, Vince infused into the game of football the fullness of his spiritual beliefs. Football was to him an arena in which to form young athletes into disciplined and responsible adults.

He taught them how to win - not only on the football field - but in the bigger game of life. Vince Lombardi left his mark on everyone of them, and they loved him for it. He was truly a man for all seasons.

THE GAME AS ONLY VIDEOTAPE CAN PRESENT IT . . .

Vince Lombardi is the greatest coach Pro Football has ever known . . . Lombardi and his Packers dominated Pro Football as no team has ever or will ever again . . . Vince Lombardi produced a series of tapes that incorporate all his *knowledge, methods, techniques* and *Philosophy* of the game . . . Much of the material in these films is easily understandable . . . by incorporating game action along with the practice field and blackboard material making a "how and why" of football . . . Vince Lombardi meant so much to the game, a new format has been worked out to accomplish what the Coach wanted—the opportunity to understand the game . . . FOOTBALL: THE LOMBARDI WAY. Here is the whole game with some of the greatest players to give insight to the basics of the game. Game action will be used to illustrate the theory and techniques expanded by Coach Lombardi. FOOTBALL: THE LOMBARDI WAY offers the fastest, surest, most comprehensive way to bring to the millions of football fans real insight to the game.

PRESENTED ON 6 VIDEO TAPES:

VIDEOTAPE #1 Part A
Where the Offence Begins: The Center and Quarterback

VIDEOTAPE #1 Part B
Offensive Line Play: Blocking

Vince Lombardi

VIDEOTAPE 2 Part A
Offensive Line Play: Pass Blocking

VIDEOTAPE 2 Part B
Passing and Pass Receiving

VIDEOTAPE 3 Part A
Defensive Line Play

VIDEOTAPE 3 Part B
Line Backers and Defensive Backs

VIDEOTAPE 4 Part A
Power Sweeps

VIDEOTAPE 4 Part B
The Running Game: Part 1

VIDEOTAPE 5 Part A
The Running Game: Part 2

VIDEOTAPE 5 Part B
The Passing Game

VIDEOTAPE 6 Part A
Defense Against the Run

VIDEOTAPE 6 Part B
Defense Against the Pass

The Producers have developed a unique method of learning all the important points . . I it is called the **LEARNING SYSTEM.** This Learning System has been tested and is a most effective means of learning.

KEEP THE FAITH, INC.
810 Belmont Avenue
P.O. Box 8261
North Haledon, NJ 07508

Order Form

☐ Please send me ______ copy(s) of **Vince Lombardi** on 6 Video Cassettes @ **$120.00** plus $6.00 postage.

☐ I would like to use my credit card. **VISA** ☐ **MC** ☐ **AMEX** ☐

Card # ________________

Exp. Date ________________

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________________ State ________ Zip ________

Tel. Home (____) ________ Office (____) ________

A GREAT GIFT IDEA!

For College and High School Student
Husband or Dad

Price: **$120.00** Valued $250.00

For *RUSH* Orders ➤

☎ **ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-221-1564**
ask for Video Dept.

Use Your Charge Card
VISA MASTERCARD AMEX

All Profits will be used
To Further the Holy Catholic Faith.

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

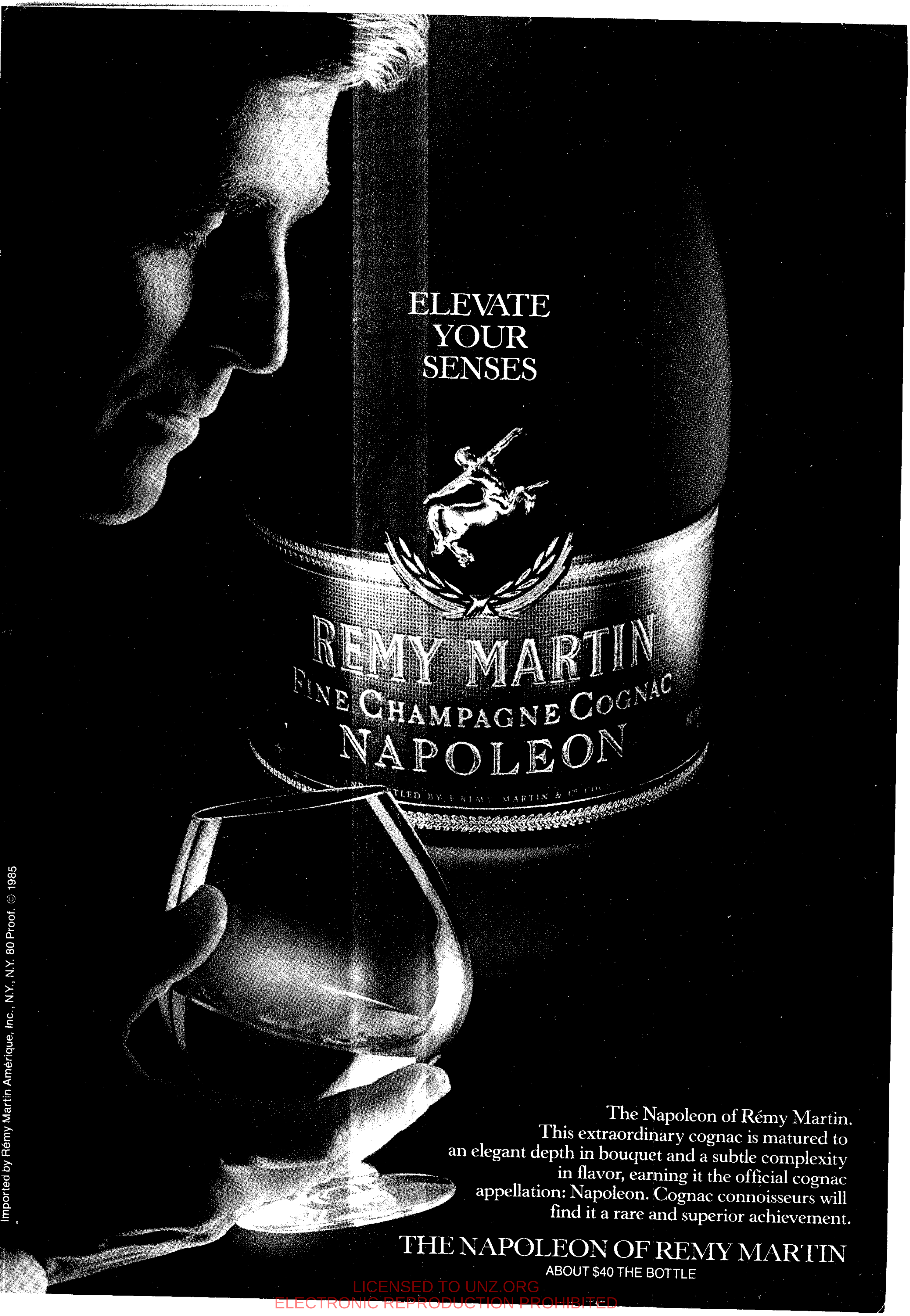
A. City in south-central Florida	86 184 147 36 111 20 56 177 9 128 97
B. Scottish North Sea estuary (full name)	78 96 170 21 115 70 51 41 134 12
C. Dug	99 90 75 58 19 144 31 129
D. Acrobat's milieu	49 174 26 145 68 11 130 106 122
E. Willie Mays, et al.	105 160 81 32 92 150 120 47 3 60 180
F. Soraya, et al.	169 43 15 82 164 119 179 65 146 156
G. Wagner opera	175 140 2 79 30 95 112 61 125
H. Former source of roadside poetry (2 words)	162 71 141 24 98 1 154 50 110 10
I. This type of agency should never be leashed	139 94 161 173 14 64 42 186
J. Attempts	136 52 18 107 34 155 85
K. Cutlery rejuvenator	127 22 6 124 44 114 158 91 57
L. Dyspepsia	67 185 4 116 157 87 48 104 178 33 131
M. Reduces the load	183 35 17 149 72 109 117 172
N. Designation of a high-school athlete	176 163 148 132 38 142 181 80 63
O. Appear	93 123 137 8 55 40 165 151 77 28 62
P. Old Testament book	152 121 45 171 25 73
Q. Yorkshire city	167 133 23 108 53 182 74 89 39
R. Part of a manual transmission	37 69 84 59 13 101 126
S. Showing age	113 168 88 100 5 66 29 46 153
T. Tea variety	102 54 76 138 16 118
U. This kind of character could leave a bad taste in your mouth	166 103 7 27 135 159 83 143

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 134 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 H	2 G	3 E	▨	4 L	5 S	6 K	7 U	▨	8 O	9 A	10 H	11 D	12 B	13 R	14 I	15 F	16 T
17 M	▨	18 J	19 C	20 A	▨	21 B	22 K	23 Q	▨	24 H	25 P	26 D	27 U	28 O	29 S	30 G	31 C
▨	32 E	33 L	34 J	▨	35 M	36 A	37 R	▨	38 N	39 Q	40 O	41 B	42 I	43 F	44 K	▨	45 P
46 S	47 E	▨	48 L	49 D	50 H	51 B	52 J	▨	53 Q	54 T	55 O	▨	56 A	57 K	58 C	▨	59 R
60 E	61 G	62 O	63 N	64 I	65 F	▨	66 S	67 L	68 D	69 R	70 B	71 H	72 M	▨	73 P	74 Q	75 C
▨	76 T	77 O	78 B	79 G	▨	80 N	81 E	▨	82 F	83 U	▨	84 R	85 J	▨	86 A	87 L	88 S
89 Q	▨	90 C	91 K	92 E	93 O	94 I	95 C	96 B	97 A	98 H	99 C	100S	101R	▨	102T	103U	▨
104L	105E	106D	▨	107J	108Q	▨	109M	110H	111A	112G	113S	114K	115B	116L	117M	118T	▨
119F	120E	121P	122D	▨	123O	124K	▨	125G	126R	▨	127K	128A	▨	129C	130D	131L	132N
▨	133Q	134B	135U	136J	▨	137O	138T	▨	139I	140G	141H	142N	143U	▨	144C	145D	146F
147A	▨	148N	149M	150E	▨	151O	152P	153S	154H	155J	156F	▨	157L	158K	▨	159U	160E
161I	▨	162H	163N	164F	165O	166U	167Q	168S	▨	169F	170B	171P	172M	173I	174D	175G	176N
177A	▨	178L	179F	▨	180E	181N	182Q	183M	184A	185L	186I	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨


ELEVATE
YOUR
SENSES
REMY MARTIN
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
NAPOLEON

The Napoleon of Rémy Martin.
This extraordinary cognac is matured to
an elegant depth in bouquet and a subtle complexity
in flavor, earning it the official cognac
appellation: Napoleon. Cognac connoisseurs will
find it a rare and superior achievement.

THE NAPOLEON OF REMY MARTIN
ABOUT $40 THE BOTTLE

Imported by Rémy Martin Amérique, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof. © 1985

If you smoke

please try Carlton

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.